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 OF AMERICA  
 FROM  
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 NEW YORK  
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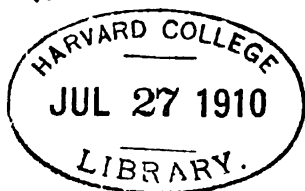
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## PREFACE.

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It has generally been assumed that the age of Romance, in so far as England is concerned, disappeared with the last of the Plantagenets, and that Henry the Seventh's Coronation Service was at once its farewell and requiem ; but a more romantic career than that of Frederick Gustavus Burnaby, though it was passed in the reign of Victoria, can scarcely be conceived. He was a Coeur-de-Lion in physique, strength, courage, and magnanimity ; and though he lived in what he himself regarded as a tame and pusillanimous era, when Englishmen were inclined to surrender without protest to the first bully who presented himself the benefits which had come down to them from their clearer-eyed and more heroic fathers, he managed to crowd into a life of only forty-two years as many exciting incidents, accompanied by hair-breadth escapes, as would have satisfied even a Knight Templar. Moreover, the stirring events of that life follow one another with the rapidity of a swiftly moving panorama ; brave deed succeeding brave deed, until lastly there comes the most thrilling scene of all—the terrible passage at arms on the field of Abou Klea—and the hero dead.

“ He was the only man whom I have ever met,” says his old Harrow friend, Mr. H. H. Finch, “ who was totally devoid of fear.”

To Burnaby stagnation was insufferable. For years he was one of the most popular men in England. He united in his person precisely those qualities which Englishmen most admire. Of a fertile invention, he never hesitated to take the initiative. He was perspicacious, determined, resourceful, tenacious, amazingly daring. His audacity again and again catches the



breath. He had decided opinions, and he expressed them with a soldier's emphasis. Thanks to his keen sense of the ridiculous, he met the onslaughts of his political opponents with a good humour that blunted every shaft. In a certain sense he belonged to the rank and file ; for he never had opportunities of commanding great bodies of men, either in the field or from the senate. If England could breed a million men like him—with a Titan's frame and strength, a Creighton's hunger for knowledge, and a Roland's passion for adventure—what would not England, with all her present lustihood, yet become ! We need not ask ourselves whether Burnaby was a great man. His was certainly an amazing personality. It has been observed that there was no great man, in the ordinary sense of the term, in Nelson's fleet—save Nelson—and yet what work those rare old sea dogs did for England. Whether on the way to Khiva or among the Devil Worshipers of Armenia ; whether bearding Mr. Chamberlain in his iron den or picking off Arabs at El Teb, he was always the same cheery, determined, courageous, rash, and deadly-earnest Burnaby. "He was one of the very best and kindest officers," says Sir John Willoughby "whom it has been my privilege to serve." The fox-hunting parson and the squire's daughter have not of late years been smothered with eulogy ; but at any rate they bred Burnabys, or men of the Burnaby type, and for them England has had work to do which they, and perhaps only they, were really capable of doing.

Although no polished writer, Burnaby produced bright, humorous and important books, and for many generations to come Englishmen will read with pleasure the account of the most famous of his rides, that in which he penetrated, amid dangers that might well have deterred a Bayard, the mysterious region of Khiva. "*His Ride to Khiva*," says Lord Roberts,\* "excited my admiration at the time, and I regretted that such an enterprising officer

\* In a letter written in January 1908 to Colonel Burnaby's brother.

should have been cut off so early in life." Equal in interest is *On Horseback through Asia Minor*. There is no more picturesque couple in history or fiction than Burnaby and his devoted henchman, George Radford.

This work has been written with the entire sympathy and the most kind assistance of Colonel Burnaby's family. Mrs. Le Blond (formerly Mrs. Fred Burnaby), Mr. Harry Burnaby (Burnaby's only son), the Rev. Evelyn Burnaby, M.A. (Burnaby's only brother), and Mrs. Baillie (his only surviving sister), have all helped in various ways. Letters and other documents have been placed ungrudgingly at my disposal; moreover—boon, indeed, to biographer—I have been allowed an absolutely free hand. I recall with pleasure an interview with Mrs. Le Blond, and I have to thank her for a number of letters containing important clues. The Rev. Evelyn Burnaby has been indefatigable in his enquiries on my behalf, and I owe to him many an illuminating fact, many a piquant anecdote.

Mrs. Duncan Baillie placed in my hands a number of her brother's letters; and Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid—one of Burnaby's closest friends—kindly replied to various queries.

If Burnaby added to our Geographical Knowledge, he also deserves our gratitude on account of his efforts in behalf of aeronautics. He was the one strong man who stood up and struggled for aeronautics at a period when the balloon was regarded as a toy, and the whole subject was treated with levity, not only by the general public, but also by men in authority. His purse and his brain were alike at the service of his beloved science. People at the present day have not the faintest idea of the tremendous battle the aerostat had to fight in the sixties, seventies, and even the eighties; but the efforts of Burnaby and the little band associated with him will not be forgotten when England has her fleets in the firmament, as well as on the high seas.

My account of Burnaby's connection with ballooning

has been compiled partly from his book *A Ride Across the Channel*, and partly from Mr. J. W. Prowse's articles in the *Daily Telegraph* ; but my mainstay under this head has been my kinsman and almost life-long friend, Mr. Thomas Wright, the distinguished aeronaut, who for many years was intimately connected with Burnaby ; while his elder daughter has often lightened my labours by services performed very cheerfully, though at no little inconvenience to herself.

If Burnaby was a Colossus in stature, a Milo in strength, a soldier and an aeronaut, he was also a remarkable linguist, being able to speak fluently no fewer than seven languages, including Spanish, Arabic, Russian, and Turkish.

The story of that ding-dong fight—Burnaby's attack on Birmingham—with its humours and its sequel, will also, I think, deeply interest the public. Had he lived only a few years longer he and Mr. Chamberlain would have found themselves in the same camp ; and the shafts forged for the breasts of each other would have been discharged, shoulder brushing shoulder, at the common enemy.

For the story of Burnaby's political career I am indebted to Mr. J. Percival Hughes, of the Central Conservative Office, Westminster, who was Burnaby's secretary, Sir Benjamin Stone, Sir James Sawyer, Mr. Joseph Rowlands, and Mr. Robert Buckley. Sir Benjamin Stone kindly placed at my disposal the documents relating to the early days of the Primrose League, of which Burnaby was one of the founders. No one previously had had access to these papers, consequently the story of the founding of the Primrose League is now told in its entirety for the first time.

Still, the salient fact in Burnaby's story is that he died for England ; and if a man dies for his country it does not behove his compatriots to attempt to belittle him just because he happened not to be politically at one with them. The whole of the Liberal party—to their

honour—took this view at the time of Burnaby's death. All Englishmen now cherish Burnaby's memory, as they cherish the memory of Gordon and other unselfish heroes. To think of such men is to be moved to the very centre, to be lifted above ourselves, to recall with pride that we too are of their stock and nationality. It must strike even the most cursory reader in respect to the fights of El Teb and Abou Klea—that they were more like Homeric battles than incidents in modern warfare. Herbert Stewart, Burnaby and others stand out scarcely less conspicuously than the most illustrious heroes before Troy Town ; which shows that personality counts for nearly as much in the days of the machine-gun when you fight for England as it did in the old time, when “ shields jostled shields, and lances lances crossed,” all for the sake of a wanton.

England's indebtedness to Burnaby as a soldier is brought out very forcibly in a letter written to me by Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles—Burnaby's bosom friend—whom I had the pleasure of meeting in London, and who has since rendered me much valuable help. It is headed Khartoum under date 26th January, 1908, and it runs as follows :

Dear Sir,

It is a strange and sad coincidence that your letter should have followed me to find me in Khartoum—the Khartoum for which, and for Gordon, my dear friend gave his life twenty-three years ago. At the time it seemed to have been given uselessly and his blood to have been poured with no effect on the unslakable desert. Yet it was not so. For the misdeeds of those who sent out Gordon and refused him the aid he asked for in any one of the ways he asked for it, the blunders of those who conceived and carried out the expedition that failed at Abou Klea, the sacrifice of the precious lives there lost—these it was that bred in England that stern silent determination that led to the other and better effort that succeeded, and all too tardily carried out Gordon's injunction

to "smash the Mahdi." And if to the spirits of Burnaby and Herbert Stewart and the unnamed who fell with them, it be given to see Khartoum now—Khartoum peaceful, prosperous, and growing under the Union Jack, they would say "It was not in vain we gave our lives, it was for this."

Yet the sadness of Khartoum is great to me—for Gordon was a friend of mine too, and when he fell a light went out such as had never before been, nor ever after will be, lit in modern England. The whole splendid blaze of English history shines not so bright and pure. With no king, statesman, soldier or prophet, can he be matched who outmatches them all together; and though what he did was and is but one tenth known, and his name even but one half remembered and fading, yet some portion of his truly Divine spirit lives in the men of his generation, consciously and unconsciously inspired by him, lives and, please God, will spread and grow till it shall make England what she should be—the light of the world in its dark places. For that he gave *his* life and, however it seem, that too was not given in vain.

Sincerely yours,

Thos. Gibson Bowles.

My account of the battle of Abou Klea has been built up from letters and other documents supplied me by Lord Dundonald, Colonel Marling, V.C., Trooper George Murray, and other soldiers who were near Burnaby when he fell; while Mr. Bennet Burleigh\* and Mr. Melton Prior, one of whose pictures we are able to reproduce, have also kindly furnished particulars of interest. "I shall never forget Burnaby's charming personality, coolness and kindness," says Mr. Prior, "and the marvellous courage he exhibited when he dashed out from the square at Abou Klea to save the lives of two men, and lost his own in doing so. Those two men, if now alive, ought to be able to testify (on their knees) to his sacrificing

\* I have, of course, made use of Mr. Burleigh's account of the battle which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* for January 22nd, 1885.

pluck and daring. I am not a writer like Bennet Burleigh, but I feel what I write."

To Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Binning I am indebted for a most moving narrative (written for me at the request of the Rev. Evelyn Burnaby), for a plan of the battle, and also for a number of letters, including the following :

Mellerstain,  
Kelso, N.B.

Dear Mr. Burnaby,

I send you my MS. in the hope of its being found serviceable. I will send an old photo of '85 in a few days, as you have so flatteringly asked me to, and shall be very pleased that it should appear in a book which will be widely read, and I am sure appreciated.

May I make this one stipulation ? *i.e.*, that it may be taken verbatim *as written*, with all faults of grammar and diction, as I have attempted to write the true unvarnished history and account of a memorable fight from a point of vantage which probably few had, as I was out till the last moment rallying the rear face of the square, and the accounts of newspaper men who were not actually on the field, as also those of Sir C. Wilson and Count Gleichen must, from their positions in the field, have been written to a great extent from hearsay. The implication that the men of the Heavies gave way or allowed the square to be broken is one which should certainly be set at rest once for ever.

Believe me,  
Yours very sincerely,

Binning.

I have to thank Sir Francis Burnand for the section (No. 52) entitled "Concerning Absalom"; Mr. John Payne for writing specially for this book a fine sonnet on Burnaby; Mr. H.W. Lucy (Toby M.P. of *Punch*) for permission to use the particulars of the balloon ascent recorded in Chapter VI.; the Rev. G. E. Britten, Vicar of Somerby, for various information and the loan of photographs; Mr.

Stephen Solly, for the account of the visit to the Vienna Exhibition ; Sir Redvers Buller, for replies to queries respecting the Nile Expedition ; and Mr. Henry Storey, for particulars of the battles of El Teb, at both of which he was present. I am indebted for miscellaneous information to the Earl of Erroll, Mr. Thomas Davie, of Somerby, who lent me some of Burnaby's letters ; the Headmaster of Harrow, the Rev. R. Nutt, Miss Rose, Miss Hornsby, the Rev. Paul Wyatt, and Mr. Robert Haskins, of Bedford. I have to thank the Editors of *Punch*, the *Illustrated London News*, *The Graphic*, *The Strand Magazine*, for use of illustrations ; and Mr. H. Pilter, proprietor of the *Birmingham Dart*, for the use of a very interesting series of political cartoons, which appeared in that periodical. The good-natured satire of *The Dart* has for many years been the amusement of the Midlands, and the clever cartoons of Mr. Mountfort, who I am glad to say is still living, and Mr. G. F. Sershall, are prized by collectors. Lastly, I owe particular thanks to the Proprietors of *The Owl*, for permission to use cartoons from that paper, and to the courtesy of Mr. C. J. Moore Martin, who kindly replied to my questions concerning them.

The following is, I believe, a complete list of those who have helped me, and I wish to express to each my hearty thanks :

Mrs. Duncan Baillie, (formerly Miss Annie Burnaby), Mr. Duncan Baillie, Mr. Charles Bayley, Lieutenant Colonel Lord Binning, Mr. A. C. Bishop, Mr. J. Blaiberg, Mr. T. Gibson Bowles, Rev. G. E. Britten, Mr. Robert J. Buckley, Sir Redvers Buller, Rev. Evelyn Burnaby, Sir Francis Burnand, Mr. Frank Chater, Rev. Arthur Cross, Mr. Thomas Davie, Mr. William Davis, The Earl of Erroll, Mr. William Field, Mr. H. N. Field, Rev. J. E. Gilbert, Mr. Charles Godfry, Mr. R. Haskins, Mr. T. W. E. Higgins, Miss Hornsby, Mr. J. Percival Hughes, Mrs. Le Blond (formerly Mrs. Fred Burnaby), Mr. Charles Litchfield, Mr. Henry W. Lucy, Mr. Gilbert Mackenzie, Colonel Percival Marling, Mr. J. C. Moss, Mr. George Murray, Mr. Henry W. Nutt, Rev. R. Nutt, Mr. George Rose Norton, Mr. Herbert Page, Mr. Walter Pepys, Rev. J. T. W. Petley, Rev. John Pickford, Mr. H. Pilter, Mr. B. Redstone, Field Marshall Lord Roberts, Rev. F. Roberts, Mr. Frederick Rolls, Miss Emma Rose, Mr. Joseph Rowlands, Sir James Sawyer, Sir John Willoughby, Mr. K. L. Shepherd, Mr. A. Shaken, Miss K. Simkin, Mr. Stephen Solly, Sir Benjamin Stone, Mr. H. Storey, Mr. Stephen Webber, Mr. Walter Wisdom, Rev. Canon Wright, Mr. Thomas Wright (the aeronaut), Miss Bessie Wright, and the Rev. Paul Wyatt.

I have been indebted to the following works :

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## FREDERICK GUSTAVUS BURNABY

By JOHN PAYNE

He was of those with heart and hand who reared  
 Our England to her high imperial place  
 And her therein maintained, despite the base  
 Curst crew that fain upon the rocks had steered,—  
 Her constant son who none and nothing feared  
 Nor at life's hand asked any greater grace  
 Than leave to look far danger in the face  
 And pluck rebated peril by the beard.

As first, so last, the Fates to him were kind,  
 Vouchsafing him the true man's most desire,  
 Occasion for the land he loved so well,  
 Fighting, to fall and on the desert wind  
 Pass, borne of Battle's chariots of fire,  
 To where, death-shrined, the high-souled heroes dwell.

# THE LIFE OF COLONEL FRED BURNABY

## CHAPTER I.

3RD MARCH 1842—30TH SEPTEMBER 1859.

### EARLY DAYS AT BEDFORD.

Frederick Gustavus Burnaby, the distinguished soldier, traveller and aeronaut, the modern Hercules, "the bravest of the brave," was born  
**1—Childhood at Bedford.** at the old Rectory, situated on the north side of St. Peter's Green, Bedford, on 3rd March, 1842, his father being the Rev. Gustavus Andrew Burnaby, Rector of the adjoining St. Peter's Church\*; his mother Harriet, one of the three beautiful daughters† of Henry Villebois, the Squire of Marham, Norfolk. The Burnabys were of aristocratic lineage, and Frederick claimed as an ancestor no less distinguished a person than King Edward I., who, indeed, was ever his great hero and model. Both Longshanks and his putative descendant were physically magnificent men; but the former, with all his inches, was well distanced by Burnaby's six feet four in stockings.

\* The Rev. Gustavus and Mrs. Burnaby were married at St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, 27th November, 1833.

† The others were Lady Sykes and Maria Vicountess Glentworth, who died in 1904, in her 101st year. Mr. Burnaby was for a time Canon of Middleham, in Yorkshire.

Besides being Rector of St. Peter's, Bedford, the elder Burnaby was Lord of the Manor of Somerby\* in Leicestershire, which he had purchased from Lord Paulet in 1844, and patron of the livings of Somerby and the adjacent Burrough-on-the-Hill. He had acquired his rights at Burrough through his mother, who was daughter and heiress of the Rev. William Brown, Rector of that parish and patron of the living ; and who for many years resided at Somerby Hall. The Rev. Gustavus Burnaby had four children, namely, Mary Jemima (May),† Ann Glentworth (Annie),‡ Frederick, the subject of this work, and Evelyn.§ A fox-hunting parson of the old school, and a man of haughty and proud bearing, the Rev. Gustavus enjoyed, nevertheless, the respect, the love, and even the reverence of the members of his congregation. Though hasty and masterful, he was at the same time generous, magnanimous and well-intentioned. He kept up considerable state, and used to drive to the race-course on the Ampthill Road and elsewhere in his carriage with coachman in livery and footman hanging to loop-strap behind. With an unimpeachable cellar and a baronial table, he bore throughout the county a reputation for hospitality, and Her Majesty's judges, when on circuit, and the Duke and Duchess of Bedford and other notables, when they visited the town on important occasions, used to stay with him, while he was often a guest at Woburn Abbey and at Mentmore, the seat of Lord Rothschild. Among his friends he numbered Mr. Robert Arkwright, Mr. Maniac, Mr. Littledale,

\* Previous to his acceptance of the living of St. Peter's (7th February, 1835) he for a time resided at The Grove, Somerby, a house owned by Major and the Honorable Mrs. Candy, parents of the Duchess of Newcastle. Occasionally Mr. Burnaby officiated at Somerby. Thus on 8th March, 1835, he baptised a child there, and his name appears again in the register under date 21st July, 1848.

† Born at Somerby, 8th December, 1834 ; baptised at Somerby 1st January, 1835. She became Mrs. Manners-Sutton.

‡ Born at Bedford, 20th March, 1837 ; baptised at St. Peter's, Bedford, 21st April, 1839. She became Mrs. Duncan Baillie.

§ Born at Bedford, 7th January, 1848. He became Rector of Burrough, 1873-1883.



REV. GUSTAVUS BURNABY.



MRS. BURNABY.



ST. PETER'S CHURCH, BEDFORD, IN 1850. AND COUNT  
DE VISMES' HOUSE.

*Lent by Mr. Herbert Page, Bedford.*



Mr. Harry Thornton, Lady Wensleydale, Mr. James Wyatt, and Mr. George Hurst,\* most of whom were supporters of the Oakley Hunt; and to these should perhaps be added the Rev. James Donne, Vicar of St. Paul's, Bedford, and the Rev. William Monkhouse, of Goldington. He boasted an excellent library, and a garden and paddock with charming vistas formed by magnificent walnut and other ornamental trees, a fine rosery and a spacious aviary well-stocked with foreign birds. His dependants found him affable and indulgent; and this is, perhaps, the more to his credit, as several of them were staunch dissenters. He was particularly partial to his gardener, a good old fellow, who spent the week-days at the Rectory and Sundays in his native village, Ravensden, three miles from Bedford, where he donned a black coat and acted as local preacher—among his congregation being another of Mr. Burnaby's servants—the laundress.

"Who preached yesterday?" the Rector asked the laundress one Monday morning.

"The gardener, sir," she replied.

"Where did he take his text from?" /

"Abbacca."

"Then," said the Rector, "I suppose he told you not to smoke?"

By and by he came upon the old man, who was digging.

"Where was your text on Sunday taken from, Simons?" he enquired.

"Abbacca, sir," replied the old man, leaning on his spade; and then, as the Rector looked puzzled, he added, "One of the small prophets."

"You mean Habakkuk," observed the Rector.

"Well," said the old man, "some on 'em do call him Habakkuk, but I favours Abbacca."

Always masterful, the Rev. Gustavus was never quite so overbearing as at election times. Just before one of

\* Who was five times mayor of Bedford, and lived to be nearly 100.

the borough contests\* he went and plumped himself down on the counter of Mr. Haskins the jeweller, whose shop was on the opposite side of St. Peter's Green, and said authoritatively, "You'll vote for Stuart, Haskins?"

"I'm sure I shant," replied Haskins.

"Then I shall withdraw my custom," followed Burnaby.

"Then you'll starve the children," said Haskins.

After the election the Rev. Gustavus looked in again. "Give me your fist, Haskins," he said. "I'm glad you stuck to your principles."

The new baby, destined to become the subject of these pages, was a bouncing one; indeed, a second infant Hercules. It scaled eleven pounds, being correspondingly vigorous, while its father was correspondingly proud. It was baptised on 27th March, 1842, the god-fathers being Mr. Frederick R. O. Villebois (Mrs. Burnaby's uncle, Master of the Craven) and Mr. Henry Villebois (Mrs. Burnaby's brother, Master of the V.W.H.), to whom *A Ride to Khiva* came to be dedicated.

Bedford in those days was only a small town, with a population of barely 11,000. Exteriorly, the parish church of St. Paul exhibited very much  
 2 — Bedford in its present appearance, though it was  
 the Forties. partly hidden by unsightly tenements, including a number of dilapidated buildings, called Butcher's Row. On the east side of the High Street, occupying part of the space between Lurke Street and Mill Street, extended a long blank wall overshadowed by magnificent cedars, which bounded the pleasure gardens of a Miss Langley, while from the Goldington Road to what is now Grove Place, swept the beautiful grounds of Mr. George Peter Livius, the site of whose house† is now occupied by Windsor Terrace.

\* The hustings were usually held on St. Peter's Green, and candidates were nominated there.

† Demolished 1856.

St. Cuthbert's Church was still unfinished, Bunyan Meeting had just arisen on the site of its three-gabled predecessor. In place of the present river embankment spread a dismal and fetid swamp; while southwards St. Mary's and St. John's lifted their crumbling heads above dingy tenement and depressing thoroughfare. Railways there were none, and he who had not a chariot of his own was bound to hire or content himself with a comfortless seat in the crawling and creaking carrier's van. The town had one postman—a dwarf named Nichols, and one post office—kept by “a crotchety old man named Bithrey,” who sat, like an ogre, behind a little wooden door which you had to tap before handing in your letter and a penny.

St. Peter's Church—or to give its full name, the Church of St. Peter de Merton—has since Burnaby's early days been altered and enlarged almost beyond recognition. It was then quite a tiny building—the nave, indeed, being scarcely larger than the present chancel; and there were no aisles. The Rectory grounds adjoined the churchyard on the east; while on the west stood a quaintly-gabled Elizabethan homestead, occupied by Mr. Burnaby's friend, Viscount de Vismes\*; and a more idyllic picture than that formed by the church and these two antique houses, with their rich warm tints, embowered in luxuriant foliage, can scarcely be conceived. At St. Peter's there were services in the morning and afternoon only; and the latter was the fashionable service. “If you want to see the latest modes, my dear,” Frivol would lisp to Frivol, “Go to St. Peter's in the afternoon.”

The rector's right hand and aide-de-camp in matters ecclesiastical, was Mr. Robert Rose, the organist, who really did wonders, considering the rough-hewn material placed in his charge; for the extraordinary idea permeated the parish that the finer the girl the better singer

\* He died 2nd Sept., 1874. There is an elaborate tomb to the memory of him and the Countess in the churchyard.



she would make—thus one honest fellow introduced his buxom daughter with “ I’ve brought you another of my gals, Mr. Rose, and she is a whopper.”

On entering the church you reverently took your place in your pew—and all the pews were white with mahogany tops—carrying your hat with you, or dropping it into the font, according to fancy ; and you could depend on a good sermon, though the Dissenters—who, to do them justice, prayed earnestly for the enlightenment of infidels, housebreakers and fox-hunting parsons—insisted that it was invariably composed by Mrs. Burnaby—a rumour which the unruffled and chivalrous rector never troubled to refute. Little Fred, however, standing on a seat of the great square pew under the pulpit, was at first more interested in watching the verger with his white wand poking the heads of fidgety boys, than in listening to his father’s oratory ; though later, owing to a marvellous memory, he obtained an even phenomenal knowledge of the Bible.

At Christmas time he liked to help when the ladies were “ sticking the church,” as it was queerly called—in other words, decorating it—and beautifully decorated it was—owing in large measure to the taste of the organist’s wife and daughter. When all was done to satisfaction the brooms, dust-pans, hand brushes and dusters, which were kept under the altar, were fetched out, and the church received its great annual cleaning. At morning service on the important day how cheerily rang out from the gallery the lusty, though metallic voices of the Sunday School children !—the boys on one side of the organ, the girls on the other—while the choir—the pick of the town for bulk and limb—outdid even themselves ; a condition of things which may, or may not, be attributable to the fact that it was Mr. Burnaby’s custom to have the whole of the school and the choir to dinner at the Rectory. Dinner over—and more luscious beef or more delectable plum pudding never smoked on table—the youngsters used to drift into the adjoining field



ST. PETER'S RECTORY, BEDFORD.

The figures are the Rev. Gustavus and Mrs. Burnaby, the Rev. Evelyn Burnaby, and Mrs. Baillie.

*From a photo lent by the Rev. Paul Wyatt, M. A., Bedford.*



to play football and indulge in sack and other races supposed to be appropriate to the day, Fred—lissom as a hare—always joining in, and establishing records. Not were the aged forgotten. Writing so recently as last Christmas, one of the old Sunday scholars says: "And dear Mr. and Mrs. Burnaby, I knew them so well, and I think I see them now at this festive season trying their utmost, by means of seasonable gifts, to bring happiness to the homes of the poor. How daring Fred was! I remember how we used to wander together over the vapoury meadows, and how he used to jump the wide backwater at Newnham, so as to save a long walk over the wooden bridge. We other boys stood aghast at his daring, but he just managed to land on the opposite side. Fred was of so sanguine a temper. He never knew what fear was." Another scholar recalled the Rector's outdoor habit, when he met young folks, of extending, archiepiscopally, two straight fingers, and enquiring amiably "Do, do?"

At first Mr. Burnaby thought of making a clergyman of his son, and Fred was quite agreeable until one day—31st July, 1851—when he stood in St. Peter's churchyard while his father, who showed himself deeply sympathetic during the service, was burying John Francis, the parish clerk. After the words "In the midst of life we are in death," little Fred, touched to the quick by his father's emotion and the sobs of the mourners, pulled his father's surplice, and said, with tears trickling down his cheeks, "Papa, I won't be a parson."

To the north of the Rectory, and on the grounds, stood a ruined farmhouse where he and his companions used to play. Hard by was a pond into which in summer time they frequently tumbled, "coming out green all over"; and which in winter proved an ideal place for slides. After a heavy fall of snow the boys would roll from the field a huge snowball which, by the time it reached High Street, would be as much as seven feet in diameter. Fred early took to dumb-bells, practising

not only in the fields but in his father's drawing-room ; and on one occasion he went too near the marble mantel-piece and smashed it to atoms.

Not far from the Rectory stood, as we stated, the residence of Mr. Livius, and both house and grounds had the reputation of being haunted, owing partly to the stories that circulated respecting Mr. Livius and his friend the Rev. N. S. Godfrey,\* who were spiritualists, and partly owing to Mr. Livius's habit of hanging among the trees a number of Eolian harps, which made weird sounds " as of spirits in pain," all the night long ; and to Bedford children—though not to little Fred, who, fearing neither man nor spectre, used in bravado to pass at night by the dreaded wall alone,—the grounds were a perpetual terror. Mr. Burnaby's children were in charge of Mrs. Page, the housekeeper, a faithful and devoted creature, who, however, required all her wits to keep them within bounds. She used to say of Fred in particular that he had a most " contradictory spirit," and more than once she had to chase him in his night shirt across St. Peter's Green amid an amused throng of onlookers ; while he was aided and abetted in his devilry by his father's great dog Berry who, when the Rectory gates were opened for the carriage, used to come out with a bound and startle everybody near. One or another of the children was in trouble most days, but perhaps the gravest instance was when Annie swallowed some berries of the deadly nightshade and was carried in, as it was supposed, dying. She recovered, however, to turn her attention to much additional naughtiness.

It is not surprising that, Mrs. Page, overwrought by the lawlessness of her charges, sometimes lost her head. The worst, however, she at any time did in her flurry,

\* Mr. Godfrey who was Rector of Biddenham was suspended for three years owing to his spiritualistic practices. He wrote *Table Moving Tested and proved to be the Result of Satanic Agency* (1853) which was replied to by John Pritchard in a pamphlet entitled *A Few Sober Words of Table Talk about Table Spirits and the Rev. N. S. Godfrey's Incantations*. Mr. Godfrey subsequently became Vicar of St. Bartholomew's, Southsea.



SOMERBY HALL.

The figure in the foreground is Mrs. Gustavus Burnaby holding a parrot on her wrist.



was to give Evelyn a dose of embrocation instead of his usual medicine ; but she was more than once heard to wish wickedly that she was in heaven.

At the age of nine, Fred was sent to Bedford Grammar School—the old building situated in St. Paul's Square, with figure of Sir William Harpur in niche over the portal. The Headmaster at the time was the Rev. Dr. Brereton. Naturally Fred had a fight there, his opponent being a bigger boy ; and, just as naturally, when he came off conqueror, his father rewarded him with a shilling. Another amusement was throwing up farthings and shooting at them. With his companions Charlie (now Colonel) Roberts, Vitruvius Wyatt (now Vicar of St. Leonard's, Bedford), Lizzie Hornsby, Emma Rose and Alexander De Vismes, son of the Count, he used to go boating and picnicing, sometimes to Cardington, and sometimes in the opposite direction, their favourite resorts being "Paradise" (Cauldwell House),\* the residence of Mr. John Howard, and Honey Hill ; and as they rowed they would sing nigger and other songs—timing themselves to the dipping of the oars. In after years, too, Fred recalled the comical scenes at the Wool Fair on St. Peter's Green and the dissipations of Bedford Fair,† the stalls of which extended from the Green to St. Paul's Church ; and how he used to lay out his pence in a thin ginger-bread called parliament, and baked warden pears sold by one Wiffin, a man with a stentorian voice.

The family often paid visits to Somerby,‡ and stayed at the Hall which had become the residence of Mr.

\* Now the residence of Mr. Henry Burridge.

† October 12th.

‡ Somerby and Burrough boast of two distinguished personages who were connected with both villages, namely William Cheselden, surgeon and anatomist (1688—1752), born at Burrough, and Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, born at Somerby. Dr. Cheselden's sister Deborah married Rev. Gustavus Brown, Rector of Burrough, and so became an ancestress of Fred Burnaby. Cheselden was a friend of Pope who commemorates him in his *Imitations of Horace*. There may still be seen in the grounds of Somerby Hall a beautiful leaden watertank, brought from Burrough, with the initials G. and D.B. (Gustavus and Deborah Brown) and the date 1724.



Burnaby's mother. Somerby, a compact, bright and pleasant village, is situated some thirteen miles from Leicester, four from Oakham and six from Melton Mowbray—the nearest station being John o'Gaunt,\* three miles distant. Somerby Hall is a spacious stuccoed building with a front facing the garden. The lawn, which had a rosery surmounted by a great glass ball, commands views of three churches—those of Somerby, Pickwell and Cold Overton ; and on its border stands an enormous beech with four stems, which Mrs. Burnaby used to point to and say : “ My four children ” (May, Annie, Fred and Evelyn). At some distance stand two limes, the lower branches of which, as they hid the view, Mrs. Burnaby wished cut away. For long the Rev. Gustavus refused consent, but at last he humoured her, and the trees have ever since been known as “ Discord ” and “ Concord.”

Fred revelled in field sports, especially hunting ; and some doggerel lines entitled *The County Hunt*, composed by him when he and his father were staying at Somerby, have been preserved. They commence with the vow made by the huntsman of the Quorn, after a day's ill luck, that “ the morrow success should bring.” When the morrow arrived, he set off with “ five couple of hounds at his side,” and reached Little Dalby village in company with “ Gilmore Lloyd and Sir Henry Edwards.” The horn rings merrily, the hounds are in full career—and the excited question goes the round : “ Is it a hare or a fox ? ” It turns out to be neither, but only a man carrying aniseed, who straightway rushed from the canine kind. While this was taking place—

A middle-aged man in a lordly field  
 Stood giving directions to all—  
 A respectable middle-aged man was he  
 Owner of Somerby Hall.  
 Shortly a man rushed into the field,  
 Rushing o'er dale and lea.  
 The gentlemen cried “ stop, you're spoiling my hedge.”  
 “ I can't, or they'll run into me ! ”

\* Name given at the suggestion of General Burnaby (Fred's cousin) after John of Gaunt, the great earl of Lancaster and Leicester.



SOMERBY CHURCH.

*From a photo by Messrs. John Burton & Sons, Leicester.*



The middle-aged man, giving directions to all, was, it need hardly be said, Burnaby's father; and to be "giving directions to all" was characteristic enough of the autocratic gentleman. The verses continue—

The man was caught, and then for sport  
A lady in a habit  
Said to the master of the hunt  
"Let's run a little rabbit."

The suggestion was followed, and so ends what was probably Master Burnaby's first attempt at verse; though it was not his last, for he often amused himself with writing doggerel. No doubt this effusion was read with applause at the Hall; and we may be equally sure the allusion to the middle-aged man giving directions to all, was duly appreciated by the middle-aged man himself, and handsomely acknowledged.

Fred obtained some assistance in his education from the Rev. William Young Nutt,\* a hard-working clergyman, who was for thirty-five years curate of Burrough, and subsequently rector of Cold Overton. As it was Mr. Nutt's custom to make his pupils read the lessons in church, while he stood by ready to give a nip in case of a blunder, they all became approved elocutionists; and perhaps Fred owed some of the impression which he many years afterwards made as a speaker on the people of Birmingham, to the good gentleman's very vigilant finger and thumb.

Burnaby left Bedford Grammar School in May, 1852, and proceeded to a private school at Tinwell, near Stamford, kept by the Rev. Charles Arnold, son of the Rev. Thomas Kerchever Arnold, of *Henry's Latin Book* fame; and there his principal companions were Denzil Baring, the late Lord Rowton, Edward Carr Glyn, now Bishop of Peterborough, Lord Sunderland (afterwards in turn Lord Blandford and Duke of Marlborough), and H. N. Finch. His favourite sport at Tinwell was performing on the

5—Tinwell (May  
1852) and  
Harrow (Jan.  
1855).

\* One of his sons, Henry, resides at Flitwick (Beds.), another, the Rev. R. Nutt, at Ryde, a third Alfred, is architect to the King, at Windsor.

cross-bar of a gymnastic apparatus fixed some twenty feet from the ground. On being informed that it would not be safe to drop from it, he promptly resolved to make the trial; and with the words "Get away boys, I'm coming," he jumped to the ground, with the result of a broken leg, which confined him to his bed for three months, though he never once shed a tear or made the least complaint.

In the following year there were wedding festivities at the old Bedford home—the occasion being the union of Burnaby's elder sister with Mr. John Henry Manners-Sutton, of Kelham, Notts. Owing to the father's position, and the fact that the bride was the loveliest woman of her time—though beauty was almost her least charm—all Bedford and the country round flocked to the wedding, at which four dukes were present.\*

In January 1855, Burnaby—then a tall thin boy, with a foreign-looking pallid face—passed to Harrow, and he was placed, along with his friend Finch in "Middlemist's House," afterwards known as "Crookshank's." In Greek and Latin he never distinguished himself, indeed, for the study of these languages he always showed contempt; and in one of his speeches, when he became a politician, he alleged that our public schools are kept up far more in the interests of the masters than of the boys—so much time being devoted to Greek and Latin, not because of the utility of these languages, but because the masters themselves happen to be acquainted with them.† At French, however, he soon became proficient. Among the letters he wrote from Harrow was the following:

My dear Papa,

I hope you are quite well. You will be very glad to hear I have got my remove, and got it quite easily, as seven fellows below me got it. Give my love to dear

\* Burnaby's other sister, Annie, became, in 1862, wife of Mr. Duncan Baillie.

† Speech at Wednesbury, 17th October, 1883.

mamma. I think my eyes are better. Finch gave me a dinner yesterday at Fuller's. At least it was a kind of early tea on a pheasant and some other things. There were three of us there, and between us we finished him well. He was rather a large pheasant. Give my love to May and Annie. And now with best love, I remain,

Your ever affectionate son,

Frederick G. Burnaby.

There was at Harrow in those days a system of bullying, of which Burnaby, with his manly notions, founded chiefly on the commandment "Thou shalt not hit a boy under your own size," strongly disapproved. On 18th March, 1854, that is nine months before he entered the school, there had appeared in *Punch* an article apparently from the pen of Douglas Jerrold, entitled "Bullying at Public Schools," which mentions both Harrow and Rugby as schools where bullying of a particularly offensive kind had taken place; and after a stern denunciation of the practice, it concludes with: "We only wish the parent of some child who may have been brutally ill-used by a bigger and stronger boy would try the effect of the Act for the Punishment of Aggravated Assaults, for there is, at all events, some power in the law, if there is no redress to be had at the hands of the masters."

Burnaby may have read or heard of this article; but in any case he sent to *Punch* a communication entitled "The Toad under the Harrow," in which he complained particularly of the Harrow system of fagging. Although the communication was ignored by the editor, the course which Burnaby had taken reached, somehow, the ears of the headmaster, who sent for the boy and reprimanded him. However, the incident must have had a healthy effect, for Mr. Walter Pepys,\* recalling the period of Burnaby's latter days at Harrow, has been able to write to me: "The school life was decidedly rough, or would at least now be considered so, but there was a fine manly spirit with it, and in most houses

\*He was in Burnaby's house.

the quiet and weak were not molested. Many of the boys of that period rose to distinction, as, for example, J. A. Symonds, G. O. Trevelyan, Montagu Corry, F. H. Jeune, H. Chaplin, W. S. Church, Kenelm Digby, Edward Stanhope, A. M. Chaunell, and H. T. Thompson."

Another incident of Burnaby's Harrow life was a battle royal between him and a lad two years his senior, Henry Edwards\* ; and although one of the masters tried to stop the fight, his efforts, owing to the fact that the scene was the duly prescribed "Milling Ground,"† were abortive, and it was fought to a finish. Then, too, while at Harrow, Burnaby showed his adventurous spirit by taking up a boat—a one pair skiff—from Windsor to Oxford, and thence by the canal to Severn and Shrewsbury and back again—a distance of six hundred miles ; thus performing a journey which, seeing that it occupied over three weeks, was, for a boy of thirteen, a really remarkable feat.

By this time it was decided that Burnaby should enter the army, and in 1857 he was removed from Harrow and sent to Oswestry, where he studied  
 6—The Goose. under the Rev. Stephen Donne,‡ brother  
 1857. of the Rev. James Donne, Vicar of St. Paul's, Bedford. Here he displayed a prodigious appetite. On one occasion when on a walking tour in Wales he entered an inn, with only half-a-crown in his pocket, and enquired what he could have for dinner and the charge.

The landlord replied : "Goose and apple-tart, half-a-crown."

The goose, a respectable one, with the usual savoury etceteras, and the apple-tart, made by no niggard hand, were brought forward ; but when the landlord looked in half an hour later he found that Burnaby had eaten the whole of the goose and the apple tart as well.

\* Afterwards Sir H. C. Edwards.

† Just under the old school.

‡ Archdeacon Donne, Vicar of Wakefield, is his son.



THE OLD GRAMMAR SCHOOL, BEDFORD.

*Lent by Mr. Herbert Page, Bedford.*



SOMERBY CHURCH (INTERIOR).

Showing East Window (to the Memory of Burnaby's parents).

*Photo by Rev. G. E. Britten.*





For a moment he stood stock-still, in a stupor.

When, however, Burnaby coolly tendered the half-crown and complimented him on his cookery, he mechanically put out his hand for the well-merited coin ; and remarked : " Next time you come into these parts, please give my friend Jones, of the Red Lion, a turn."

On October 12th, 1857, he wrote to his father :

Oswestry.

My dear Father,

Many thanks for the post office order, which I received on Saturday. I expect I shall be able to go up in December, for the other day I met a captain in the army at dinner, and he said they want officers so bad now that they wink at the age, and that a cousin of his got in a little while ago at 16. I had a letter from Colonel Yorke the other day, saying he would let me know when the next examination is to be. He is the Secretary to the Council of Education. Give my love to dear Mother and Annie, and hoping that Evelyn is not quite annihilated at the idea of going to school. Believe me, your very affectionate son,

F. Burnaby.

From Oswestry he was sent to Dresden, in order to study languages under Professor Hughes ; and the following letter, which is undated, appears to have been written soon after his arrival 7 — **Dresden.**  
He joins  
the Blues.

4, Marian Strasse, Dresden.

My dear Governor,

Many thanks for your kind letter, which I received quite safe. I called on Paget to-day. He was very kind, but said that he had received no letter from my uncle, so I suppose it was lost. I have, however, written to my uncle to ask him for another. I like Dresden very much. The old professor is a capital fellow. I am getting on very well with the cornet, and German is becoming easier every day. Write and tell me how much Benham makes.

It is awfully hot, but we live almost the whole day in the Elbe, so it is very comfortable. They have got capital bathing places here—large rafts with houses on them and capital places to spring from so and so feet from the water. The scenery is lovely. Give my best love to Mamma and Annie,\* and with best love to all friends,

Believe me ever your very affectionate son,

F. BURNABY.

In Germany he became proficient in French, German and Italian ; and on his return to England, as he was still minded to become a soldier, he sat for his examination, which he passed with great credit, and some months later (80th September, 1859) he was gazetted cornet in the Royal Horse Guards (Blues).

In the meantime there had been revolutionary changes at St. Peter's, the Rev. Gustavus having engaged a zealous and musical curate, the Rev. John Boyle, who thoroughly stirred up the parish. Among Mr. Boyle's various innovations was the introduction of a choral service, a change which was regarded with profound suspicion ; and which saddled its author with the charge of being a Jesuit in disguise ; but whether his irreverent hand interfered with other sacred and hoary institutions, such as keeping the hand brushes and dustpans under the altar, we are not informed. He was certainly equal to it.

One Sunday morning in church, when Mr. Rose was playing the hymn tune before the singing, there came out in the midst of it some full clear notes of remarkable power, and such as the organ had never before given forth. There was a marked sensation in the church, and the sensation became even more acute when, as the hymn was being sung, the same notes were repeated in every verse. The pretended new stop, however, presently walked out of the organ, and stood revealed as Fred Burnaby who, home on leave, had entered the tuning place with his cornet just before the hymn was given out ;

\* His sister, Ann Glentworth (afterwards Mrs. Duncan Baillie),

and the effect was so fine—Fred being a first-rate player—that he was begged to repeat the performance the following Sunday ; and for years afterwards, on special occasions, the cornet accompanied the organ.

Of Fred's stoicism under suffering we have furnished an example, and we may give another. Once when on a visit of leave to Bedford, he was practising with a pistol when it exploded in his hand. Instead, however, of making any remark, he coolly walked down the High Street to Dr. Hurst's,\* had the wound stitched up, and returned to the Rectory to lunch, without making any reference whatever to the matter. He was a student, however, as well as a youth of action, but if he turned to his father's bookshelves it was invariably to take down some volume of history or biography, and the picturesque and stirring pages of Plutarch and Gibbon, not only thrilled him to the very centre, but provoked in him an ardent longing to emulate the courageous deeds of the various heroes.

Owing to the fact, already mentioned, that several of the judges when on circuit used to be entertained at St. Peter's Rectory, the Rev. Gustavus often attended the Quarter Sessions, not infrequently taking with him his younger son, Evelyn, who evinced a keen pleasure both in listening to the trials and in reading the newspaper reports afterwards. One day Evelyn did something that caused his father unusual pleasure, and the old gentleman said to him, " My boy, name something that you would like. No matter what it is, I will give it you if possible."

" Father," said Evelyn, " buy me a Newgate calendar."

As a curious instance of the permanence of character, it may be mentioned that only last year the Rev. Evelyn Burnaby published a work entitled, *Memories of Famous Trials*. After being educated at Eton, where he was a

\* Brother of the late Mr. George Hurst. Dr. Hurst's house occupied what is now the High Street entrance to the Arcade.

contemporary of Mr. A. J. Balfour, Lord Randolph Churchill, Lord Rosebery, and Ernest Vivian, now Lord Swansea, his life-long friend, Evelyn proceeded to Oxford, where he graduated with honours.

## CHAPTER II.

80TH SEPTEMBER 1859—31ST DECEMBER 1867.

### BALLOONING.

As Burnaby's early years in the army did not synchronize with a piping time of war, they were unmarked by any stirring event. He devoted himself sedulously to his duties and studies, and to developing by means of dumb-bell and other exercises, his phenomenal strength. Among his hobbies was fishing, and he became, as the result of persistent practice on the lawn at Bedford, an adept at casting the net.

8—An Ascent  
from Gre-  
morne, 21st  
July 1862.

In the summer of 1864 he turned his mind to aeronautics, and henceforward that science was one of his leading enthusiasms.

Public attention had recently been drawn anew to the balloon, owing largely to the achievements of Mr. Henry Coxwell and Mr. James Glaisher, who on 5th September, 1862, ascended to a distance of seven miles, the highest on record; and the incidents of their courageous voyage, which, by reason of the severity of the cold, almost cost them their lives, were still fresh in the public mind. These gentlemen also distinguished themselves in the spring of 1863; while on October 4th of the same year a voyage was made by a French aeronaut, M. Nadar, and twelve other persons in a balloon containing the enormous volume of 215,000 feet of gas, and supporting in place of the ordinary car a two-storeyed wicker-work cottage. Enormous, however, as was Mr. Nadar's balloon, it was to be dwarfed by a truly gargantuan aerostat constructed by another Frenchman, M. Jean

Godard, who had made ascents in the interests of his country during the Italian campaign of 1859. M. Godard's balloon—The Eagle—had a cubic capacity of 500,000 feet, being doubtless the largest pear-shaped aerostat ever constructed. M. Godard announced that his balloon would make an ascent at Cremorne Gardens, Chelsea, then one of the most popular of London's pleasure resorts; and the information that it was to be inflated, not with coal gas, but with hot air, after the fashion of the very early balloons made by the brothers Montgolfier, excited enormous interest; though, as such an ascent would necessarily be accompanied by extreme danger, fear was entertained lest Government might interfere. M. Godard was confident enough, but the general public had made up their minds that the balloon would catch fire and explode in the air.

The day before the date fixed for the ascent Burnaby and some of his brother subalterns paid a visit to the gardens, where they found Mr. E. T. Smith, the manager, the keen, bright-eyed M. Godard, and a captain of the Blues engaged in earnest conversation; and it transpired that they had been discussing the probability of government intervention.

"This is Godard, Fred," whispered the captain, "the man who is going up in the fire balloon to-morrow."

"Very good fun, I should think," followed Burnaby, who at that time knew practically nothing about ballooning.

"Fun, indeed," said the captain, "fun with the chance of being burnt as well as smashed. You would not think it fun if you went up with him."

This speech ruffled Burnaby, and without taking time to reflect, he said, "I should be delighted to ascend if Monsieur Godard would take me."

This being mentioned to the aeronaut he at once acquiesced, though he subsequently observed pathetically to a friend that Burnaby was "a devil of a weight."

Burnaby on his part agreed to pay the customary fee,

and to help during the voyage with the stoking. The following afternoon he again found his way to the gardens which were crowded with visitors. The weather was perfect, Godard and his assistants hurried hither and thither making preliminary arrangements, and Mr. J. W. Prowse, of the *Daily Telegraph*, who was to be one of the voyagers, and Mr. Coxwell and Mr. Glaisher were strolling round the enclosure. The top of the uninflated balloon, which was of calico, was suspended forty feet from the grass by a rope which extended between two masts, each a hundred feet in height, and the rest of the monster lay upon the ground, except where a gangway made of hoops led from the outside to the enormous wooden car at its centre. In the car was a mysterious iron furnace, from which shot up into the balloon an enormous funnel, while there were bewildering air holes, and a whole host of other perplexing accessories; and Burnaby noticed that the car was attached to the balloon by cords stitched to the sides—there being no net. While Godard and his assistants were carrying trusses of straw through the gangway and ramming them into the furnace, a hundred men stood round the balloon, each holding to a piece of the covering; and Burnaby's friends spent the waiting moments chatting with Coxwell and Glaisher, both of whom regarded the absence of netting as a serious defect. Presently Godard set light to the straw in the furnace. The fire roared up through the funnel, and in a few minutes the gigantic envelope began to distend. As it rose the rope keeping its top from the flames was gradually tightened. In half an hour it was ready to start, but the prospect of a ride in so uncanny a conveyance was far less agreeable than it had previously appeared. The flames from the straw roared at least twenty feet into the balloon through the funnel. Sparks flew about in all directions, alighting even on the calico and on the trusses of straw which were attached to the sides of the car. It was an awe-striking spectacle, and one which in regard to the car



and its occupants would not have been out of place in Dante's Hell. While Burnaby was cursing under his breath the folly that had induced him to volunteer Godard approached and said "I am very sorry, but I can't take you." Burnaby felt as though a load had been suddenly lifted from his brain. "Thank heavens!" he said to himself, and then addressing his friends he drawled, "Very sorry—great nuisance! but Godard says he can't take me, as I'm too heavy."

"Too heavy! nonsense," said the captain, "and after all my friends have come here to see you go up. You must keep your word, or they will say you funk."

And the insinuation was a correct one, though unpalatable enough to Burnaby.

In the meantime Mr. Prowse and a friend of Godard's, M. Gustave Faucheux, had taken their places by the side of the aeronaut and his assistants. The balloon, now fully inflated, presented an imposing and beautiful appearance, ornamented as it was with a great blue border, tri-colour pennons and representations of the French eagle; and encircled at about a third of its height by a bat-like and eldritch arrangement which looked like an enormous parachute.

Godard was now in the act of ordering the men to let go the cords, and the balloon began to rise. At that moment, fired by a sudden resolution, Burnaby, unseen by Godard, who was on the other side of the furnace, vaulted into the car; whereupon the balloon, which had been rising splendidly, descended with a bump. The additional sixteen stone had been too much for it. Godard, who could not understand what was the matter, seized fresh trusses of straw, and pushing them into the furnace, filled it to its summit. The flames roared louder than ever, sparks flew in showers, and up went, amid cheer after cheer from the spectators, this terrible roaring fiery furnace—an object of such weight that "had it fallen it would have more than sufficed to smash in the dome of St. Paul's, if not to bring great part of the

entire edifice to the ground.”\* It took an easterly, and then a south-easterly course. Every part of the huge city came in turn within ken of the occupants of the car, and the panorama, if not worth the risk of the journey, was, in Mr. Prowse’s words, “a very magnificent spectacle.” The sounds from the streets, which resembled the clamour of a sea, mingled during the whole of the journey with the noise of the furnace; for at no time did the balloon ascend much above half a mile. The heat from the flames was painful to all, though Burnaby, owing to his great bulk and length of leg seems to have felt it most. Three times the balloon passed over the Thames, and when it approached Greenwich marshes Godard decided to descend—and a perilous descent it proved, for the fire was still roaring merrily, and the sparks flew at will. The car bumped the ground, and rose again time after time, but at last, by the aid of “a hundred sensible Englishmen,” who caught hold of and tugged at the ropes, the monster was secured, and the adventure terminated. Burnaby returned in safety to his barracks, where he received the congratulations of his friends; and Mr. Prowse hurried to the office of the *Daily Telegraph*, which next morning published his graphic account of the adventure. “The Eagle” made one more successful voyage. When, however, it was being inflated for a third ascent, it caught fire and was consumed to ashes, though happily without injury to anyone.

Henceforward Burnaby’s interest in aeronautics increased daily, he studied the subject in all its departments, and, after joining the Aeronautical Society, he made several excursions in gas balloons with Mr. Coxwell. In the company of his “lean friend”—indeed the leanest man he had ever met, and little more than a skeleton—Lieutenant Westcar, who had a balloon of his own, he once ascended from Windsor, where the Blues

9—A Descent at  
Bedford  
July 1864.

\* *Daily News*.

were garrisoned, and after about two hours the travellers found themselves some two thousand feet above Bedford. Old Mr. Burnaby was in his garden at the time cutting roses, and chatting with his organist. Chancing to look up, and seeing a balloon above him, he said, "I should not be surprised if my boy were in that car," and he ordered the servants to sit up in case his son should arrive late and require supper. On second thoughts he decided to sit up himself; and about midnight the door flew open and Fred, accompanied by Westcar (colossus and skeleton), burst in with: "Hullo, governor. Here we are! Started from the Cavalry Barracks and came down at Riseley."\*

Burnaby's personal appearance as he sauntered down the street, or sat on horse-back on parade, never failed to attract attention. Not only was he  
 10— Feats of Strength. six feet four in height and 46 inches round  
 Extraordinary the chest, but his face was finely cut and  
 Wagers. handsome. Admittedly it was not an  
 English face. There was something of the foreigner in it, and one of his friends described his appearance as that of an Italian baritone.

A regular attendant at the fencing school, he became one of the most expert men of his time with the foils. He could run along a bar like Blondin; hold with arm outstretched a billiard cue with the butt in the air and the point between his first and second fingers; and vault, using only the left hand, over a billiard table. Owing to his passion for, and skill at boxing, his military friends called him Heenan. He outdid every competitor with the dumb-bells, and there is, we believe, still preserved in one of his clubs, a glass case containing a huge dumb-bell, and a written challenge to any man to hold it at arm's length for the space of sixty seconds. Burnaby, and Burnaby alone, could perform this feat. He used to toy with a dumb-bell weighing a hundred weight and a half, which

\* Eight miles from Bedford.

only one other man—Mr. Lawrence Levy,\* could lift, and to rear straight above his head another dumb-bell weighing one hundred and twenty pounds. "There were no two men living," observed Mr. T. Gibson Bowles to the author, "whose heads he could not have knocked together." He was the strongest man of his time. The anecdote of Burnaby and the ponies has often been told. There are several versions of it, but the following has found most acceptance: Once when Burnaby was at Windsor, a horsedealer who had come into possession of a couple of very small ponies, took them thither by command to exhibit them to the Queen. Before going to the castle he showed them to the officers of the Blues, to whom occurred the idea of having a joke at Burnaby's expense, so they drove the ponies upstairs to his room, which was on the first flight—and the door being only ajar, the animals trotted in unannounced. Burnaby, who could always appreciate a jest was sufficiently amused, but then came a difficulty. The ponies had gone upstairs quietly enough, but neither force nor entreaty could induce them to descend. The hour approached at which they were to be presented to the Queen, and their owner was desperate. Burnaby, however, soon settled the matter. Taking up a pony under each arm, as if they were cats, he walked downstairs with them and set them in the courtyard.

On one occasion he took a thick kitchen poker and with his hands bent it double. Then he curled it round a companion's neck, making a collar of it, from which the man tried in vain to release himself. Burnaby however quietly untwisted it, and with as much ease as if he were untying a neckerchief. Among those who witnessed with amusement these remarkable feats—

\* Mr. Levy in an article in the *Birmingham Gazette* of 17th February, 1908, says, in reference to a meeting with Burnaby, "He was somewhat dubious as I pitted some of my feats against those he told me he practised. I was built in the unheroic mould of 5ft. 4½in., he was 6ft. 4in. At the Fisheries Exhibition, Col. Burnaby's heavy dumb-bell, weighing some 170 lbs., was on view and I—let it be said with all due modesty—was the only athlete who ever put it up except the Colonel."

though Burnaby himself made light of them—were the Prince and Princess of Wales—our present King and Queen.

Notwithstanding his enormous strength, Burnaby was not infrequently prostrated by illness and racked with pain, and he used to say that he had had every complaint in the pharmacopœia. From liver trouble and dyspepsia he was scarcely ever free, and he often complained that the vulture of Prometheus had fastened upon his viscera, and refused to be driven from its prey ; but though he systematically combated this vulture by means of early rising, active exercise, and the austerity of an anchorite, it must be admitted that he sometimes heedlessly encouraged it. Thus he made many extraordinary wagers. One was that he would reduce himself four stone in as many months ; and by means of Turkish baths and a quantity of Cockle's pills, a commodity in which he had unshakable faith, he attained his end ; but on winning the wager he walked straight to the Old University Club, where in the company of his father he indulged in a meal such as even he had never before enjoyed.

“ It is only after a long fast,” he said, “ that you can really appreciate a good dinner.” The result was a swift and almost incredible addition to his weight ; but whether this Gargantuan feast following immediately a prolonged fast was beneficial to that liver, of whose vagaries he so often complained, is perhaps open to doubt.

Another of his bets was that he would run, row, ride, hop, and walk five successive quarters of a mile within one quarter of an hour ; and a boat and a horse having been stationed in readiness on the banks of the Thames, he set himself to the feat, which he performed in less than thirteen minutes.

An excellent rider, he gave his horses such Bible names as Beelzebub, Ahasuerus and Belial ; while a favourite Pomeranian dog answered to the name of Nimshi.

Shortly after the balloon voyage to Bedford, Mr. Westcar



MRS. MANNERS-SUTTON.

BURNABY'S ELDER SISTER.

Said to have been the most beautiful woman of her time.



invited Burnaby to a country house, where he had hired the shooting. The guns were no sooner out, than it became evident that there were very few birds ; and both West-car and Burnaby took the owner of the land—a big, burly fellow named Hooker—severely to task.

11—A Shooting Fracas.

“ Perhaps,” said Mr. Hooker, sarcastically, “ you think I’ve been over the ground before.”

Burnaby having replied with a sarcasm, Mr. Hooker, who confused him with someone else, made a serious charge against him, whereupon Burnaby gave his accuser a thrashing.

The latter retaliated by bringing against Burnaby an action, which was tried in the Court of Exchequer at Westminster, before Mr. Baron Martin. Mr. (afterwards Baron) Huddleston appeared for Burnaby, his attorney being a gentleman of the name of Horne ; while Serjeant Ballantine acted for the plaintiff. The case, which was decided against Burnaby, created unusual excitement in court, owing chiefly to the violence of the language used on both sides. From the judge himself, even, escaped some indefensible remarks, which had to be withdrawn ; and Evelyn Burnaby could not resist the temptation to send him a stinging valentine. Indeed, to quote the report of the Blues’ riding-master, who was present on the occasion, “ it was hawful ’ot in that court. There was Eenan\* and Orne, Uddleston and Ooker† all a fighting like hanything.”

For long the Rev. Gustavus Burnaby had nursed the hope of being able to present himself to both the Leicestershire livings of Somerby and Burrough, but the Pluralities Bill introduced by his Leicestershire neighbour, Mr. Frewin, of Cold Overton (M.P. for Brighton), who by the by was a man of enormous size,† had made that

12—The Rev. Gustavus removes to Somerby, 2nd June, 1866.

\* Burnaby.

† He weighed 20 stone. He had a special mahogany bedstead made for himself.



impossible; and, as a result, his attitude towards Mr. Frewin was one of hostility. However, feeling his years increasing, and prompted by the desire to spend the remainder of them at Somerby Hall, he in 1866, after having officiated at St. Peter's for thirty-one years, exchanged livings with the Rev. S. Rolleston, of Somerby. The Rev. Gustavus, it seems, was far too much of an autocrat to please the people of that parish. To one encroachment on their rights, or supposed rights, after another the people grumblingly submitted, but when the old gentleman proposed to wall in the village pond, the parish, backed by Mr. Frewin, not only broke into open rebellion, but boldly dared him to make the attempt; and henceforth there were continual broils. A little later certain sanitary improvements were proposed in the village, and a public meeting was held, among those present being the Sanitary Inspector and the Rev. Gustavus. There was much discursive talk on the occasion about "nuisances," and various persons expressed their opinions and aired their grievances. At last a purple-faced farmer got up, and addressing the Sanitary Inspector said, after mopping his forehead with a huge bandana, "I'll tell ye what it is, mister, the biggest nuisance in this here parish is our old parson." The meeting roared, the Rev. Gustavus, who like the rest of his family, had a keen sense of the ridiculous, joining in the laughter; nor was he seriously perturbed when somebody tarred on his entrance gates "Nuisance Hall."

Unlike his father, Fred, who was often at Somerby on leave, was really popular in the neighbourhood. His arrival indeed was always the signal for excitement and joviality. At one time or another he must have boxed with almost every inhabitant. Among those who faced him and showed excellent though futile fight, was the local policeman, and it is recalled that after a particularly good bout on Burrough Hill,\* Fred presented his opponent with a sovereign.

\* A Roman encampment a mile and a half from Somerby.

To the irrefutable delinquencies of the Rev. Gustavus the inhabitants of Burrough most unkindly added one of which he was certainly innocent. There is a story to the effect that he removed one of the Somerby bells to Burrough ; and the Burrough people, as receivers, are supposed to have been as culpable as the reverend gentleman. Consequently when Burrough man bites thumb at Somerby man, the latter never neglects to include among other disparaging insinuations, " Who stole the Somerby bell ? " Indeed, if you go to Burrough belfry and ask the ringers which is the Somerby bell, they will point it out and say, " This one." It matters not that the Rev. G. E. Britten, the present Vicar of Somerby, has carefully investigated the tradition, and has explained in a lucid and amusing paper\* how the error arose, the bell of Burrough will to the end of time be pointed to in proof of the authenticity of the story ; and to the end of time, too, there will be bad blood between Somerby men and Burrough men, while the memory of a perfectly innocent, if exasperating, old gentleman will be saddled with a misdeed which he never committed, and which was never committed by anyone.

As years passed by Mr. Burnaby jogged along after a fashion with his parishioners, but he always regretted having left Bedford ; he became as melancholy as the padge-owl that hooted in his park ; and he could never quite forgive Mr. Frewin. One day Mr. Frewin was thrown out of his carriage. " Fortunately," commented Mr. Burnaby, " he fell on his head, and therefore was not hurt." There is, however, another version of this anecdote, according to which the reverend gentleman did not say " Fortunately," but " Unfortunately," which was even more caustic. A memorial of one of Fred's visits to Somerby is still standing in the village—in the shape of a row of cottages, with a stone carved " F.G.B., 1862," which his father bought and presented to him in order to secure him a vote.†

\* *A Stolen Church Bell*. Printed in the Grantham Journal, 16th, April, 1904.

† In anticipation of his 21st birthday which would fall on 3rd, March, 1863.

Aeronautics still occupied most of Fred's spare time. Hitherto balloons had been absolutely at the mercy of the winds, but he believed that it would

—An Accident  
in the Air,  
1887.

be possible to guide them; and it was to the discovery of this secret that his studies were chiefly directed. While he was thus employed, his attention was drawn to an advertisement which stated that a French aeronaut had at last invented a controllable aerostat, in which he intended to make an ascent from Cremorne. Burnaby at once went to see the machine, which turned out to be, not an ordinary pear-shaped balloon, but an object something like a gigantic barrel pointed at both ends, while it was provided with wheels and screw-fans which, according to the Frenchman, made it controllable. Though Burnaby had little faith in the invention, he was prepared to add to his experiences, especially as the experiment seemed likely to prove a dangerous one; so he expressed his intention of accompanying the Frenchman on the journey. On the day fixed upon, the aerostat was filled, but Burnaby noticed a serious defect in it, namely, that the neck, owing to its distance above the car, would be out of reach during the voyage. However, he took his seat with the Frenchman and his assistant; and, amid the cheers of an expectant crowd, the aeronauts commenced turning the wheels. The fans revolved at a tremendous pace, the aeronauts perspired, the spectators laughed, but nothing happened. At last Burnaby, who had lost all patience, seizing an opportunity when the Frenchman was looking another way, caught up a bag of ballast and dropped it over the side of the car. The aerostat at once rose, and the Frenchman, believing the movement to be the result of his machinery, called on his crew to make even more strenuous exertions. The course lay over the Thames, but Burnaby could see that there was no directing at all—that they were, indeed, as much at the mercy of the wind as if their air-ship had been of the ordinary pear-shape.



ASCENT OF LIEUTENANT BURNABY, M. GODARD, Mr.  
J. W. PROWSE, (of the *Daily Telegraph*), and others in the  
enormous hot-air balloon, *The Eagle*, 21st July, 1864.



However, novelty was something but when they were at a height of some 8,000 feet, the Frenchman, happening to look up, suddenly became alarmed. The balloon was fully distended, but the neck, which should have been left open for the escape of gas, was tied securely with a silk pocket handkerchief. Seeing that, as we said before, there was no possibility of getting to that neck, it was clear to probation that, owing to the continual expansion of the gas, the balloon must burst. It was a critical and exciting situation. They were 8,000 feet above London—a minute or two more, thought Burnaby, and we shall be found lying smashed beyond recognition in one of those fatal streets. The three men gazed at one another without being able to speak. They were absolutely helpless. How long that terrible silence lasted they knew not. It might have been a few seconds. It seemed hours. At last there came a cracking noise, “which,” says Burnaby, “reminded me of the sound in a ball room when an awkward man treads on a lady’s dress.” It was then seen that the balloon had split well nigh from neck to top. The gas rushed out through the rent, the balloon fell with frightful rapidity, and the three men gave themselves up for dead. By a miracle, however, the pressure of the descending bag of silk on the atmosphere, caused the lower part of the balloon to be forced into the upper portion of the netting, thus forming an object like a pent house, which acted as a gigantic parachute. This lessened the velocity of the fall, and a little later the aeronauts dropped into a grass field, about three miles from the place where the accident had happened.

Burnaby’s reckless deeds led many of his acquaintances, and especially Westcar, to believe that his chances of reaching even middle life, were slight. Once at a dinner party at the horse guards, 14—Schwalbach  
A Militant  
Pole.  
Burnaby, Westcar, Glaisher and Coxwell, being present, the conversation ran on the probabilities of their various lives.

"You and Captain Burnaby," said Coxwell, addressing Westcar, "will make history in aeronautics long after my time."

"It is not unlikely," said Westcar, "that you may outlive both of us."

Coxwell, who was twenty-three years Burnaby's senior, shook his head, but to use his own expression, uttered long afterwards, he "saw both of those noble fellows out."

In July, 1867, Burnaby was prostrated with gastric catarrh; and in the hope of benefitting by the waters of Schwalbach,\* he made a journey thither in the company of Evelyn. A steady improvement in his health having after a time taken place, the brothers departed for Nice, where Fred, who had a premonition that he was destined to be mixed up with the Eastern Question, set himself to the study of Russian. In the company of his instructor, Mr. Hoffman, he took long walks talking Russian all the way, and by the time his health was completely restored he had—such were his linguistic gifts—thoroughly mastered the language. While the brothers were in the town, Evelyn, somehow, became embroiled with a Polish prince, who took an early opportunity of expressing to Fred his desire to fight a duel.

"My dear sir," said Fred, glancing with half shut eye down at the bellicose gentleman, "I don't see how it can be managed, for as my brother is studying for the Church his hands are, so to speak, tied; but," he added, with a characteristic twinkle in that same eye, "rather than you should be disappointed, I'll fight for him."

The Pole, who was perfectly conversant with Fred's achievements both as a swordsman and a shot, raised what Fred called "some absurd difficulty," and nothing further was heard of the matter.

\* Near Wiesbaden.

## CHAPTER III.

1ST JANUARY 1868 — NOVEMBER 1870.

IN SPAIN AND MOROCCO.

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For some years one of Burnaby's principal friends had been Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles—indeed they were almost like brothers; and towards the end of 1868 Mr. Bowles, Burnaby and another gentleman with literary tastes—  
15—Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles, *Vanity Fair*, 7th Nov., 1868.  
Mr. Charles Waring—decided to establish a Society newspaper. Burnaby, whose intimate connection with Bedford had saturated him with the *Pilgrim's Progress*, suggested as its title, *Vanity Fair*. The first number appeared on 7th November, 1868, and from its inception the venture—"a sin of my youth"—as Mr. Bowles penitently calls it, seems to have prospered—in the sense that the public were ready to purchase it. Among the earliest contributors was Captain Cockburn, of the 2nd Life Guards—"Cocky," as he was called—a fine classical scholar and a writer of sinewy and flexible English; and Burnaby, who still suffered from ill-health, volunteered to visit Spain and send home a series of letters from that country. Although *Vanity Fair* had, and has always had, a staff of exceptionally



gifted writers, its weekly picture has, nevertheless, from the very first, overshadowed its piquant letter-press. It is almost needless to observe that the cartoons of *Vanity Fair* are world-famous, and that a public man who finds himself caricatured in this way, considers himself honoured. But a different condition of things once prevailed, and during the paper's early career, there ensued endless trouble, owing both to picture and print. "These boys," observed Mr. Bowles, to the writer—alluding to Cockburn, Burnaby, and others—"were continually getting me into hot water." The paper, indeed, was a source of perpetual anxiety to all concerned. Burnaby discontinued connection with it after two or three years, in obedience to the command of the Duke of Cambridge; and ultimately—in 1887—Mr. Bowles himself was glad to shift the burden on to the shoulders of another.

We said that Burnaby's reason for wishing to visit Spain was in order to build up his health, but there was another reason. The flight of Queen Isabel had been followed by the formation of a provisional government, and the country was on the eve of a revolution.

"In Spain," he argued, "there will be no lack of excitement, and I shall have every opportunity of studying my profession." As part of his luggage, he carried with him a sack of fat bacon, which, together with the climate of Seville, would, he asseverated, completely restore him to health.

His first stopping place was the French town of Pau, and his first letter—signed, like all that followed, "Convalescent"—is dated 19th December 1868. A night or two after his arrival he was alarmed by the cry of "Fire!" but on dashing into the street he saw, to his surprise, the people running, not to the fire, as they do in England, but helter-skelter from it, and in all directions. Having arrived before the burning house, he found it guarded by soldiers. As soon as he presented himself,

16—At Pau, 16th  
Dec., 1868.

however, an officer approached him and said *Il faut travailler, monsieur*; and straightway he was pressed into one of three lines of workers who were passing as many rows of buckets from some water supply to the hand pumps; and although in evening dress he complied with the order. But the experience was not an agreeable one, for the next man, as often as not, spilt half the water over him, instead of handing it on properly; and he was not long in grasping the townsfolk's reason for running from the fire instead of to it. At a moment, however, when the soldiers were not looking he set down his bucket and slipped away, leaving the hand engines squirting with absolute ineffectiveness against the fire; which, as he afterwards learnt, burnt itself out.

Wherever he went, Burnaby made it his business to get sight of everything worth seeing. Thus at Pau he visited the establishment maintained by the French Government for the purpose of improving the breed of horses, and he paid a high tribute to the hygienic arrangements of the building and the general excellence of the system. He saw much in the neighbourhood to amuse him; but nothing appealed so strongly to his sense of the ridiculous as the local hunt. Having from his childhood followed the hounds in the finest hunting centre in England—the Melton Mowbray district, and being on terms of intimacy with the hardest riders of the time, he was prepared to make large allowance for Pau, but it never occurred to him that things would be quite so absurd as they proved. The field was cosmopolitan, but chiefly French, English and American in an astounding variety of get-ups, while Burnaby himself could procure nothing better than a ridiculous short-legged horse, named Hercule, with the result that his own very long legs almost touched the ground. He was informed, as matter for congratulation, that there were no obstacles in the way, moreover that the fox, besides being a bagged one, was to have “his natural fragrance enhanced by a liberal douche of aniseed.” So strong, indeed, was the

aniseed that, according to Burnaby any average-nosed mortal could have dispensed with the hounds altogether. For ten whole minutes Hercule did his best with the enormous weight on his back, but subsequently he slackened, and finally stood stock-still in the middle of a ploughed field. However, after reasonable breathing time he was induced to move on again, and, with the help of a short cut, enabled his rider to be in at the death. The whole affair lasted just twenty minutes, and one of the French *chasseurs*, after declaring that the sport had been exceptionally *magnifique*, volunteered the information that Pau was the Melton Mowbray of France.

From Pau, Burnaby crossed to the frontier town of St. Sebastian, whose fortifications he found mounted with antique guns, which bade fair to be  
 17—In **Seville**,  
       11th Jan.,  
       1889.  
 more damaging to their owners than to the enemy; and thence, in order to avoid the rigours of a Pyrenean winter, he hurried southward. He found Madrid in a political ferment—Carlists, Royalists and Republicans all vituperating one another in the day time, but sitting side by side, nevertheless, in perfect amity at night while they witnessed the popular can-can, which was the principal attraction at most of the theatres. Cock-fights were held regularly on Sunday mornings. “A first class bull-fight” Burnaby did not see, owing to the fact that the bulls are “not game in cold weather,” but he attended several drums and balls. The loveliness of “the clusters of choice exotics”—that is to say, the Spanish ladies—at these gatherings quite took him by surprise; he marked “the coquetry which gives dancing its sweetness and bitterness all over the world,” and he expressed his opinion that many travellers have left Spain without forming the slightest idea of the wealth of beauty concealed within its boundaries. From Madrid he proceeded to Seville, where he also figured in the ball rooms, and the bronzed and dark-eyed Andalusian beauties were proud to have as partner the tall and handsome

Juan Ingles (John Bull), who was the source of joy and gaiety in everyone who came into contact with him. Nothing amused him more than the custom of the men, as well as the women, of carrying to the theatre longish bags of *dulces*—sweetmeats made of cream, crushed fruit and powdered sugar; and on one occasion he handed a bag time after time to a pretty girl, just to see how many she would eat. She put ten between her lips, and then reluctantly confessed herself vanquished.

In a letter to his father of February 16th, he says after referring to the hospitality of his friends, "I have just been calling on the daughter of the Marquis Sancha Scha, and they have been arranging theatricals in which I am to play the part of an enraptured lover.

18—Burnaby as a  
Troubadour,  
18th Feb.,  
1889.

They have given me a book of thirty pages to learn by heart, bad enough in one's own language, but the devil in a strange one. What did you think of the last two letters in *Vanity Fair*? They give more idea of Spanish life and customs than you will see in any books published on Spain, which in fact are written by travellers who know nothing of the country, its habits or language. We had a curious performance last Sunday at the theatre—'The Passion of our Lord.' There was immense applause when it was finished, and the actor who represented our Saviour, having been unfastened from the Cross, came to the footlights and bowed to the audience. There was a good deal of crying amongst the women in the gallery while our Saviour was being scourged, as it was done in such a natural manner that they took it in earnest."

The acting altogether, it seems, quite exceeded the expectations of the audience, for when in the final scene, "Judas very successfully hanged himself, the applause was so deafening that he had to reappear and hang himself over again."

The letter concludes: "You have no idea of this climate; it is too lovely. Nice is no more to be compared to it than London is to Bedford."

In another letter (written to his brother Evelyn, 18th February 1869), we hear more about the enraptured lover.

"I am going," says Burnaby, "to act the lover to a bright-eyed Spanish girl this evening in some private theatricals. You would laugh if you could see my get-up—an enormous cloak and broad brim crowned hat. One of the necessary things in the *role* is to sing an amorous ditty below the window, but as I have no more voice than an old crow, it has been settled that I am to go through the pantomime with a guitar, and another (a concealed) Lothario, is to pipe a strain to the fair lady. What a pity it is I was not born a 'Mario'; it is humiliating, to say the least, making love under false pretences, even though one does have the post of honour in the play.

*Vanity Fair* has a capital caricature of Bright this week.\* I begin to think my share in that speculation looks promising. My cold is all right, but my old liver will not leave me in peace. Love to all, and wishing that Madame Rachel could renovate your gullet and my liver as easily as she makes antiquities beautiful for ever."

In a letter of 7th March, Burnaby continues his account of the incidents of Passion Week. He says "We are to have the Veil of the Temple Scene to-morrow in the Cathedral, that is a large white veil is hung over the altar; and during the mass, fireworks are let off, and the veil is split from top to bottom in order to represent the rending of the veil of the Temple, but you will see it all described in the *Morning Post* and *Vanity Fair*."

In the next letter, which is undated, he gives some account of his studies. He says "I get up at 8.30, to have a Spanish lesson from 9.15 to 10.45, breakfast at 11, and then go to the barber's, walk about till 12.30, when I return and study Russian till 1.30, when I have another Spanish master, who comes till 2.30. After which I

\* *Vanity Fair*, 13th February, 1869.

pay visits till 4, write letters at the club or read papers from 4 till 5, and then go out for a stroll. I dine at 6. At 7.30 I return to the club and talk and chaff till 9.30, when I go to some reunion or other till 12. We have an immense procession to-day in favour of freedom of worship and abolition of the army. These Radicals would abolish everything if they could. I am busy learning another language, not a verbal one, but a more expressive one. You have heard, of course, that the Spanish señoritas are celebrated for the way they manage their fans. A very pretty little Andalusian is teaching me the language of the fan, and as there are some 200 signs with it, it is not so easy as one would think.

A little later Burnaby made one at a *tentadero*, or bull-fight rehearsal, a dangerous amusement which was taken part in by some twenty Andalusian horsemen. After a ten mile ride—Burnaby's mount being "a low horse"—(his usual luck)—they came to a grassy expanse where eighty bulls were grazing. The object of the company was to test the individual courage of the members of the herd. A specimen having been selected, one of the horsemen approached, and precisely at the moment when the creature's hoofs were in the air, struck it above the tail, causing it to roll over. When it rose the same process was repeated again and again; until at last the bull turned upon and charged at his tormentor. Then another horseman, a picador, approached on a poor hack which had been blindfolded, and he received the bull's charge upon his spear. As the bull, instead of retiring after this result, returned and made another attack, he was honoured by being termed a *muy guapo*, that is to say, an animal fit for the arena. If on the contrary he had turned tail, he would have been greeted with abuse, and condemned to pass the rest of an ignoble life in agricultural pursuits. The same experiment was repeated with other bulls.

Although Burnaby's companions were, as he subsequently discovered, all men of aristocratic birth, the

luncheon that followed was of a curiously unceremonious character. They helped themselves to meat at the point of their knives, putting it to their lips in great lumps ; and drank wine from a goatskin provided with a wooden tap, everyone in turn applying his mouth. Then the bull-baiting was renewed. At five o'clock, or thereabouts the sport came to an end, and the party prepared for a brodingnagian debauch. But having already tested the wine, which he found heady, Burnaby could see that, as a temperate man, he would, if he stayed to the feast, be regarded only as a marplot and a bore. So he courteously thanked his friends, bade them adieu, and rode back on his " low horse " to Seville.

At the inns and other places where he put up, he had to endure considerable discomfort ; but he was at all times a cheery traveller, and rarely complained about his hosts, no matter what part of the world he happened to be exploring. He entered with spirit into the fun of the great Seville fair ; and obtained enjoyment from booth, cattle sale and dance ; but above all from the bright eyes of the beautiful and voluptuous Andalusian girls who were seductively attired in *maja*, a hat perched coquettishly on the side of the head, a short black velvet jacket, a white *faja* or sash-like belt, which supported a red skirt reaching to the ankles, the whole culminating in the tiniest shoes with bewitching red bows and silver clasps. In Spain married ladies hardly ever dance, and a pretty little *señora*, who had been married only three months, put on a puritanical air, and affected to be rather shocked at what was going on. " Pacific dances," she said to Burnaby, " such as quadrilles I can understand, but valeses never."

" To the pure," observed Burnaby, " all things are pure, even the valse " ; upon which she menaced him with her fan, and called him a naughty, wicked, unbelieving *libertad-de-cultos*-wishing heretic, who ought to know better.

At Cadiz he was invited to a shooting party. When

all things had been made ready and the company were seated, the keeper brought a number of bushes, with which he hedged in the sportsmen, and then he carried some cages containing tame partridges to a spot twenty yards distant.

"Are the partridges about to be let loose?" enquired Burnaby.

The reply came, with a laugh, "Oh no! you do not understand. At this time of the year the male birds are very brave and amorous; so we catch some hens and train them to call, and we shall soon see their *novios* answering the invitation and strutting up to their sweet-hearts."

At that moment two gallant little cavaliers flew up, and settled near the cages. This was the signal for a general volley, and the victims fell.

"Why did you not shoot?" enquired the person who had volunteered the information.

"Why," replied Burnaby, veiling to the best of his ability, the contempt which he felt for the sport, "I thought five guns enough for two birds, particularly as they were sitting."

"Ah yes," followed the man, who quite missed the sting of Burnaby's speech, "we always shoot when they are sitting if possible."

On March 15th (1869) Burnaby, writing to his father, says: "I came here (to Cadiz) last Saturday, and am going the day after to-morrow over to Africa for a few days. It is pleasant here, but not more than 110 degrees of heat, which is not half enough for me. Most of the houses are riddled with shot holes, the effects of the late riots. There will probably be another riot before long, as the Government are aware that the people have enormous quantities of arms stored away ready to use on the first favourable opportunity. I have been rather idle in writing to the papers lately, as what with keeping up my Russian and moving from place to place, one has little time for that sort of correspondence."



The proposed journey to Tangiers was made on March 16th, by means of a local ferry boat ; and Burnaby had scarcely arrived in the town before he formed the acquaintance of a young Frenchman, who undertook to show everything worth seeing. Burnaby observed that he had a particular desire to see an exhibition of Moorish dancing girls. Few travellers, he tells us, had, up to that time at any rate, " seen the real thing," dragomen and guides being in the habit of putting off their employers with a spurious article—namely a collection of Jewish girls made up in Moorish fashion. " They go through a Hebrew jig, which the innocent traveller imagines to be the genuine thing. But it is as different from it as an ordinary valse from the true habanera." Having disguised himself and Burnaby as Arabs—and Burnaby's oriental features looked extremely well in a burnous—the Frenchman made his way into the native quarter of the town, and succeeded in engaging the services of four dancing girls, whom he managed to smuggle into the room which he and Burnaby had hired. The dance was as novel as it was fascinating. While two of the dark-eyed damsels tum-tummed on a kind of harp, the dancers threw themselves into graceful poses and performed evolutions that baffled description. In the midst of the performance, however, a thundering beating was heard at the door, and the master of the house rushed in, exclaiming, in tones of abject fear, that the Pasha had discovered that there were Moorish girls with uncovered faces dancing before infidels, and that he had sent a guard of soldiers to search the house. If the damsels proved to be Moorish, they were to be imprisoned.

The girls, seized with panic, fled to the top of the house, whence they hoped to escape over the neighbouring flat roofs. The Frenchman drew a sword cane. Burnaby, who was weaponless, snatched up a bed-post, and a lively scuffle ensued. Eventually the soldiers were worsted, and they made their way out, cursing the infidels with

loud and savage curses, and cursing also the infidels' ancestors for at least two generations back. As the soldiers were running off some Jews came up and beat them without mercy, whereupon the soldiers ran faster than ever to the Pasha, who no doubt, gave them another beating for returning without the girls. So ended an adventure which was precisely to Burnaby's taste, and which might have been taken bodily out of *The Arabian Nights*.

In a letter written from Tangiers to his sister Annie, Burnaby, after expressing the hope that "the dear old governor," who had been unwell, had "got right again," says, "I came here last Tuesday. It is a wild and uncivilized place with inhabitants almost naked, and savage to the last degree. But you will read in *Vanity Fair* an account of the goings on. I find I can make myself understood among the Arabs by a sort of mixture of French, English, Spanish and Russian, and it is rather amusing inventing a language to speak to them in. I have bought you some Spanish slippers, which I hope you will like. I had some good fun the other day at Gibraltar in the hotel. A Belgian officer wished to make love to the wife of a Spaniard, who was quite deaf, and he asked me to interpret his compliments for him, and so he began in French to me. I translated it into Spanish to the Spaniard's little daughter, and the child bawled the compliments into the mother's ear. The lady smiled very contentedly at the Belgian, who was scowled at by the Spanish husband, while the other people staying in the hotel were greatly amused."

His next letter was written from Madrid. After expressing his fondness for the city, he says "All the embassy people are very civil, and got me directly into the principal club. They play *rouge et noir* here, and also *monte*, in fact these fellows are always gambling. The picture gallery is very interesting. It is by way of being the first in the world. All the best of Murillo's pictures are here. . . . I have great fun, now I

can thoroughly speak the language, talking to the Spaniards about bull-fighting. 'Ah,' they say, 'a bull-fight is the finest sight in the world.' So I say to them, 'Oh, but you should see a man-fight\* which we have in England, that is something like a fight'; and then they always say, 'How cruel and barbarous you English are!' If you see any more letters in the *Morning Post* signed *An Idler in Spain*, you will know who is the author. There may be one some day this week. I am quite a regular Spaniard, as from one week's end to another, I never speak English. There is sure to be a civil war in Spain, which will probably break out the end of March, and which will cost an immense amount of bloodshed, as the parties are very evenly divided."

In due time Burnaby found his way back to England, taking with him the promised slippers for his sister and various presents for his friends, including a beautiful copy of *Don Quizote* for Mr. Bowles.

\* Burnaby was present at the great fight between Tom Sayers and Heenan and at other similar events.

## CHAPTER IV.

DECEMBER 1870 — NOVEMBER 1874.

IN RUSSIA AND ITALY. ADVENTURES IN THE CARLIST WAR.

### BIBLIOGRAPHY.

8. Letters to the *Times*. Written from Spain, August—October 1874.

Towards the end of 1870 the Rev. Gustavus Burnaby's health began to decline ; but by December he was convalescent, and Fred, who had for long wished to visit Russia, thought he might safely set out. On reaching Moscow he wrote as follows to his sister Annie :

December 1870.

I left St. Petersburg yesterday at 12 mid-day, and arrived here at 10 this morning. The weather was something awful—22 degrees below zero, with a cutting wind, and I got my ear frost-bitten going to the station ; but once inside the railway train everything was all right, as the carriages are admirably warmed with double windows to prevent the cold from getting in, and a stove in every compartment. Do write me a line to say how the dear old governor is, and please cut out and send me here any letters which may appear in the *Morning Post*.

A little later he wrote as follows to his father :

Moscow,

Thursday, December 29th, 1870.

Dear old Governor,

I hope this letter will find you better and yourself again. I like Moscow much better than St. Petersburg, but notwithstanding the brightness of the climate, it does not agree with me, and I shall not stay here long as my liver is like a Strasburg goose's in size, but in the course of three weeks I shall leave for Kief and Odessa, and then work round by steamer to Constantinople and Spain ; I do not know if my letters reach the *M(orn- ing) P(ost)*, but I flatter myself that the last two or three have been very good works of composition. The friends of the Berosdines called on me yesterday, and I went in the evening to their house. Madame de Berosdine comes to Moscow herself next week, and then I will write to you all about them. What a bore my liver is ! I put some mustard and cayenne mixed together next my skin last night, and I am raw to-day in consequence. However, I am getting very near twenty-seven, so I suppose it is time to expect some ailments or (other), particularly after twelve years racketing about in London. At all events I must congratulate myself that I am as well as I am, as poor Adderly, Baring and Westcar\* my contemporaries are already gone to their account. Ask Evelyn to write to me and tell me all the news. By the way you have had your Xmas day, and ours has not arrived yet. The Russian Calendar is twelve days later than the one England and all civilized countries go by. Some years ago there was an attempt made by the late Czar to change to the modern system of computation, but the people were so ignorant that they would not have it on any account, as they declared that putting on the calendar twelve days would shorten their life by that amount of time, and make them twelve days older.

Good-by, dear old Governor, love to all,

Your affectionate son, Fred.

\* Officers in the Blues. Burnaby's other early friends in the regiment were Captains Peach, Carew, Hentopp, Harry Womwell, Sir Ernest Paget, and Sir Charles Rushout.

From Moscow he took train to Odessa, although he knew that the town was suffering from a severe epidemic of cholera. The more dangerous, however, any place seemed to be the more attraction for him, it was sure to have ; but while he was there, courting trouble which did not choose to come, a telegram arrived informing him that his father was worse, and he at once turned homewards, though he chose, characteristically, the most dangerous route, namely, that through Paris, which was then in the hands of the Commune. He carried a travelling bag, and the regulation cavalry sword, but on approaching Paris he hid the sword in one of the legs of his trousers, for though he knew that weapons of all kinds were forbidden there, he was determined not to be without it. On his arrival, however, he was at once arrested by an officer of the Commune, who, struck by the peculiar stiffness of his leg, charged him with concealing a weapon. The charge was not denied, but, curiously enough, nothing more was said ; and Burnaby, the regulation sword and the hand-bag ultimately arrived safely at Somerby, where he had the pleasure of learning that his father was in better health.

With the Colonel of the Blues, Lord Strathnairn, Burnaby was on terms of cordial friendship, and he was a frequent visitor both at his lordship's town house, 2, Berkeley Square, and his country seat, Newsell Hall, near Royston. Another guest at Berkeley Square was General Sir Owen Bryne, and it was their custom after obtaining at midnight an early copy of the *Times*, specially set aside at the office for them, to discuss the Eastern question together. At Newsell, when there was hunting, Burnaby, owing to his great weight, was always given the best mount from the stalls ; but he infinitely preferred the delights of Lord Strathnairn's little place in Scotland—Ardroulin Cottage,\* which he ever associated with deer-stalking, shooting and fishing.

\* Ard gour, Ayr.

22— With the Prince of Wales to Vienna. Lord Strathnairn, May, 1872.

At the end of April 1872, he accompanied the Prince of Wales (now King Edward VII.), in the capacity of equerry and A.D.C., to the Vienna Exhibition ; and Lord Straithnairn, who was to represent Great Britain at the Exhibition, travelled in the same train. In the course of the journey the luggage cases which contained Lord Straithnairn's jewels and decorations, valued at £2,000, were lost, and his lordship was greatly excited and distressed. The Prince promptly wrote and telegraphed to various officials along the line, but without satisfactory reply. Then a goods train caught fire on the route, and the Prince and Burnaby passed through the smoking debris. When they arrived at Vienna on the 28th, nothing had been heard of the jewels. The prince and Burnaby went to the Emperor's palace, and Lord Strathnairn to an hotel. Besides being a thorough English gentleman and a good soldier, Lord Strathnairn was also a very devout man. It was his practice to shut himself alone in his chamber and to kneel and pray both before and after every meal. At such times his valet, Stephen Solly, had to give three knocks at the door and wait for the "Come in." On April 29th a message arrived from the prince, through Burnaby, that the cases containing the jewels and the decorations were found, but that they could not arrive in time for the opening of the exhibition. Solly knocked at the door, and, obtaining no answer, entered the room. His lordship was on his knees at the couch, his face buried in his hands. Finding himself disturbed, he turned quickly round, and, addressing Solly, said "D—— you, sir. What do you want ? Have I not frequently told you not to disturb me at my devotions !"

The Prince, Captain Burnaby, Sir Owen Bryne and Lord Strathnairn were present at the opening of the exhibition on May 1st, but his lordship was entirely without decoration, for the cases did not arrive till four days later. Solly, who was blamed for their loss, was peremptorily dismissed ; but Lord Strathnairn,

being under the necessity of returning home a few days later, sent again for him. When Solly re-entered the room, his lordship exclaimed passionately, "Go down on your knees, sir, and beg my pardon! I will take you to London."

"The fact was," comments Solly in telling the story, "I had to take him, for he was nearly eighty-four and could not manage without me."

After a round of balls, dinner parties, military parades and operas, the Prince and Burnaby also returned to England.

On reaching London, Burnaby hurried to Upper Berkeley Street, in order to see his father, who, while staying there, had again been taken ill. Deeply moved at the thought of losing a beloved parent—for it soon became evident that the illness would prove fatal—Burnaby could scarcely ever be prevailed upon to quit the sick room; but in this world the comic always trenches on the tragic, and it intruded even upon the last hours of the dying gentleman. Mr. Burnaby was deeply attached to his medical adviser, Dr. Henry Bullock, and when informed that his end was near, he said, "I wish I could take you with me, Bullock."

23—Death of the  
Rev. Gustavus  
Burnaby, 15th  
July, 1872.

"It is very kind of you to say so," observed the doctor,—"most kind."

Whereupon Fred, with a tear on his cheek and a smile on his lips, said, "All the same, father, I don't think Bullock really wants to go. Besides, what would a doctor do there?"

Mr. Burnaby died on 15th July, 1872, aged 70, and with him passed away a fine old English gentleman—imperious and aggressive, but good-natured, manly and magnanimous. Whatever his faults, he was of the stuff that makes the English a respected and an imperial race.

After her husband's death Mrs. Burnaby took up her residence at 36, Beaufort Gardens, London, and Fred, whose grief at the death of his father had been, to use Mr.



Bowles's expression, "terrible," never allowed a day to pass without visiting her.

In the following year Burnaby, who had provided himself with a servant in the person of George Radford, a huge trooper in the Royal Horse Guards, entered upon the resolve to try to make a journey to Khiva, which was then threatened by the Russians, under General Kaufmann, and he nursed the hope of being able to be with the Khivans at the time of the attack. In pursuance of this resolution, he set out, accompanied by Radford, for Brindisi; but they had scarcely reached Naples when he was taken ill with typhoid fever. While he lay delirious, the landlord of his hotel wanted to turn him out; but the Duke of Connaught, who happened to be in Naples at the time, having been informed of what was happening, hurried—true to the tradition of our sympathetic Royal Family—to visit him, and prevented the outrage. Moreover, as soon as it was safe to do so, he had Burnaby removed to more comfortable quarters, thus, no doubt, saving his life.

On hearing of her son's illness, Mrs. Burnaby, though over seventy years of age, straightway went out to nurse him, taking with her, as she supposed, a trusty servant. But one trouble followed hard on another, for the girl, who soon after their arrival gave Burnaby wrong medicines, causing him to become worse than ever, began to exhibit symptoms of *delirium tremens*. With a sick son and a raving maid, many a younger woman would have broken down even at home, but Mrs. Burnaby found herself quite equal to the exigency; and, having sent the girl packing back to England, she bravely set herself the task of nursing her son single-handed.

Thanks to her devotion and Radford's faithfulness, Burnaby was, by and by, able to leave his bed, but to use his own expression, "with a sylph-like waist and taper



MRS. EVELYN BURNABY.



MRS. PAGE.



DON CARLOS,  
DUKE OF MADRID.



form"—having been reduced from eighteen stone to nine.

As the Khiva journey had now been abandoned, he and Mrs. Burnaby, accompanied by Radford, took steamer for Seville.

Some months previous\* his brother Evelyn had married a lady of exceptional beauty and personal charm—Miss Winifred Crake—who won the affections of every member of the family; and, while Fred was in Seville and still in feeble health, there reached him the news of this lady's death after childbirth.† His recollection of the beautiful character of the poor lady, together with his sympathy for his brother, threw him into a paroxysm of grief, and, after sobbing long and bitterly, he wrote and sent to Evelyn the most tender of brotherly letters. "It is very hard to believe she is really dead," it concluded, "but Providence works so strangely."

Then, turning to his mother, he said "You must go home."

"I can't leave you in this state," she said.

"Yes, yes, you must," he followed, "Evelyn wants you more than I do."

So Mrs. Burnaby at once returned to England, and Fred remained in Seville, where, thanks to a perfect climate and Radford's tender care, he gradually recovered his health, and lost his haggard and emaciated looks.

Spain was at this period in a more disturbed state than ever. King Amadeus, who for three years had occupied the throne, having abdicated, a republic had been declared; and its establishment was the signal for renewed efforts on the part of the Carlists who, commanded by Don Carlos in person, moved aggressively from their northern fastnesses, and threatened, by their enthusiasm for the cause, to carry all before them. Burnaby straightway determined, contrary to the advice of his Seville friends, to try to pass through the Carlist lines,

\* May 1871.

† Dean Hole wrote a poem on the subject. Mrs. Burnaby was only 22.

and he disclosed his plans to a Spanish Colonel, his companion in a railway train.

"You will have a difficult task," said the Colonel, "but there is at Vittoria a rascal in league with the Carlists, who could help you. He keeps horses and carriages. I ought to have had him shot once or twice. but I let him off, so he owes me a good turn, and I will speak a word to him for you."

On reaching Vittoria, where there were numerous evidences of war in the way of ruined railway lines and blackened dwellings, Burnaby sought out the job-master, by whose aid and that of a pair of rustics he reached Beasain, where he took a place in the San Sebastian diligence. But the travellers had not been half an hour on the road before the vehicle was stopped by a party of Carlists—stalwart and swarthy, though unsoldierly-looking men, who sprang from a thicket, and presented bayonets. When Burnaby mentioned his business, however, and offered to unpack his luggage, the officer in charge, who turned out to be a Castilian of high rank, not only declared himself satisfied with the explanation, but politely offered cigarettes and wine; and, after half an hour's hobnobbing with his new friends, Burnaby proceeded unmolested on his way. Several times he was stopped by other bands of troops, but by giving the name of the first officer, and repeating assurances, he was allowed to continue his journey, and in due time, after passing through San Sebastian, where deserted trains, ruined bridges and smoking villages gave additional evidences of war, he reached Irun on the French frontier, whence he returned to England.

For a year or so he contented himself at home, but in the autumn of 1874 he arranged to go out to Don Carlos's headquarters as military correspondent of the *Times*; and Radford requested to accompany him.

"But your wife and children!" observed Burnaby. "You may be shot."

25— With Don Carlos, 8th Aug. 1874.

"Must die some day," replied Radford. "I might be run over by an omnibus at home. I nursed you through your fever at Naples, and I may be of further use to you. Let me go."

So Burnaby consented, and they started on August 8th. Having crossed France, they made their way through Bayonne, where they obtained Carlist passports, to Biarritz, in order to call on some of Don Carlos's adherents.

"Don't be a fool and go," said one. "You will die of starvation and be eaten by fleas," said another.

"Oh, do tell his Majesty how much we all love him and the cause," cried a dark-eyed, raven-locked girl of eighteen, and then she added "But why go there?"

Since Burnaby had passed through the Carlist lines in the course of his previous journey, there had been much fighting. Thus on February 23rd, 1874, the Republicans had been defeated with a loss of 2,000 men, but on May 1st they had relieved Bilbao, which had been besieged by Don Carlos, who then retired to his fastness at Durango—fifteen miles distant.

Don Carlos, who was extremely desirous of obtaining the good will of the British Press gave Burnaby a warm welcome, and the friendship which cemented itself between them was severed only by death.\* In Burnaby's eyes, Don Carlos was well nigh perfection. Like Burnaby, he was of magnificent physique; he firmly believed in his star, and had no doubt whatever that he would some day sit on the throne of his forefathers. He had first come among his people mounted on a richly caparisoned Arab charger, and wearing a gold-tasselled white *boina*, accompanied by only twenty-five followers; and the pomp attending his appearance, the disproportion between the means apparently at his disposal and the success that had rewarded his efforts,

\* In a letter to the Rev. Evelyn Burnaby, dated, 5th Feb., 1908, Don Carlos mentions "how very fond" he was of Burnaby, whom he also honoured "as a good soldier and a perfect gentleman."

not only dazzled the imagination of his fellow countrymen, but struck them as something supernatural. He went in and out among his men as if he were one of them, shook hands with them, and shared with them their horrible Spanish soup; and they on their part regarded him with idolatry, and were willing to follow him even to death. As the Biarritz girl had prophesied, Burnaby had plenty of hardships to undergo. There were fleas everywhere; but he could always get a little sleep by discarding a bed in favour of a plank. For the Carlist troops he had nothing but praise. "As for their marching," he said, "I have never seen their superiors." Devout as well as brave, they attended church every morning; and a chaplain, riding at the head of each battalion, read out prayers and the litany at stated times. No halt was made, but the officers and men bared their heads. Burnaby's letters to the *Times* gave a vivid account of his experiences, but perhaps his best description is that of the scenes on a gala day at Allo, the Carlist headquarters, when balconies and pillars were festooned with coloured shawls, and the soldiers danced national dances with the Basque women among flowers and corpses.

Besides being under fire at the battles of Allo, Dicastillo, Viana and Maneru, Burnaby and Radford were present at the siege of Tolosa and the capture of Estella, where the Republican losses amounted to 4,000. Burnaby and Don Carlos became inseparables, and English war correspondents accompanying the enemy often saw, by aid of telescopes, the gigantic Spaniard and the gigantic Englishman stalking together on the ramparts of Fort San Marcial. Burnaby was often in jeopardy. Once when he was calmly watching a fight, a body of the enemy turned an angle of a building and delivered from within a hundred yards a murderous volley, which brought down several men near him. Burnaby, however, coolly remained standing and chatting on the spot; nor did he depart until the attack had been repulsed. The fighting,



CAPTAIN BURNABY STOPPED BY THE CARLISTS, 1873.

(From *The Graphic*..)





however, eventually degenerated into guerilla warfare, directed by officers whose truculence proclaimed them fiends rather than men, and the whole land groaned under savagery and reeked with blood. Nevertheless on occasion these lurid scenes mingled with others that were purely pantomimic. After the Republicans had shelled Fort San Marcial and the fort had replied with no casualties for weeks, Mr. Irving Montagu, one of the English war correspondents, asked an officer to give an explanation. He replied with gravity, "We can never forget that our good enemies opposite are our relations and friends; nor can they, nor can any Spaniards, cease to remember that etiquette which is due to those we love, and which should ever be extended towards them, even in time of war. Hence it is that, by common consent, we sight our guns, so that in both cases the shot falls short."

The guerilla warfare, with its accompaniment of incessant assassination, at last thoroughly disgusted Burnaby, while the playing at soldiers was as little to his taste, and but for his admiration of Don Carlos personally he would have criticised the later campaign with severity. He and Radford left Spain in September, Mr. O'Shea, of the *Standard*, accompanying them; but in crossing the Pyrenees a thrilling incident occurred. At one place which it was necessary to pass there were two paths winding round a rock, and fifty feet below the lower tinkled a shallow stream. Burnaby and Mr. O'Shea took the upper path, but they had not gone far when Burnaby heard a sound of falling rocks. Looking down he saw Radford, whose foot was fast in his stirrup, lying on his back, and the horse with only its fore feet on the path and its body half over the precipice, while the ground crumbled away beneath the exertions of both man and horse to free themselves. But just as Burnaby, his heart in his mouth, was flying down, with drawn knife to cut Radford's stirrup leather and free his foot, Radford, by a frantic effort, managed to disentangle himself from the

stirrup, and the next moment the struggling horse disappeared over the edge of the precipice. A dull thud reached Burnaby's ears as the poor brute struck against the rocks below, but, amazing to say, it was not only not killed, but hardly the worse for the tumble. Had Radford fallen too, however, death would have been certain, for he would have been crushed by the weight of the horse, which could not possibly have avoided rolling over him. When the travellers reached England, Radford used to show with pride a horse that had fallen the height of Knightsbridge barracks, without the slightest injury.

## CHAPTER V.

NOVEMBER 1874 — FEBRUARY 1875.

### IN THE SOUDAN WITH GORDON.

#### BIBLIOGRAPHY :

- 4 Letters to the *Times*, 4th January 1875 to 7th February 1875. Four letters written from the Soudan—January 4th, 18th, February 5th, 7th.

Of Burnaby's interest in aeronautics we have several times spoken, but since those early years he had made many ascents, chiefly with a view to scientific discovery. He kept a common-place book, which he filled with notes concerning ballooning ; he received newspaper cuttings on the subject from all parts of the world ; and he nursed the hope of being able, in the company of his friend, Lord Manners, of the Grenadier Guards, to cross the German ocean in a balloon. In those days the favourite place for ascents was the Crystal Palace, and Burnaby, having requested of the management the loan of a balloon, was referred to their aeronaut, Mr. Thomas Wright, who henceforward figures prominently in his career. Mr. Wright's own life has been plentifully spiced with romance. Born at Bedford in 1832, and apprenticed at Olney, he for a time followed the sea ; but after a voyage to the Baltic he, while still a lad, cut himself adrift in London, where by courage, industry and perseverance, he steadily made headway. Early in 1857 he sailed for America in the *Saranac*, which on nearing New York collided in a dense fog with the Great

26—A Scientific  
Balloon Ascent.  
Mr. Thomas  
Wright, 3rd  
Nov., 1874.

Western. A terrible disaster, however, which would have resulted in the loss of 800 lives, was mercifully averted, and the passengers of both vessels eventually reached land in safety. After romantic experiences in America, Mr. Wright returned to England and settled at Poplar, where he established a flourishing photographic business. Among his customers was the aeronaut, Mr. John Youens, and a few days after forming each other's acquaintance, they arranged to make an ascent together. "When," says Mr. Wright, recalling the eventful day, "I found that we were 4,000 feet high and still rising, I could only ejaculate, "Oh lor! Oh dear! I wish I hadn't come!" and he inwardly resolved that should he again reach solid earth, and alive—a contingency which at the time seemed more than doubtful—his first ascent should be his last. This resolve, however, was certainly not persisted in, for he lived to make 500 ascents and to become, in succession to Mr. Henry Coxwell, the first aeronaut of his day, while a whole host of men whose names are written boldly in the annals of ballooning—including Colonel Burnaby, Sir Henry Colvile, Colonel Templer, Captain Josselin Bagot, Major Baden-Powell, Mr. Percival Spencer, the unfortunate Mr. Walter Powell, M.P., and the equally unfortunate Captain Dale—have numbered themselves among his "pupils." At the time referred to, Mr. Wright had four very fine, air-worthy balloons,\* all made under his own supervision and varnished by his own hand†; and he suggested that the one capable of containing 30,000 feet of gas would meet Captain Burnaby's requirements.

Burnaby replied as follows :

Hyde Park Barracks,  
S.W.

September 27th (1874).

Sir, I think the 30,000 feet of gas balloon would be too small for the journey, I propose making, as the weight

\* These were made of unbleached cambric.

† Careful varnishing is of the utmost consequence.



MR. THOMAS WRIGHT,  
THE AERONAUT.



of myself and friend would be 27 stone or 878 lbs., which would leave but a slight margin for ballast, of which we should require a large supply, the more particularly owing to the power the sea would have in condensing the gas. To make the journey to Germany with anything like certainty, one would require a balloon holding at least 50,000 feet of gas, and the more the better. If you should know of anyone who has a balloon of that dimension, and who would hire it for the occasion alluded to, I should be much obliged by your letting me know. I hope we may meet some day, as you tell me you are a native of Bedford, where I was born.

Yours very truly,

Fred Burnaby.

In reply, Mr. Wright said he could lend a balloon, *The Duke of Edinburgh*, which would, he believed, answer Burnaby's purpose, and a few days later he called by request at Knightsbridge Barracks, and made the final arrangements.

In the course of the conversation Burnaby asked Mr. Wright many questions concerning aeronautics, and the latter detailed some of his experiences. "In my early days," he said, "I once took up a gentleman connected with the Foreign Office, and in descending brought down the balloon with such a bump that my companion flew out into a field, though happily without injury, while I myself shot up again in the balloon, and was soon out of sight. My companion, on arriving home, wired to the Crystal Palace enquiring where Mr. Wright had come down; and I need scarcely say that the manager who saw us go up together thought it a strange question to ask. "But," commented Mr. Wright, "I don't do it in that way *now*," with a very distinct emphasis on the last word. "Indeed on a calm day I could bring a balloon to earth, and there would be no necessity for my companion to spill a drop of wine, if he were holding a glass in his hand."

On November 1st Burnaby, who had for the time being



given up his idea of attempting to cross the sea, wrote to Mr. Wright as follows :

Sunday,

(1st November 1874).

Can you have the balloon ready and filled at the Crystal Palace on Tuesday morning next, the 3rd of November, at 10 o'clock ? Failing Tuesday, it will be necessary to postpone the ascent till next Spring, as Lord Manners will be out of town, and I also. Send answer by bearer, or if you are not in, telegraph to the Knightsbridge Barracks. You will have to communicate, in the event of compliance, with the Manager of the Crystal Palace immediately—so do not waste any time. The weather will make no difference, as fine or foul we should start at 10 o'clock.

Yours very truly,

Fred Burnaby.

The object of the ascent, which was duly made on 3rd November, was to test a machine which Burnaby had invented for ascertaining the course of the winds when the earth and a balloon are separated by clouds—a scheme, so to speak, for studding with guide-posts the highways\* of the air. On these occasions, although the balloon may be sailing at the rate of 40 miles an hour, nevertheless it appears to be anchored in space and utterly motionless. The invention consisted of two small silk parachutes, attached to each other by a winding reel of cord some thirty yards long. On rising above the clouds, Burnaby dropped the parachutes—first one and then the other over the side of the car. The travellers were then able by means of their compass and a watch, and “by marking on their chart the reverse parts to those on which the two parachutes descended,” to obtain the *true* line of their course. The invention worked admirably, and the travellers finally descended

\* As the wind blows far more frequently in some directions than others, the air like the land may be said to have its highways. See Burnaby's reference in Chapter 6 to “the usual journey across Essex.”

at Southminster, Essex, about half a mile from the German Ocean.

The eyes of the world were just then turned towards Egypt and to Colonel Gordon, who had been appointed by the Khedive head of an expedition for the suppression of the Nilotic slave trade <sup>27—The Journey to Sobat, Dec. 1874.</sup> and Governor of the Soudan; and the *Times* requested Burnaby, who leaped at the opportunity, to join Gordon and act as their correspondent. With his usual promptitude, he made straight for Suez, whence he took steamer to Suakim.

"We were a cheery party on board," he wrote home, the Earl of Ranfurly, Earl of Mayo, Lord Coke Russell, Sir William Gordon Cumming and myself. They are going to shoot in Abyssinia.\*

On arriving at the glittering white town of Suakim, he added to his letter, "I have secured an Arab servant—a Nubian. He cannot speak a word of English, but I can now get on perfectly with the Arabic, and in fact am the interpreter of the party."

Next morning he joined a caravan made up of a number of Arabs and twenty camels bound for Berber on the Nile. The attire of the Arabs, he tells us, was scanty, but the lack of clothing was made up by the magnificence of their headgear. The hair of each of the attendants was piled to a height of seven inches and beplastered with "cosmetics in the shape of liquid fat," and other vanities.

"Very beautiful!" Burnaby remarked to the Sheik of the party who accompanied them a few miles out of the town.

The Arab was delighted with the observation, but seemed disappointed afterwards, when Burnaby remarked that probably it was worn as a protection from the sun.

"Can the child of the sun fear his father?" was the slightly contemptuous answer; and the Sheik, having

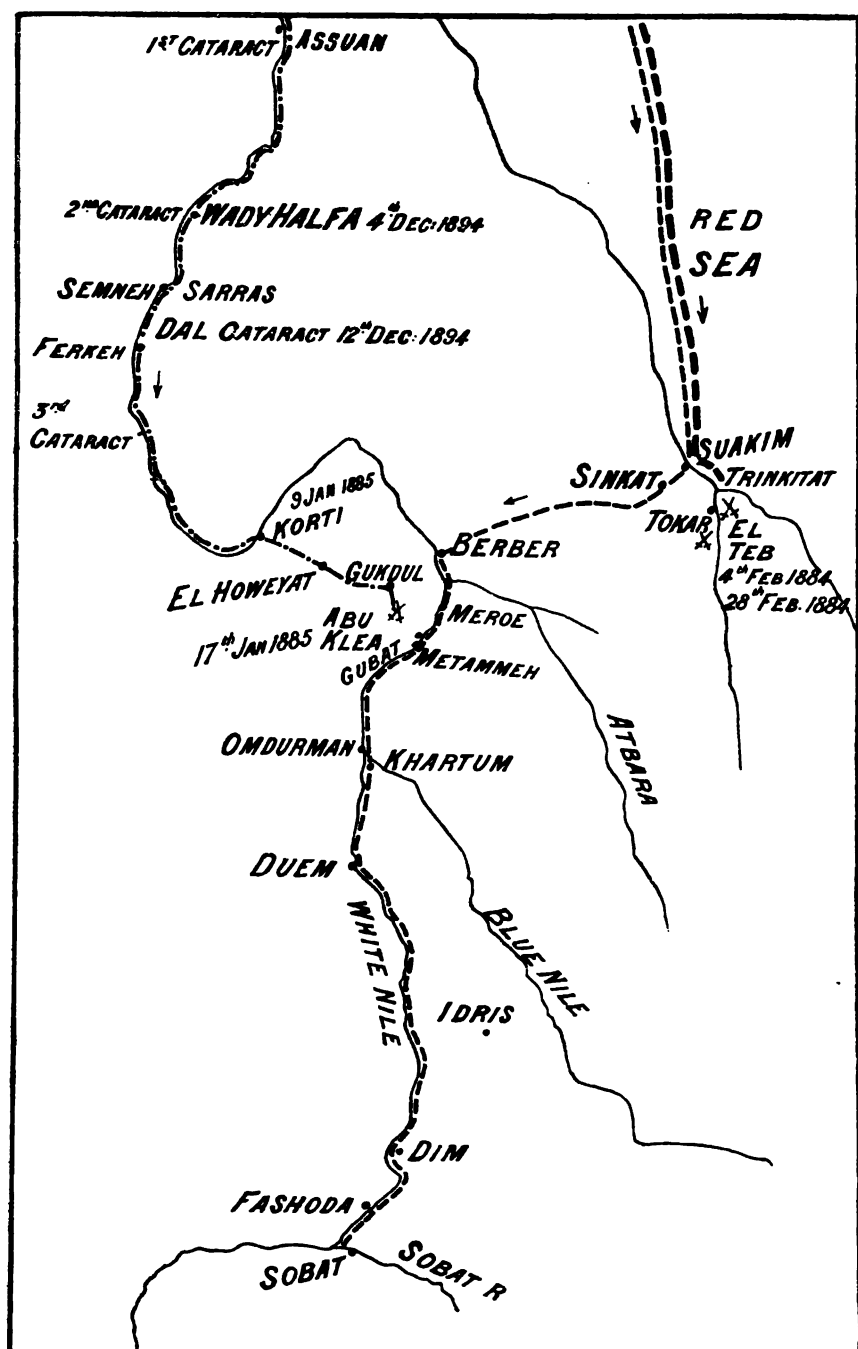
\* Letter from Suakim, Dec. 29th.

turned on his heel, strode back to Suakim ; pensively scratching his head with a long silver skewer, which he wore as a hairpin.

Their route was marked by the huge skeletons and carcasses of camels, and the vultures which had been gorging on them hardly troubled to hop ten yards from their repast as the travellers approached.

When nearing Berber, the party met a slave caravan, which consisted of some handsomely-dressed Arab merchants, behind whom marched in bands of four and five, a number of boys and girls, whose ages varied from ten to sixteen years, the cavalcade being closed with men carrying koorbatches, or long whips, and Nubians armed with spears. A skirmish ensued and the slaves were captured, though they soon after made their escape. However, on reaching Berber, Burnaby's party informed the Governor of their experiences, with the result that he sent out soldiers, who overtook the fugitives and brought them back. " We went to see the slaves in the afternoon," said Burnaby, " and if anyone disbelieving the cruelties of the slave trade had been there to judge for himself he would have been speedily undeceived. Twenty boys, with eighteen women and girls, many marked with the lash of that fearful instrument, the koorbatch, which had been relentlessly applied by the merchants when the poor worn-out victims flagged in their endeavours to toil over the heavy sand, were living witnesses to the brutalities which had been enacted. The slaves, it appears, were to have been sold at Jiddah, and would have fetched—the boys some £10 a piece, the better looking girls considerably more."—" Whether," continues Burnaby, " the slaves will be finally much benefited is another question ; for the women will be given as wives to the Egyptian soldiers ; and the boys enlisted in the army, such being the fate that invariably awaits all persons taken from traders in human flesh."

In Berber, Burnaby found a wonderful charm—and he carried away in his mind the picture of saffron



BURNABY'S JOURNEY TO SOBAT,	Nov., 1874	-----
" " " EL TEB,	Jan., 1884	=====
" " " ABU KLEA,	Jan., 1885	-----



plain under violet sky ; while the gatherings of the natives by moonlight—the men seated in groups drinking merissa, and the ringed and rachated girls, lithe as leopardesses, singing love songs to the monotonous notes of the tom-tom, reminded him of evenings in his beloved Spain, and the twanging of the ribboned guitar. From this land of music, merriment, odoriferous gums, and great pouched pelicans, he proceeded by river slowly southward, passing the mysterious and oraculous Meroe, “ where the shadow both way falls ”—with its pyramids that Herodotus gazed upon, its euphorbiæ with uncouth arms, and its sands, that the sandals of Candace and the Queen of Sheba must often have pressed. On January 20th he reached Khartoum, which had considerably declined in importance, owing to the suppression of the slave trade ; consequently the Germans and other Europeans who had lent out money to the slavers at 400 per cent., considered themselves hardly dealt with.

The country Burnaby threaded on his way from Khartoum to the Sobat river, proved magnificent in the extreme. Under noble trees fed herds of gazelles and oriel deer ; along the banks swarmed hippopotami and crocodiles. Monkeys chattered and swung themselves from branch to branch, and the inhabitants of the Fashoda country, who were absolutely naked, though both the men and the women dyed their hair yellow, were as amusing as the monkeys.

Arrived at Sobat, Burnaby found it peopled by an ebony race of splendid physique—most of the men being six feet high—and ruled by a native governor of Gordon's appointment. The slave trade having been all but abolished, these people lived in quiet and content. Two attributes of civilisation—religion and money—were quite unknown. With the future, they did not trouble themselves ; while, instead of money, they used Doura corn. A man who had enough Doura to last

28—Gordon, 7th  
Feb., 1875.

himself and his family for a week, was regarded as a sort of Rothschild. Everyone talked of Gordon, whose kindness made him universally popular. "You can always get more out of a man by kindness," he used to say, "than by any other method." One day while Burnaby was standing by the river side, the steamer *Khedive*, from Lardo, came in sight. The garrison drew up in its best style, a salute was given by the bugler, and then Gordon stepped on shore, in company with Lieutenant Watson, an officer in the Engineers. The meeting with his great idol was a proud moment in Burnaby's life, and the more intimate he became with Gordon, the more he admired him. After inspecting the garrison Gordon returned on board, and there beneath an awning on deck he administered justice—censuring or praising, ordering reward or punishment as the case required. Some thieves were condemned to receive each a hundred lashes with a knotted cord; and a little later they were heard "lamenting their fate—calling upon Allah, their fathers, mothers, and all their departed relations to intercede for them, and not let the blows be quite so hard, but just a little, little softer, Bismillah, and in the name of Allah and his blessed prophet."

After witnessing a native dance, in which, while the women sang and drums sounded, the men made panther-like bounds in the air, Burnaby, who had grown "a huge beard," returned to Khartoum,\* and Gordon steamed back to Lardo.

\* February 1875.

## CHAPTER VI.

FEBRUARY 1875 — FEBRUARY 1876.

### A RIDE TO KHIVA.\*

On reaching Khartoum Burnaby became the guest of a German gentleman; and he describes himself as seated chatting with an Italian, an Arab  
29—To Kasala,  
30th Nov.,  
1875. and another Englishman, while a graceful girl, with large dark eyes, pearl white teeth, olive complexion and oriental dress, handed round small cups of coffee. In the midst of the conversation Burnaby's eye fell upon a paragraph in a newspaper, which stated that the Government at St. Petersburg had given an order that no foreigner was to be allowed to travel in Russian Asia, and that an Englishman who had recently attempted a journey in that direction had been turned back by the authorities. Burnaby, being of a "contradictorious" spirit, who moreover, some years previous had planned a journey to Khiva, at once said to himself, half aloud: "Why not go to Central Asia?" and then "Well, I shall try it."

"You'll never get there," said the other Englishman; "they will stop you."

"They may if they like," followed Burnaby, "but I don't think they will."

Since Burnaby's former attempt to reach Khiva, the Russians had considerably extended their boundaries. Samarcand had been annexed, Bokhara was within their grasp, and their troops were quartered within a few

\* This chapter is founded on Burnaby's *A Ride to Khiva*, Vamberg's *Travels in Central Asia*, the letters of Colonel Fred Burnaby and the Rev. Evelyn Burnaby, and scattered notes made by Colonel Burnaby. Two editions of *A Ride to Khiva* are now on sale, one with illustrations in "The Favourite Library" at 3/6, and a popular edition at 6d., both published by Messrs. Cassell.



miles of Khiva itself. "If," asked Burnaby, "the Russians object to foreigners visiting Central Asia, what is their reason? Are the generals in those parts treating the conquered tribes with cruelty, and do they live in dread lest the outside world should hear of it. If no absolute cruelty is being shown to the people, are they being badly governed? Are bribery and corruption rife? Or are the authorities afraid of letting Europe know that instead of the tone of morality amid the conquered being raised, the latter are bringing the Russians down to the Oriental level; that, in short, the unspeakable vices of the East are indulged in by some of the conquerors." Elsewhere he shows that even if the Russians did not actually encourage libertinage, they did nothing to prevent it; that the Bokharan slave mart never lacked human merchandise, and that troops of youths and girls were in the habit of wandering from the heart of Asia all through the Oxus country for the purpose of performing the lascivious Scythian dances in the native camps, and of otherwise administering to the shameless sensuality of their Tartar hirers.\*

That the ultimate aim of Russia was the conquest of India, he was in the habit of insisting upon both in season and out of season. Burnaby has been called an extreme Russophobe, and if by that is meant a hater of the despotism and chicanery of the Czar's government, and an opponent of its ambitious schemes, he deserves the name. Indeed, he gloried in it. He admired the sterling virtues of the Russian people, however, and was ever ready to admit the wonderful possibilities of the race under proper government.

Having resolved to go to Khiva, the next step was to make the necessary preparations. He carefully studied the principal books on Central Asia, and the more he pondered his proposed undertaking, the more difficult

\* It must be remembered that this occurred over 30 years ago. The condition of things is now far different. See also *the Shores of Lake Aral* (by Major Wood), a book to which Burnaby was indebted and from which he quotes.

it seemed. Besides the opposition of Russian officialism, he had to armour himself against the terrible cold and the merciless winds of the Kirghiz Desert.

On arriving in England he discussed the matter with some Russian acquaintances, who expressed their belief that the St. Petersburg authorities would not hinder him ; and then he approached the Russian ambassador in London, who showed himself friendly, but declined to give his opinion as to whether an Englishman would be allowed to travel in Tartary. Having provided himself with letters to General Milutin, the Russian Minister of War, and General Kauffmann, the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in the Government of Turkestan, Burnaby became hopeful ; but some observations volunteered by the distinguished traveller, Mr. MacGahan, whom he met at the house of a common friend, made evident the greatness of his difficulties. " You will get on very well as far as Kasala," concluded Mr. MacGahan, " but then you will have to pull yourself together and make your rush."

His thoughts were so much on his new project that he could scarcely be induced to let them approach anything else. After much persuasion, however, he consented to accompany his brother Evelyn, who had two bench tickets, to the Old Bailey, in order to hear the trial of Wainwright, the Whitechapel murderer ; and it will be remembered that there is a reference to Wainwright's execution in *A Ride to Khiva*.

Burnaby started from London on 30th November, 1875, reluctantly leaving behind him his faithful servant, Radford, and in due time reached St. Petersburg. Here he had an interesting conversation with a Russian officer who said, " You English are always thinking that we want India ; but you are apt to forget one equally important point, which is, that some day the natives of that country may wish to govern themselves. You are doing everything you possibly can to teach the inhabitants their own strength. You establish schools ;

you educate the people ; they read your newspapers. But the day will come when some agitators will set these thinking masses in motion ; and then what force have you to oppose them ? If ever there was a nation determined to commit suicide, it is England. She holds India, as she herself allows, by the force of arms, and yet she is doing everything in her power to induce the conquered country to throw off the yoke."

Later, Burnaby met some old friends who had settled in the city, "Get to Khiva !" said one. "You might as well try to get in the moon. The Russians will not openly stop you, but they will put the screw upon the English Foreign Office, and force the latter to do so." Burnaby next called upon Mr. Schuyler the United States Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg, a gentleman who had visited Kasala and Bokhara—being the only diplomatist the Russians had ever permitted to travel in their Eastern possessions ;\* and then he wrote to General Milutin, asking permission to go to India via Khiva, Merve and Cabal. The reply came that the commandants in Russian Asia had received orders to aid him in his journey through the territory under their control ; but Burnaby could judge by the tenor of the letter, which contained hints of the dangers to be faced, that the general little relished giving this permission.

Having made his final preparations for the journey by purchasing extra clothing and providing himself with a money-belt, Burnaby took train for Sizeran. At every stopping place he and his fellow travellers did their best to keep out the cold with glasses of scalding tea drawn from huge samovars, or brass urns. Of this welcome liquor there was abundance everywhere, and things would not have been so very bad had the peasantry been more cleanly in their habits, but in Russia, in those days at any rate, superstition and dirt were twin brethren.

\* See *A Ride to Khiva* and Schuyler's *Turkestan*. Burnaby quotes from Schuyler.

On stepping out of the railway terminus at Sizeran, Burnaby and a fellow traveller hired a *troika*, or three-horse sleigh, and as the journey promised to be a bitterly cold one, he put on three pairs of the thickest stockings and drew over them a pair of fur-lined low shoes inserted into leather goloshes, and over them again a pair of enormous cloth boots, which reached to the thigh. He enveloped his body with flannel, a thick wadded waistcoat and a coat, and a huge *shuba* or fur pelisse reaching to the heels, while a fur cap with ends that tied under the throat defended his head. Of huge proportions even in ordinary dress, Burnaby was now a giant indeed. To guard themselves against wolves both he and his companion carried revolvers; and then, in a sleigh drawn by three horses abreast, the middle one being in a huge wooden head collar, bright with various colours, they started off at a brisk pace, while the sleigh-bells jingled merrily.

The cold was frightful, and by the time they reached one of their stopping-places—a cottage situated in a straggling village—their provisions were frozen hard. It took ten minutes to thaw the bread, but when Burnaby found himself fingering a large glass of steaming amber-coloured tea, with a thin slice of lemon floating on the top, he began to understand the advantages of having been thoroughly uncomfortable. “It is only after having experienced a certain amount of misery,” he soliloquised, “that you can thoroughly appreciate what real enjoyment is.” The foulness of the air in the unventilated room in which he had to pass the night, and the uproar caused by pedlars and other folk in the adjoining department, were trying enough, but he managed to obtain a little sleep. At sunrise next morning he started off again, but was from time to time hindered by snowdrifts, some of which were ten feet in height. Arrived at Orenberg, he called on a Tartar gentleman, who volunteered information respecting the road, but told him that the severity of the winter would

make success impossible. "The Syr Darya and the Amou Darya," he said, "are frozen up, and you will have to cover on horseback five hundred versts of snow-covered steppes, so I advise you to give up the idea altogether. If you are unwilling to do so, you had better go home and come back in summer." Nothing, however, could turn Burnaby from his plan.

The next business was to hire a servant, and after considerable trouble he secured a Tartar, who required twenty-five roubles a month.

"Perhaps, One of Noble Birth," said the fellow, "you would not object to give me two months' wages\* on account. I have an aged mother, and should like to leave a little money to support her during my absence."

Filial affection being, in Burnaby's opinion, a commendable trait, he cheerfully complied with the request.

Next morning as the man did not put in an appearance, Burnaby made enquiries.

"Perhaps," observed the head waiter, "you gave him some money."

"Yes," said Burnaby, "for his bedridden mother."

The waiter laughed till the tears came. "His bedridden mother, indeed! You will not see him again, until he has spent the money. He has gone to *kootit* (to drink and the rest)."

And so it proved, for late in the day the specious rogue was caught in a tavern in the company of two shameless women; but Burnaby recovered half his money, and considered himself fortunate to get even that.

Eventually a valuable, if salacious servant, was secured in the person of a Tartar dwarf named Nazar, and Burnaby lost no time in setting off. The sleigh had not proceeded many miles, however, before they lost their way, and they were obliged to spend a weary and what seemed an interminable night in the snow. Next morning,

\* A rouble is equivalent to 3s. 3d., therefore two months' wages would be £8 2s. 6d.

however, after being dug out by a jolly farmer and his labourers, they were able to enter Ursk.

Here there was a difficulty in obtaining fresh horses, but Nazar took the matter philosophically. "It is comfortable and warm," he observed, looking at the stove. "We will sleep here, little father; eat, till we fill our clothes, and continue our journey to-morrow."

It presently transpired, however, that Nazar, in spite of his being a married man, had lost his heart "to an Ursk siren" with blue eyes. Consequently when Burnaby declared his intention of setting off within an hour, Nazar looked sad, forlorn, and injured.

After leaving Karabootak, Burnaby, instead of putting on his thick gloves, took his seat in the sleigh, with each hand folded in the sleeve of its fellow. On the way he had the misfortune to fall asleep, and his hands slipped from their warm covering on to the sides of the sleigh. He woke with a feeling of intense pain and found, to his consternation, that they were frost-bitten. Nazar's efforts to restore the circulation by rubbing them with snow, proved futile. The next station was seven miles off, and the devoted little Tartar drove for dear life. The perspiration stood on Burnaby's forehead, his body burnt like fire. It seemed as though the seven miles would never be traversed, but at last they reached the welcome station, and three Cossacks, instantly grasping the situation, drew off Burnaby's coat and plunged his arms to the shoulder in a tub of ice and water. But he felt no sensation.

"Brother," said one of the Cossacks, shaking his head, "it is a bad job, you will lose your hands."

"They will certainly drop off," remarked another, "unless we can get back the circulation."

They next procured some naphtha, and having removed Burnaby's arms from water, they proceeded to rub them with the spirit. They rubbed till the skin peeled off, and at last Burnaby noticed a faint sensation like tickling at the elbow joints.

"Does it hurt?" asked one of the Cossacks.

"A little," replied Burnaby.

"Capital," said the Cossack. "Rub it hard as you can, brothers," and after continuing till the arm was almost flayed, they suddenly thrust it again into the ice and water. Then the pain was acute.

"Good," said the Cossacks. "The more it hurts the better chance you have of saving your hands." And after a short time they let Burnaby take his hands out of the tub.

"You are fortunate, little father," said the elder of the Cossacks. "If it had not been for the spirit your hands would have dropped off."

Rough, kind-hearted fellows were these poor soldiers; and when Burnaby forced on the elder of them a present for himself and his comrades, the old soldier simply added, "Are we not all brothers when in misfortune? Would you not have helped me if I had been in a like predicament?"

On arriving at Kasala Burnaby visited a Kirghiz settlement on the outskirts of the town, and its inhabitants were as much interested in him as he was in them. Having heard that the Kirghis women were beautiful, he took particular notice of them, but he came to the conclusion that whatever good looks they had, were spoilt by the breadth of face and the size of the mouth.

The Kirghis, it seems, unlike most other oriental races, have the privilege of seeing the girls they wish to marry, and there is a good deal of haggling respecting the price.

"She has sheep's eyes and is lovely," the match-making mother would say, pointing to her daughter.

"Yes," would perhaps be the reply, "she certainly has sheep's eyes, but she is not moon-faced, and as for her hips—well she has no hips whatever! Let us say two hundred roubles."

And so the bidding would go on.

Burnaby was anxious to leave Kasala as soon as possible, for he was in daily dread of being stopped by orders from St. Petersburg or London.

That the journey would be a terribly cold one he was well aware, for the thermometer had already sunk to forty degrees below zero, thus recording seventy-two degrees of frost; and cases of men being frozen to death were frequently reported. He left Kasala with his little Tartar servant, a Turkoman camel driver, a guide, three camels, and two horses. The guide rode one horse, Burnaby the other, while Nazar bestraddled a huge corn sack balanced by a bundle of firewood, which had been placed on the tallest camel.

30— Across the  
Desert to  
Khiva.

“Please God,” observed Nazar, looking down from the camel’s back, “we shall not be frozen to death.”

To which Burnaby replied devoutly “Inshallah.”

For provisions they carried two large iron buckets of frozen *stchi* or cabbage soup and minced meat, and twenty-eight pounds of meat in the joint, not forgetting a hatchet for chopping it up.

The Syr Darya being frozen, they passed it without difficulty, and all would have gone smoothly but for the camel driver, who was careless and smashed the boxes, etc., and who, when remonstrated with, merely observed “It is the will of God.”

Burnaby soon found out that the best way to stop these breakages was to give the fellow a hiding, and after doing so he observed, “Brother, it was the will of God. You must not complain; it was your destiny to break my property and mine to beat you. We neither of us could help it, praise be to Allah.”

Most of the travelling was done during the night, as camels feed only in the daytime, and the little caravan covered about thirty-seven miles every twenty-four hours. The travellers usually halted at sunset, when they would put up a *kibitka* or circular tent, made of



rods and cloth, raised as a protection against the pitilessly bleak east winds ; and they generally started again at midnight. The cold made them ravenous ; indeed it was no uncommon event for the camel-driver to eat a four-pound loaf at a sitting. Occasionally he would bury his head in the *stchi* pot, and suck up the half tepid liquor, much to the indignation of Nazar, who would remark angrily that this method of eating was not fair ; at the same time offering a spoon. But the Turkoman used gratefully to decline it, with the observation that the soup tasted better with one's head in the pot. Sometimes he relieved the tedium of the way by singing a song descriptive of his love for mutton, but he had his virtues too, for he was ever ready to give information concerning Turkoman manners and customs. He told Burnaby that Turkoman marriages are not always arranged by purchase. If the girl is pretty, a more original method is popular. All the eligible young men of the tribe assemble on horseback, and the girl being allowed her choice of mounts, gallops away from the suitors, who follow her. She avoids those whom she dislikes, and seeks to throw herself in the way of the one in favour. The moment she is caught she becomes the wife of the captor. Further ceremonies are dispensed with, and the happy husband leads her to his tent.

“ What do you pay in your country for a wife ? ” enquired the guide.

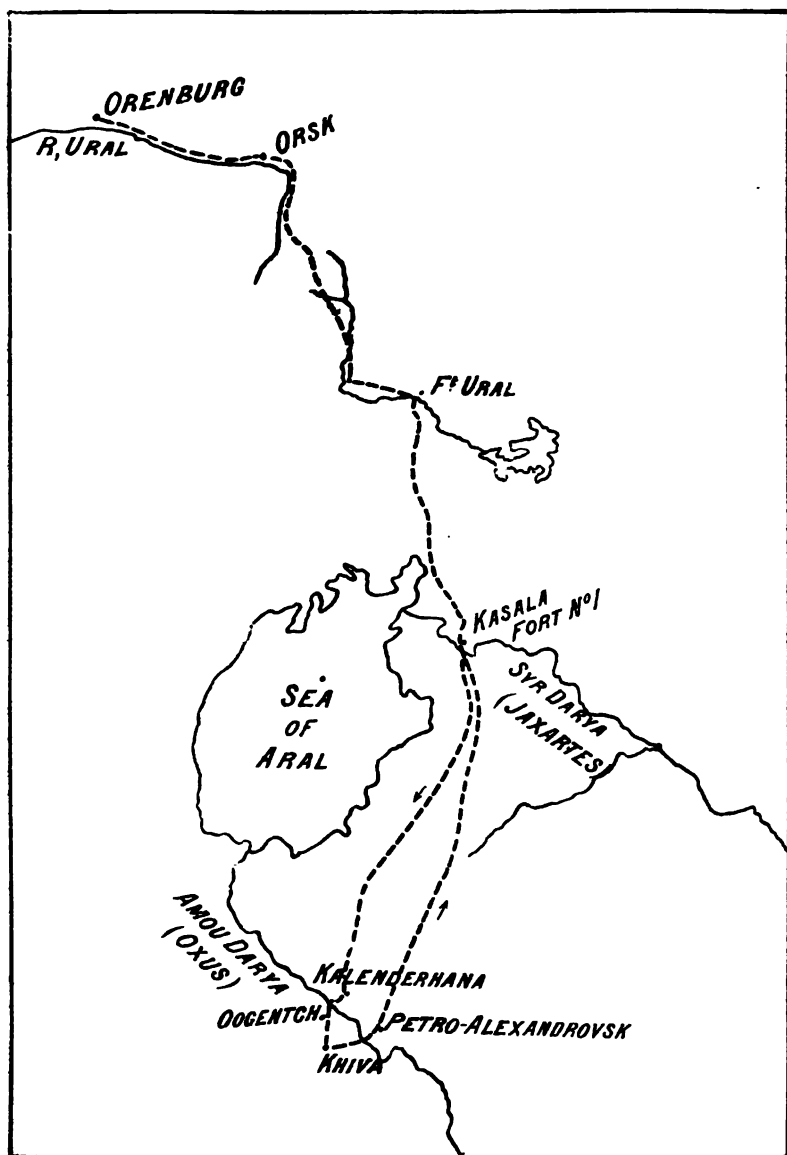
“ We pay nothing,” replied Burnaby ; “ we ask the girl, and if she says ‘ yes,’ and her parents do not refuse, we marry her.”

“ But if the girl does not like you, if she hits you on the head with her whip, or gallops away when you ride up to her side, what do you do in that case ? ”

“ Why, we do not marry her.”

This puzzled the guide very much, and he became lost in meditation.

As they proceeded the cold became more frightful



CAPTAIN BURNABY'S RIDE TO KHIVA,  
November, 1875.



than ever ; the icy winds cut like razors, and it was perilous to remove their gloves, even for a moment.

At a place called Karakol Burnaby's guide was insulted by a Khivan traveller, and a fight ensued in which each seriously damaged the other's clothes. Up to this point Burnaby did not interfere, but on noticing that the Khivans were beginning nervously to finger their knives, he promptly drew a pistol, causing them to fall back, with the result that the two opponents were left to settle their difference by themselves. When they were tired of fighting, each sat on his haunches and aspersed the reputations of his enemy's female relations ; but presently Burnaby walked up to them, and after saying *Aman* (peace), he took hold of their wrists and forcibly made them shake hands. *Salam aaleikom* (peace be with you) at last, said the guide.

*Aaleikom salam* (with you be peace), was the answer, and, their quarrel composed, the combatants separated.

On arriving at Kalenderhana, Burnaby learnt that he could not enter the town of Khiva without first having obtained the Khan's permission ; and that a letter should be written to that sovereign and sent on in advance. As Burnaby did not know the Tartar language, and as he was uncertain whether it would be wise to employ Arabic, he availed himself of the services of a moullah, who enjoyed the reputation of being able to "write things so soft and sweet that they were like sounds of sheep bleating in the distance." The country from Kalenderhana onwards, proved to be excellently cultivated, and after a short march Burnaby reached the world-renowned Amou Darya, the mighty Oxus of Tamerlane and Alexander, which, even from his youthful days at Bedford, when he had pored over Gibbon and Plutarch, it had been his ambition to visit. As they crossed the river, for it was frozen, they met numbers of *arbas* or two-wheeled carts and Khivans in long red robes and black lambskin hats, who bestrode sleek and handsome horses, ambling under housings studded with jewels. Every man

as he passed gave the salutation *Salam aaleikon* ; and every member of Burnaby's train replied politely *Aaleikon salam*. After passing through a country of gardens and orchards, they reached the town of Oogentch, where they found the bazaar stalls loaded with grapes, dried fruits and melons. When Burnaby entered a barber's shop to be shaved, the street fronting it suddenly became completely blocked up by a curious crowd. The people behind, who were not able to see as well as they wished, called out to those who hid the performance from view and made them sit down, so that everyone might be able to enjoy the spectacle—for they had never before seen an Englishman in the hands of a barber. The razor being blunt, it tore out the hairs it was unable to cut, and this made Burnaby wince. The people were delighted. They were not prepared for this feature in the entertainment, and they roared with laughter.

As Burnaby neared Khiva he passed through a cemetery full of fantastic tombs made of dried clay, ornamented with flags ; and next morning he encountered on the road the messenger whom he had despatched with his letter to the Khan. The man was accompanied by two Khivan nobles, one of whom made a courteous salute, and declared that his Majesty the Khan had sent him forward to bid Burnaby welcome, and to conduct him into the city. Thus he had accomplished his end. The impossible had happened, as it generally does with the resolute.

Although Khiva was so near, it was almost entirely hidden by foliage, but presently some richly painted minarets and high domes could be seen above the tree tops. On each side of the way Burnaby noticed walled orchards and avenues of mulberry trees, the beauty of which put him into ecstasies. Nor was he singular in his praise of this neighbourhood. To Vamberry, who visited the city in 1868, the environs of Khiva seemed a poet's dream. A more lovely spot, even after

31—Khiva and  
its Khan.

he had visited the most seductive pleasure resorts of Europe, he had never seen, and he thought that if the Persian poets had tuned their lyres there, they would have found a more worthy theme than in the "horrid wastes" of their native land. Burnaby describes the city as oblong in form and surrounded by two walls, protected by sixteen useless guns. The outer wall, which was of brick and clay, might have been fifty feet high, but it was sadly out of repair; and four wooden gates barred approach from the principal points of the compass. The space between the walls, which had been transformed into a cattle market, displayed the usual accompaniment of such places in oriental cities—namely, a gallows. He judged the population of the town to be 35,000, and he tells us that the streets were broad and clean, the better houses being of polished bricks and coloured tiles; and that the schools, nine in number, were constructed with huge coloured domes, and ornamented with arabesques. As at Oogentch, the people gathered inquisitively round him, but they were beaten off by the whips of his escort. When he arrived at his conductor's house he was regaled with grapes, melons, and other fruit. His manner of eating with a knife and fork, however, astonished the Khivans, and one of them tried to imitate the proceeding, with the result that he ran the fork into his cheek, amid the loud laughter of the others.

On the following afternoon he went to pay his respects to the Khan, whose palace was a large building covered with bright coloured tiles. The Khan, whose guard consisted of forty men armed with scimiters, was reclining against some cushions and seated on a Persian rug, while a circular hearth filled with burning charcoal glowed at his feet. He was five feet ten in height, and strongly built, with a broad massive face, coal black beard and moustache, and an enormous mouth with white teeth. A jewelled sword lay by his side. He looked twenty-eight, and he had a genial smile.

Over a cup of tea, and by aid of various interpreters, a curious conversation then ensued. The Khan wanted to know whether Englishmen and Germans were of the same nation ; and in order to explain, Burnaby unfolded a map of the countries between England and India. The Khan, putting his hand on India, observed that India was large, but not so large as Russia, which required nearly two hands to cover it ; but Burnaby explained that extent of territory does not make up the strength of a nation, and that India contained three times as many inhabitants as the whole Russian Empire. The Crimean war was discussed, and the Khan said he had been told that England feared Russia ; but Burnaby declared the statement to be false, that the English had beaten the Russians, and could do so again—pointing out, however, at the same time, that the English, being a peaceful nation, never wished to interfere with a neighbour, so long as that neighbour did not interfere with them.

“ The Russians will advance,” said the Khan, “ to Bokhara, and so on to Merve and Herat. You will have to fight some day whether your Government likes it or not ”—and then he aired his salient grievance, that of being obliged to pay tribute to Russia.

Burnaby could not sufficiently admire the Khan's gardens with their vines, apple, pear and cherry trees, and cool walks to protect the ladies of the harem from the burning sun. He visited the town jail, where he found only two prisoners, who, for having assaulted a woman, were condemned to sit with their necks in chains, and their feet in stocks ; and also the principal school, where a number of little folk were squalling round a moullah and learning the Koran. In short Burnaby gives a very attractive picture of Khiva and its mild ruler, who was a remarkable contrast to the callous and truculent Khan, his immediate predecessor, from whose lips, according to Vambéry,\* fell almost daily on the ears

\* Vambéry visited Khiva in 1863. See his *Travels in Central Asia*.



"FRED."

By special permission of the Editor of *Vanity Fair*.





of some poor trembling wretch or other, the fatal words *Alib barin* [away with him (to torture and death) ] ; and it is only fair to assume that the Russian advance—though Burnaby would never say a good word for the Russians—had something to do with the improved condition of things.

Burnaby then arranged to proceed to Bokhara, whence he hoped to reach Persia, but in the midst of his preparations two strangers arrived from the Russian Commandant at Petro-Alexandrovsk bearing a message for him. Its contents were to the effect that a telegram awaited him at the fort, and that he was required to go there to receive it. Little as he relished the order—for order it virtually was—nothing remained but to obey ; so having made some purchases at the bazaar, and said farewell to the amiable Khan, who presented him with a handsome robe, Burnaby turned his face to Petro-Alexandrovsk. There he discovered that the telegram had come from H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, the Field Marshal Commander-in-Chief, who required his immediate return to European Russia. The document had been awaiting him several days, so had he gone first to Petro-Alexandrovsk, he would never have seen Khiva. As there was no help for it, Burnaby at once began preparations for returning home the way he had come, namely, by the terrible Khivan desert, with the cold at from 30° to 40° below zero. When, however, the Russian commandant joked him on his being prevented from carrying out his plan in its entirety, he replied “ Anyhow I have seen Khiva ”—and so he had—having performed one of the most remarkable journeys ever made by an Englishman.

A day or two later Burnaby and his little caravan commenced their journey back over the frightful, icy desert. On the hardships of that journey, as they resembled what he had already endured, we shall not dwell. After passing Kasala, he was the means of doing a small service to a pretty Kirghiz widow ; and through the

medium of Nazar, he entered into conversation with her and tried to pay her some compliments. Nazar's ideas of poetry, however, were limited to songs about the beauty of a sheep and the delights of roast mutton, so Burnaby doubted not that when he observed with emotion that she was the most beautiful of her sex, Nazar translated it, "Thou art lovelier than a sheep with a fat tail."

At Sizeran Burnaby parted from his little Tartar, and after an uneventful journey across Europe, he eventually reached London, where, as his fame had preceded him, he found himself the hero of the hour.

He at once set to work on the story of his travels, which was sent to the Press with the title of *A Ride to Khiva*,\* and issued by the publishing house of Cassell in the autumn of 1876. It was received with a chorus of approval. He had performed a daring adventure; he had written a book that met with acceptance; he was intoxicated with happiness.

Within a few months it was in its eleventh edition; and certainly it deserved all its success; for a more concise, cheery and brightly written book of travel, has rarely left the Press.

Naturally Burnaby's portrait appeared everywhere, and he became the subject of a capital cartoon† in *Vanity Fair*, which we are permitted to reproduce. Of this picture he said facetiously in a letter, "I don't like it. It makes me as ugly as I really am. The artist reminds me of a Chinaman who sketched old K. The admiral complained that the likeness was not flattering. The Chinaman replied, 'How can handsome face make when handsome face no have got!' I am like K; I wish for a little more flattery."

\* From which we have quoted.

† The whitened chin in it was characteristic of him. He always powdered his chin after shaving, in order to make it comport with his pallid face.



AN ASCENT WITH MR. LUCY,  
25th August, 1876.

The figures are Mr. Wright (extreme left), Burnaby seated on car,  
Mr. Lucy in the car, Captain Colvile standing on car.

From the *Strand Magazine*.



## CHAPTER VII.

FEBRUARY 1876 — NOVEMBER 1876.

### BALLOON ASCENTS FROM THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Burnaby had not been home many weeks before the insipid delights of English Society began to pall upon **32—Ascent with** him. He found life scarcely worth living **Capt. Colville** in a country where a man goes to bed **and** **Mr. H. W. Lucy** regularly under cover, dines at stated **25th Aug., 1867.** hours, and has his morning and evening newspapers ; so he looked round to see how he could add a zest to it, and then having turned to his old delight, aeronautics, he arranged to make an ascent from the Crystal Palace with two friends—Mr. H. W. Lucy\* and Captain (afterwards Sir) Henry Colville,† in a balloon belonging to Mr. Wright. On the appointed day Mr. Wright having made all necessary preparations, Mr. Lucy slipped into the car and sat down at the bottom “ with his head thrust through the cording like a chicken in a wicker basket,” and the others followed him. “ Burnaby,” observes Mr. Lucy, “ had every qualification for an aeronaut except moderate size. No one except those who have made an aerial journey with him, can imagine the curiously complete way in which his legs pervaded the car.” As, however, Burnaby thought well to increase the danger of this voyage by sitting, not in the car, as it careered through space, but on the edge, his long legs were less troublesome to his friends than they would otherwise have been. A south west wind carried the balloon at a rate of forty miles an hour, and when the

\* Toby M.P. of *Punch*.

† Killed in a motor accident 1907.

voyagers were well on their journey, Burnaby revealed the secret wish of his heart, namely, that they could get a good north breeze which would whisk them to France.

"This westerly wind," he said, "will take us into the German Ocean. But it will change again, and we shall have the usual journey across Essex."

By and by they saw something shining below like molten silver.

"The sea!" cried Burnaby.

But it was only the mouth of the Thames, and, as he had prophesied, the balloon presently took its course over Essex.

Then casting down their gaze, a curious sight presented itself. They were travelling in bright sunshine, and below them extended a broad sea of fleecy cloud, on which was pictured the shadow of the balloon, with the heads of the occupants as clearly traced as if it had been a colossal photograph.

"It would be worth a much more perilous journey," said Mr. Lucy, "to see this curious picture."

"But it's confoundedly hot," observed Captain Colvile.

"Yes," said Burnaby, taking off his gigantic coat, and hanging it on the anchor as if he had been in a mess-room, "still there is one comfort in being above the clouds, namely, that a man can sit in public in his shirt sleeves."

The north wind that Burnaby had so earnestly desired did not choose to oblige him, consequently when the cloud had been cleared and fields and villages came in view, he gave the gas pipe a turn in order to descend. Suddenly the earth began to rise, the fields assumed larger dimensions, and animals, which looked like mice, proved to be cattle. He then threw out the anchor, and the balloon rose about a hundred feet. But it is one thing to throw out an anchor and another to make it bite. This particular anchor amused itself by dancing about on the hard earth, grubbing up grass, passing

through hedges, and skilfully avoiding anything that offered a firm clutch. There was now an element of danger, and in consequence Burnaby's spirits straightway mounted high. Presently they neared a wood, and into it went the balloon, crashing against a tree, tearing a large strip out of the silk, and impregnating the air with the smell of the escaping gas. But the anchor, though it had a thousand opportunities, still refused to grip. It carefully avoided every eligible tree, while it grubbed fiercely at every weed and feeble flower stalk. The wind hurried the balloon from tree to tree, making fresh gashes in the canvas, and threatening to leave not a rag behind. Finally it descended into an elm; and Burnaby and Mr. Lucy, having dropped to the ground, Captain Colville loosened the folds of the balloon, and lowered both envelope and car into their arms.

At midnight Captain Colville met Burnaby again at the Queen's Ball at Buckingham Palace.

"That was a capital anchor," observed Burnaby, "I am going to buy it from Wright and keep it for future balloon journeys."

A little later Burnaby, with a view to various scientific experiments, decided to make another aerial voyage, and in the middle of September he wrote to Mr. Wright as follows :

Regents Park Barracks, N.W.,

Saturday, September 16th (1876).

33— Ascents  
with Mr.  
Wright and  
others.

In the event of your having a balloon ascent from the Crystal Palace on Tuesday next, I should like to take your place in the balloon and go alone with my friend. Of course no one would be told of this, and it would have to be a private matter between you and myself. I suppose that in the event of our making some sort of an arrangement like this, I should not have to pay for the gas, as this would be found by the company for your ascent. I should like your largest balloon, so as to make a long ascent, and would pay for any damage done it, as well as a certain sum to you for the hire. What time



would the balloon be likely to go up, as the earlier the better, and what would be your terms for the hire ? Send me an answer by telegraph, as to-morrow is Sunday and there is no post.

Yours truly,

Fred Burnaby.

As the agreement with Mr. Wright indicates, the voyage was made on September 19th (1876). It was a thoroughly successful one, and on arriving home Burnaby ordered another balloon—holding 50,000 feet of gas—in order to carry out additional scientific experiments. Subsequently he and Mr. Wright made several ascents together, and after one of them Burnaby gave his companion an aneroid\* and a copy of *A Ride to Khiva*, with the following words in autograph: “ Mr. Wright, from the author, in remembrance of some pleasant journeys in the air, July 11th, 1877, St. John’s Wood Barracks, London.”

Burnaby’s enthusiasm for aeronautics was shared by several of his more intimate friends ; and one of them, Captain Colville, even went so far—a few years later—as to spend his honeymoon in one of Mr. Wright’s balloons.†

\* Now in the possession of Miss Wright.

† This was on 25th April, 1879. Captain Colville and his wife drove from the church to the Crystal Palace where the balloon was waiting for them. The trip, according to Captain Colville, was a delightful one and they descended at Waterbeach, in Cambridgeshire.



BURNABY DROPPING FROM THE TREE.

*From the Strand Magazine.*



## CHAPTER VIII.

NOVEMBER 1876 — SPRING 1877.

### TRAVELS IN ASIA MINOR.\*

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While Burnaby and Mr. Wright were thus busying themselves, all England was roused owing to the Bulgarian massacres, and in newspaper and on platform the Turks were held up to execration. Burnaby insisted, however, that the cry against them was something of an election dodge. He deplored, as did every other feeling man, the shocking butchery in Bulgaria ; but he pointed out that the trouble was owing in part to reprisals made by the Turks on account of cruelty inflicted on their people by the Russians and other Christians, and in part to the barbarity of the Turkish mercenaries. He considered the genuine Turk one of the finest fellows in the world, and he denied that the Anatolian Christians were oppressed. He determined, however, to go to Asia Minor and examine the condition of affairs with his own eyes.

\* This chapter is founded on Burnaby's *On Horseback through Asia Minor* and Burnaby's letters (lent to the Author by Mrs. Baillie).

Burnaby, having first applied to the Turkish Ambassador, asking whether any special permission was required, received reply that an Englishman could travel where he liked in the Turkish Dominions ; and he contrasted these words with the grudging acquiescence of the St. Petersburg authorities when he was about to visit Tartary.

Having crossed to Calais, Burnaby, accompanied by Radford, made for Marseilles, whence he took steamer for Constantinople. Here, after hiring a servant named Osman, a fine-looking fellow in a fez and light blue trousers fastened at the waist with a crimson sash, he questioned both Turk and Christian concerning the condition of the country in which he was about to travel. An Armenian assured him that if he tried to get as far as Van, he would in all probability be robbed or murdered by the Kurds—a statement that made Van peculiarly attractive to him, and he straightway resolved that whatever other place he might avoid, Van should certainly see his face.

Having cheapened some horses he gave them, consonant with his custom, scriptural names,—calling one a vicious black brute Obadiah; and after making other preparations, he turned his face towards the Bosphorus. A crowd collected to see him start—the Giaour, who madly proposed making his way from Scutari to Batoum by land instead of by water. When all was ready he gave Osman a travelling sword, an action that had the result of intensifying the excitement.

“ Osman has got a sword,” said one.

“ He is buckling it on,” said another.

But Osman's air of importance increased ten-fold when Burnaby desired him to sling a sporting rifle on his shoulder. There was a faint approach to a cheer from a little boy in the crowd ; but this was instantly suppressed, and in the midst of all the excitement Burnaby, Radford and the horses proceeded, not without dignity, down the street of Para.

Among the passengers on board the steamer which carried them over the Bosphorus were some Turkish ladies, whose faces could be clearly seen through the diaphanous texture which served them as veils. They were not prepossessing, and they sadly wanted expression—a defect which Burnaby observed in almost every Turkish woman whose countenance he scrutinized; but, as he observes, considering that only one woman out of every thousand can read or write, this is not surprising.

He was roused from his reverie by a violent explosion, caused as it was afterwards discovered, by Obadiah, who had kicked over a box of cartridges.

Radford explained just how it happened. “Lor sir,” he said, “it was that black ’orse Obadiah, as was the bottom of all the mischief. He is that artful. He stood quiet enough till we started, and the paddles began to turn; he then started kicking, and frightened the grey. That ’ere Turk,” pointing to Osman, “was a praying by the side of the paddle-boxes, and not taking any account of the hanimals, drat him! Obadiah upset his packsaddle and stamped on the cartridge-box; and when some of them went off, Hosman left off praying and began to swear.”

As Radford said, whenever there was any work to be done, the artful Osman fell to prayer—and to aggravate the offence he, as often as not, would take Radford’s coat to kneel on.

The Pasha of Ismid enquired of Burnaby why England hated the Turks.

“Partly,” replied Burnaby, “on account of the tigerish excesses of your Bashi-Bazooks; but mainly because you repudiated your debt.”

The Pasha attributed all the trouble to the machinations of Russia. “Russia,” he said, “will not let us be quiet. She compels us to keep up a large army. Her agents bring about massacres of the Christians, and set the world against us”—and Burnaby, who at almost

every step on his journey heard the same tale, became every day more and more convinced of its truth.

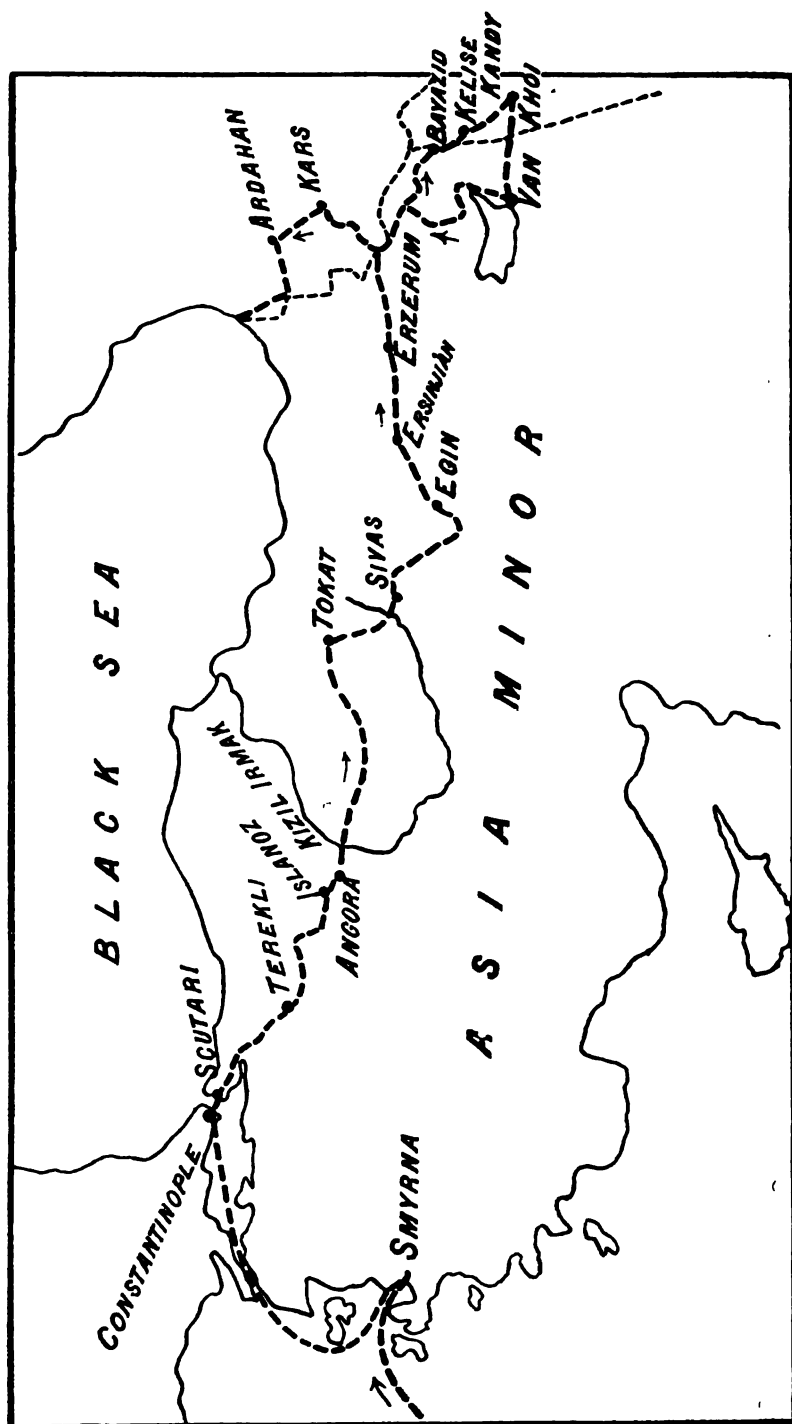
The one topic at every halting place was the anticipated war. On the road Osman gave some account of his family life. He had a good wife. He admitted that her eyes were not quite straight, but he hastened to add that this little imperfection was more than balanced by her skill as a cook.

"She makes soup," he observed, "which is even more filling than my brother's"—pointing to Radford.

At one village a Turkish farmer honoured Burnaby by the loan of the family *yorgan* or quilt—which, though ancient and beautiful, turned out to be a paradise for fleas; but Burnaby, who slept not a wink all night, subsequently discovered that Armenian yorgans contain about twice as many fleas as the Turkish. Having passed Istanos, the place where Alexander the Great cut the Gordian knot, the travellers came to Angora, where they learnt that there was a deal of immorality among the fair sex, though nothing to what existed in Yusgat, a town little further on, where could be seen the lascivious dance of the Turkish gipsy woman, which was strictly prohibited in other places. If the women were immoral, however, the men were hospitable, and Burnaby was glad to give the Turk his due wherever found. Moreover at Angora, exceptional harmony existed between Turk and Christian. "Englishmen who abuse the Turkish nation," observed Burnaby, "should travel a little in Anatolia."

Having crossed the Kizil Irmak river in a barge, for there was no bridge, the travellers came to an encampment of Kurds, a people who have a simple and original way of avoiding the payment of taxes. When they expect a visit from the collector, they pack up their chattels and migrate to the mountains, where they bid him defiance, and where they remain until their spies have announced the enemy's departure.

Burnaby next came to a Turkoman village, that is to



JOURNEY MADE BY BURNABY AND RADFORD THROUGH ASIA MINOR, Nov., 1876.





say, to a few holes in the side of a hill. He entered one of these queer dwellings with the intention of dining with the family, but the fleas having put him to flight, he finished his meal in the open. At every turning he heard tales of Russian atrocities on the borderland. Burnaby next entered the disreputable town of Yusgat—the Lampsacus of Anatolia. No Englishman had visited it for twenty years, and the Turkish population, who were friendly to England on account of the Crimean war, turned out in mass to welcome the stranger. Even Osman had some of the glory reflected upon him, for he was kissed effusively by a number of dirty Turks.

“How do you like the Turks?” enquired Burnaby of the chief engineer of the district—a Pole.

“The Turks and the Armenians get on very well together,” was the reply, “and the law is carried out fairly for all classes.”

On the outskirts of the town Burnaby and the Pole passed some good looking gipsy women with brown complexions, dark eyes, and long black hair.

“These are the dancers,” said the Pole. “Let us go and talk to one of the old women, and choose the girls who are to perform.”

“How many do you require?” asked the old woman.

“Three,” replied the Pole.

“Well,” said she, “three you shall have. The most beautiful and gazelle-like of our tribe. I will come myself, and I too will dance, if only to show the Frank Effendi what our dance is like.”

It was as much as Burnaby could do to keep his countenance, for the old woman was very fat; and some of the girls, catching his eye, went off into fits of laughter.

“Ah! you may laugh, children,” she said, indignantly, “but none of you can dance so well as I can”; and straightening her aged limbs, she showed what she could do, while the girls applauded her, and beat time with their hands.

“Very good,” said the Pole, as she sank down on a

divan, "Very good. You dance like a stag. You shall come too."

"Thank heavens," he remarked in French, "she did not throw herself on to my lap, for this is the custom of these wild dancers; if she had done so, there would not have been much left of me."

On the following evening, according to appointment, the dancers arrived at the Pole's house.

First entered some male gipsies carrying lutes and an instrument like a bagpipe, which emitted a wild and discordant blast; and then came the dancers accompanied by the fat woman. The girls were in blue jackets, purple waistcoats lashed with gold embroidery, and very loose yellow trousers. Their eyebrows were made to meet by charcoal lines, their teeth and finger nails were dyed red, and their hair hung in long tresses below their waists. The principal dancer's hair was decorated with gold spangles, and all carried castanets. The lutes having struck up, and the bagpipes having resumed screaming, the dance began.

The girls whirled round each other till their long black tresses stood out at right angles from their bodies. The perspiration poured down their cheeks. The old lady, who was seated on a divan, then uncrossed her legs, beating her brass ankle-rings the one against the other, thus adding yet another noise to the din. The girls snapped their castanets, and then whirled their bodies round each other with such velocity that it was impossible to distinguish the one from the other. All of a sudden, the music stopped, and the panting dancers threw themselves down on the laps of the musicians.

When asked by the Pole what he thought of it, Burnaby, among other criticisms, observed that the Lord Chamberlain would not allow such performances in England.

"The Lord Chamberlain, who is he?" inquired an Armenian present.

"He is an official who looks after public morals."

“ And do you mean to say that he would object to this sort of dance ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ But this is nothing,” said the Pole. “ When there is a marriage festival in a harem, the women arrange their costumes so that one article of attire falls off after another during the dance. The performers are finally left in very much the same garb as our first parents after the fall. We shall be spared that spectacle, for my wife is here.” Finally the old woman, who had been given a glass of raki, delivered herself of a *pas seul*; and then the troupe made their departure.

Burnaby also witnessed the national game of djerrid, and took part in a hunt. At Tokat he met some Circassians, who corroborated the various accusations made against the Russians, and declared that they had transformed Circassia into a hell.

For some time Burnaby had received hints that Osman, when not engaged in prayer, was either robbing him or planning a theft; and at last, after catching the rascal red-handed, he dismissed him, and hired another servant, a nimble redif-soldier named Mohammed.

35—Mohammed.

At Sivas Burnaby enquired of an Armenian whether the Turks ever tortured the Christians there.

“ No,” was the reply, “ the law is, or rather the judges are, much too merciful ”; and once more he was told that whatever trouble arose was caused by the Russian agents, who were perpetually fomenting quarrels between Turk and Christian, and sowing fresh seeds of disaffection among the Armenian subjects of the Porte. “ But for Russian intrigues,” said the Pasha of Sivas to Burnaby, “ we Turks should be very good friends with the Christians.” “ The Turks are not cruel,” observed an American gentleman to Burnaby, “ but they are pig-headed. They will not advance with the times.”

Soon after passing Sivas Burnaby's party, which included some Zaptiehs, who had been sent to act as

guides for him, were nearly buried in a snow drift, and a rebellion broke out among them. By drawing his revolver, however, Burnaby brought his factious companions to their senses, and in due time the whole party struggled through the snow and reached the next village—on the whole, the filthiest within their experience. When under shelter Burnaby, who had supped and was beginning to doze, overheard a conversation between the Zaptiehs and Mohammed.

“Only think,” said a Zaptieh, “of our being threatened by the infidel.”

“He would have carried out his threat,” said Mohammed. “My Effendi is not like the Christians about here. He is an Inglis !”

“So the Inglis giaours are different from the Armenian giaours ?” observed the Zaptieh.

“Very different,” replied Mohammed, “the Armenians talk, but the Inglis strike.”

Burnaby’s curiosity was unbounded, and everywhere he enquired into the manners and customs of the people. He found that most of the Christians were usurers, that they lent to the Turks at an exorbitant rate of interest, and that in some instances old Turkish families had been entirely ruined by Armenian money-lenders. At Erzingan Burnaby called on a rich and lecherous Turk, who was in the hands of an Italian physician.

“What is the matter with him ?” enquired Burnaby.

“Drink, my good sir,” replied the doctor. “He is forty, I am over ninety, but please God, as the Turks say, I shall outlive him. If the upper classes of Mohammedans were sober, they would live for ever in this delightful climate. But what with their women, and what with their wine, they shorten their existence by at least thirty years.”

“What are you talking about ?” enquired the sick man.

“I was saying, Bey Effendi !” replied the doctor,

“how very popular you are in the neighbourhood, and how much everyone loves you.”

Arrived at Erzeroum—supposed to have been the home of our first parents—Burnaby was informed by an Armenian, the Pasha’s interpreter, that the Russian consul at Erzeroum had just received a telegram, which ran as follows :

“Two months ago an Englishman, a certain Captain Burnaby, left Constantinople with the object of travelling in Asia Minor. He is a desperate enemy (*un ennemi acharné*) of Russia. We have lost all traces of him since his departure from Stamboul. We believe that the real object of his journey is to pass the frontier, and enter Russia. Do your best, sir, to discover the whereabouts of this aforesaid Captain. Find means to inform him that in the event of his entering our territory, he will be immediately expelled.”

Burnaby also heard that the Russians had hung up his photograph at all the frontier stations, so as to enable their officers to recognise him should he attempt to enter Russian territory.

As he had no desire to cross the frontier, this information did not disturb him ; but he was of opinion that the real reason of the Russians for not wishing him to travel through the Caucasus was lest he should obtain fresh proofs of their enormities.

From Erzeroum he wrote to his mother a long letter, from which we may quote a few paragraphs :

“Erzeroum. The Garden of Eden,  
11th February, 1877.

“It has been a hard journey. Over 18,000 miles, and all on horseback, through deep mud at first, and in some places up to the horses’ girths. I stayed at Angora three days. Then on the track again ; over mountains and crags, passing over ground that abounds with mineral wealth, and, alas ! left idly in the earth, till I reached Yusgat.”

“‘Why do you not introduce your family to me ?’”

I enquired one day of my host (an Armenian gentleman).

“ ‘I keep my wife and daughter for myself, and not for my guests,’ ” was the reply.

“ All through this part of the world the same custom exists. Poor Armenian women ! They are indeed to be pitied. They receive no education whatever. What they do not know themselves, it is impossible to teach their children ; the result is that the whole population, Christian as well as Mussulman, is steeped in the deepest slough of ignorance.”

As the travellers proceeded on their journey Burnaby fell ill, and the necessity of walking through great tracts of snow aggravated his complaint. He had no sooner begun to recover than Mohammed was taken with severe rheumatism, which was relieved by a mustard plaster.

A Kurd who watched the operation observed, “ It is a wonder. The plaster is cold, but Mohammed says he is on fire. I should like a plaster too,” and turning to Radford he held out his hand for one.

“ Plasters are for sick people, not for men in a good state of health,” observed Burnaby.

“ But I am not well,” said the Kurd.

As however the man had nothing to show beyond an old frostbite, the request was ignored.

The news of Burnaby’s skill as a medicine man spread far and wide, and people came wheedling to him for mustard plasters to cure every imaginable

38— Among the Devil

Worshippers. After passing the mighty Mount Ararat,

the travellers arrived at a village of Yezeeds or Devil-Worshippers—a people whose principal temple is adorned with a figure of a serpent kept black with charcoal. The idea of the sect who, by the by, do not admit devil-worship, though there is incontrovertible evidence that they practise it, is that there are two spirits—one of good, the other of evil—that it is a waste

of time to worship the spirit of good, who will not hurt them ; the correct course to pursue being to try to propitiate the spirit of evil. They are visited periodically by priests who, clad in white and swaying a wand surmounted by a sacred brass peacock, perform certain rites which they keep rigorously secret. Should a priest arrive in the village, the first act of the inhabitants is to offer their wives and daughters for his inspection. The family of the woman or girl selected considers that a very high honour has been conferred upon it. Burnaby learnt that there are different laws as to the subsequent treatment of these privileged women. In one of the sects (and there are two) they are forbidden afterwards to approach a man ; but in the other an unmarried woman thus honoured is permitted to marry, while a married woman is allowed to return to her husband ; and it is the duty of the village to make her rich presents, and to maintain her and her husband during the rest of their lives. In short they secure an " old age pension," and are envied accordingly.

As this account differed in detail from what is related by Mr. Layard, the Assyriologist, Burnaby resolved to question some of the Yezeds, but an unfortunate occurrence prevented him from obtaining the desired information. By chance in conversation he mentioned the word *Shaitan* (devil). " If," says he, " a bombshell had exploded in the room where I was sitting, there could not have been greater consternation than that which was evinced by the members of my host's family. Springing to their feet, they fled from the building—an old woman nearly upsetting Radford's cooking pot in her haste to escape into the open air."

Burnaby was very sorry, and at first thought of apologising, but in the fear lest by so doing he might make matters worse, he changed his mind, and proceeded on his journey.

The next stopping place was Kelise Kandi, a Persian village, where Burnaby became the guest of the chief



37— Burnaby proprietor, who had been informed of the  
prescribes story of the mustard plaster.  
for a Persian “ You are a great hakim (doctor),”  
Lady. observed the Persian.

“ I am not a hakim,” Burnaby remarked hastily.

“ Do not say that,” followed the Persian. “ Do not deny the talents that Allah has given you. Your arrival has cast a gleam of sunshine on our threshold.”

“ What do you want me to do ? ” enquired Burnaby.

“ My wife is poorly,” said the Persian. “ I ask you to cure her.”

“ Well, I must see her,” followed Burnaby.

“ Impossible,” said the Persian, “ she is in the harem. I cannot take you there. Give me a mustard plaster for her.”

“ I can’t prescribe for her without seeing her,” said Burnaby.

After prolonged hesitation, the Persian consented to allow the “ hakim ” to look at his wife’s tongue, and he led the way to the harem. The lady, enveloped from head to foot in a sheet of gauze-like material, was reclining on cushions. Her feet, which she had just taken from two dainty white slippers, were very small and stockingless, and she nervously tapped the ground with her heel.

“ She is alarmed,” said the Persian. “ Be not alarmed,” he added, turning to his wife. “ It is the hakim, who has come to make you well.”

These remarks did not tranquilize the lady. Her heel tapped the ground more quickly than before, the whole of her body shook like an aspen-leaf.

However, when Burnaby asked to see her tongue, she removed the folds of her veil, and allowed a very red tip to escape from her lips.

“ Well, what do you think of it ? ” enquired the Persian, who was taking the greatest interest in these proceedings.

Burnaby, who had nothing but praise for the tongue, then asked to see her eyes.

"Why her eyes?"

"Because she may have jaundice. I must see if her eye is yellow."

"Perhaps she had better expose the whole face," said the Persian.

"Perhaps she had," remarked Burnaby.

The lady then unwound the folds of muslin from around her head, and revealed pretty, regular features, while a pair of large black eyes, which looked through Burnaby as he gazed on them, were twinkling more with humour than fear.

"What is the matter with you?" enquired Burnaby.

She blushed. Her husband then remarked that she fancied strange dishes at her meals, was in fact delicate; and on learning further that the couple had been married only a few months, Burnaby diagnosed the case without difficulty.

"I have no medicine for your complaint," he remarked.

"No medicine!" said the Persian indignantly.

"Mohammed has shown me the bottles and the little boxes. Besides that you have the wet paper."

"A mustard plaster would be useless," said Burnaby.

"But she must have something," said the husband; so to satisfy him Burnaby gave him three grains of quinine, to be taken in three doses, one grain in each dose.

"Will it do her much good?" inquired the Persian.

"That depends upon Allah," replied Burnaby.

At the next village Burnaby found his reputation as a *hakim* still more inconvenient. To judge by the number of persons who begged for medicine, the whole population was unwell. Everyone put out a tongue and offered a pulse; and they even pestered Radford—hindering him in his cooking—the belief having seized them that since the master was so great a *hakim*, the servant must necessarily have some medical skill.

On reaching Khoi Burnaby became the guest of the Turkish consul, who complained of being dull. "My wife died six months ago," he said, "and I have not been able to find another."

"Why do you not take a Kurdish girl?" enquired a listener. "They make model wives. If their husbands have money they do not ask for any; if the husbands have no money the wives never bother their heads about the matter. In addition to this, they do not care about fine clothes. A long piece of calico and a pair of slippers content them as well as all the silks and satins in Erzeroum bazaar."

But there was a difficulty, it seems, for his previous wife was a Kurd, and in compliance with her suggestion he had engaged her father and mother as servants.

"I have found them," continued the consul, "hard-working people. When my poor wife died, I allowed them to remain with me. If I marry again, my new lady will probably wish her own relations to come here, and I shall be obliged to get rid of my present servants."

From Khoi Burnaby wrote, 28th February, 1877, to his sister Annie a long letter, which concludes: "I have got very thin. Radford is reduced to a walking skeleton. From here I shall go to . . . . Batoum, that is if there is anything left of me to travel, as I am rapidly getting into that condition of body which would be required should I wish to crawl into a gas pipe."

At a place called Toprak Kileh, he was taken with rheumatic fever, aggravated by the foulness of the atmosphere in his sleeping room, which he shared with a few cows and a multitude of fleas. On his recovery he proceeded to Kars, passing on his way through several Circassian villages. The beauty of the Circassian girls being famous the world over, he took particular notice of their faces. Several were seductive, but he found, to his surprise, that their complexions were not fair but olive. "The mischief they play," he says, "is chiefly attributable to their large, flashing eyes and their small pearly

teeth." At Kars he found 20,000 troops quartered, but the streets were filthy and the hospitals crowded with typhoid fever patients. At Ardahan he sold his horses; and on reaching Livana he hired a cayek and proceeded by the Tschoroch river to Batoum—greatly to the terror and discomfort of Mohammed, who was an indifferent sailor. "My brother," he said, pointing to Radford, "is brave on the water; I am brave on land; we are both brave," and seizing his fellow servant's hand, he shook it heartily.

Burnaby and Radford having boarded the steamer which was to carry them away, Mohammed followed them; but when the moment for parting arrived, the poor fellow's countenance revealed the struggle that was going on in his mind, and some big tears rolled down his cheeks.

"My heart is very full," he said, "for am I not losing my lord, as well as my brother?" and seizing Radford's hand, he wrung it heartily.

"That Mohammed was not such a bad chap after all, sir," commented Radford when the vessel had got under weigh.

The voyage to Constantinople was an uneventful one, and eight days later Burnaby arrived in London, bringing his friends handsome Turkish slippers embroidered on green velvet with gold, and gold-mounted walking sticks.

At the earliest possible moment he settled himself to write, in baby hand, an account of his adventures, and it duly appeared in two volumes with the title *On Horseback through Asia Minor*,\* nor has a more entertaining Odyssey ever left the Press.

I spoke of his writing as a baby hand, and indeed it did not differ at 84, or even at 42, from what it had been at 7 or 8. It was always the same; and his style as a writer, to use Mr. Bowles's expression, "was that of an open-eyed ingenuous baby"—a baby with a man's appreciation

\* Sampson Low, Marston & Co. Our quotations are from this work.

of humour. This is its distinctive note. His good nature, his courage, and his keen enjoyment of the incongruities of life—of life's little jokes—stand revealed on every page he wrote.

“The book is out,” he wrote to his sister Annie. “Some of the critiques are good, others will probably be unfavourable. However an author has to run the gauntlet and he learns more through being blamed than through being praised. It is a good thing to realise to oneself the saying of the old Greek philosopher—Know thyself. Sharp criticisms are useful in that way. The book is selling well. 3,500 copies in the first edition. . . . I was asked to stay with . . . but have declined all invitations. It is a bore being lionized.”

## CHAPTER IX.

SPRING 1877 — FEBRUARY 1878.

### BURNABY AND RADFORD AT THE SEAT OF WAR IN TURKEY.

Russia declared war against Turkey on 24th April, 1877, and straightway poured battalion after battalion upon the plains of Roumania. For a time the progress of the invaders was rapid, while the Turkish leaders looked on supinely. **38—Burnaby and Radford proceeded to Turkey, Nov. 1877.** or retreated faultily; and then occurred the resolute defence of Plevna by Osman Pasha. Many Englishmen were in favour of supporting Turkey, and none was more active in the agitation than Captain Burnaby, who insisted that the humiliation of Russia was vital to the salvation of India. Though the British Government decided not to interfere in the war, Burnaby, whose annual winter leave of absence was approaching, determined to go out to see the fighting; and he attained his end by obtaining an honorary post as "travelling agent to the Stafford House Committee," a body of noblemen and others who sent out surgeons and dressers to the seat of the war. But he revolved a much bolder scheme, for it was his determination, if possible, to cross the Balkans and pass through the Russian lines to Plevna. Late in October, and accompanied by Radford, he set out for Constantinople, and on November 28th he joined at Adrianople his friend, Valentine Baker, who held command in the Turkish army.

On being informed of Burnaby's project, Baker pointed out that the Russian lines had been drawn so closely round Plevna, that it would be all but impossible to pierce

them; and he urged his friend to abandon the idea. Finally Burnaby consented to abide by the decision of the Turkish generalissimo, Mehemet Ali; but in the meantime he attended, as the following letter to the Stafford House Committee (December 8rd) shows, to his honorary duties :

“ I arrived,” he says, “ at Adrianople last week, and visited the hospital. You will be glad to know that every attention is being paid to the wounded. The wards are clean, lofty and well-ventilated. The food is of good quality, and there was an expression of pleasure which passed over the poor sufferers’ countenances as the English surgeons walked around the wards and enquired after each man’s ailment. I arrived in Sofia and visited the Stafford House wards. The wounded men have every attention paid to them; they are as well looked after as they would be in any London hospital.”

The main body of the Turkish army was at Kamarli, a fortified position to the north east of Sofia, whence its leader, Shakir Pasha, had hoped to lead a force to relieve Plevna. At Kamarli Burnaby met Mehemet Ali, to whom he explained his project.

“ You are an English officer—full of energy and courage,” replied Mehemet Ali, “ and I should be the last man to dissuade you from any enterprise in which you might usefully show those qualities; but there are plans which are so hazardous that it becomes folly to attempt them”; and he urgently advised Burnaby to give up all thought of proceeding further with the enterprise. It would indeed have been a terribly dangerous exploit for any man, but in the case of Burnaby, the Englishman whom, above all others, the Russians hated, it would have been simply to throw his life away. Only a few hours after this conversation the news came that Osman Pasha had been forced to capitulate with 42,000 men and 77 guns; and that consequently 120,000 more Russians would be free to march against the already outnumbered army of Shakir Pasha. A further

misfortune to the Turks was the recall of Mehemet Ali, who was succeeded by the incapable, and ill-starred Suleiman Pasha. Nothing remained but for Shakir Pasha's force of 14,000 men to retreat; and the duty of covering this retreat, that is to say of holding in check some 50,000 Russians led by Gourko and others, fell upon Baker, whose total force consisted of only 2,400 men.

It was in vain that Baker begged for reinforcements. Shakir Pasha resolutely refused them. "Not a man can be spared," was the reply. "You must hold on, and till death, for the safety of the whole army depends upon you."

39—The Battle of  
Tashkesan  
31st Dec.,  
1877.

Baker's army—that resolute little army to which was confided this tremendous task—had taken possession of three hills which looked down on the village of Tashkesan. Baker conducted operations from the central hill, and by his side stood Burnaby and Radford, the former armed with a long and formidable staff, with which he belaboured the shoulders of any Turk who showed himself refractory. From his eminence Burnaby\* could see the enemy advancing steadily across the plain—the infantry in long lines, the cavalry like interminable black dots speckling the snow-covered ground. The dots came nearer and nearer. The Russians had seventeen guns to Baker's seven. The firing became hot and fast, and at a distance of about 500 yards, "the whole of the Russian Guard broke out into one unanimous cheer of 'Hurrah!'" and came on with a rush.

As the cheer died away the Turks appeared to be surrounded, but when things were looking their blackest, Baker, suddenly turning to his trumpeter, shouted: "Sound the Turkish cry—the appeal to God!" Then, as if with one voice, there burst from the lips of the 2,400 the shout *Allah il Allah!*

"It was a sensation," says Burnaby, "worth feeling; it was a moment worth ten of the best years of a man's

\* See "In Memoriam" 7th Ed. of *On Horseback through Asia Minor*.



life ; and a thrill passed through my heart at the time—that curious sort of thrill—the sensation which you experience when you read of something noble and heroic, or see a gallant action performed. It was grand to hear these 2,400 Mahometans, many of them raw levies at the time, cheering back in defiance of those thirty picked battalions, the choicest troops of the Czar.”

Presently Baker’s aide-de-camp rode up to him with the announcement “ All is lost ! Shakir Pasha has retired ; he has abandoned you. We shall all be captured.”

“ It is not so hopeless as you think,” said Baker. “ Anyhow, we shall die in our places, rather than surrender to the enemy.”

He then ordered an officer on his staff to take a couple of guns to a position a little to the left, and annoy the masses of infantry advancing in that direction. This was done, and the artillery fire, ably directed by the officer, did enormous execution in the enemy’s ranks, and checked for a time his advance. Another officer was ordered to lead two squadrons of horse down hill in the direction of some Russian cavalry which were gradually advancing towards the right. The movement was skilfully executed, and the gallant manner in which this officer led his men against a force ten times their number, elicited hearty cheers from the Turkish infantry.

But the enemy, though held in check for a moment, was not baffled. On he came in never-ending streams of skirmishers, which, as they reached the Turkish position, formed into seas of desperate soldiery. An exclamation from Baker, who was eagerly scanning the left of the Turkish position with his field glass, called Burnaby’s attention in that direction. “ We could see our men retiring,” he says, “ but in good order. They had been forced back by sheer weight of numbers. It now became necessary to withdraw our right and centre from our rapidly increasing foe, and to take up a fresh defensive line half a mile to the rear. Four guns were

playing with unmistakable effect from the road below us on the advancing foe. The Russians then concentrated a very heavy cross fire on this point. The Turkish gunners became unsteady. They limbered up one piece, and commenced retiring. If the others had followed, the day would probably have been lost. General Baker saw this at a glance, and sticking his spurs into his horse, he galloped down the slippery height—his animal now up to the haunches in the snow, then sliding down the steepest of declivities—the loose stones and pebbles flying like hail in the faces of those who attempted to follow him. He rode up to the retreating artillery men, made them return with the cannon to the original position, and remained there for more than an hour, in the most exposed part of the field—his presence so encouraging the gunners that they redoubled their exertions, and fired so fast and accurately that for a time they completely paralysed the Russians' movements. It was noon, below were wounded men and corpses, and horses without riders galloping to and fro. Shakir Pasha's troops could be seen in the distance, in full retreat across the plain ; and if the Russians had succeeded in breaking through Baker's line, every man of this force must have been lost.

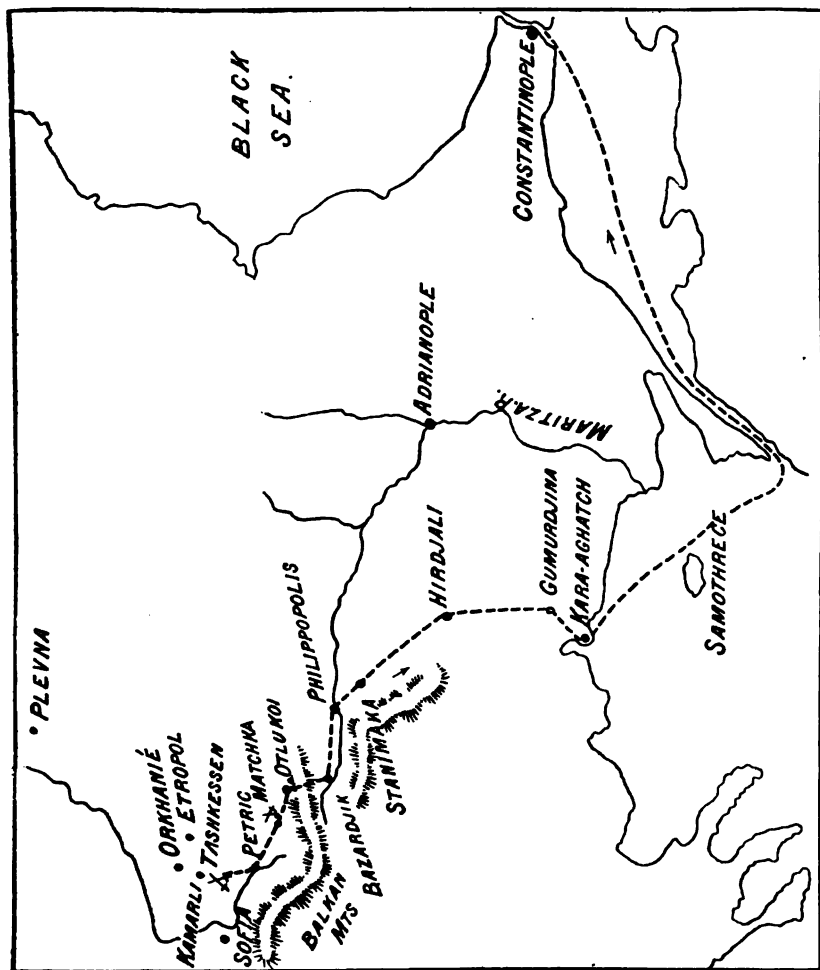
At this moment Burnaby was riding with Mr. Francis Francis, of the *Times*. As they were ascending the height leading to the second position Burnaby's breastplate broke, the saddle turned, and he found himself in the snow ; while owing to a sprained ankle, he was unable to put his foot to the ground. The Russians were not more than a quarter of a mile distant, and their bullets spattered on the surrounding rocks ; but Mr. Francis did not hesitate a moment. Springing from his horse, he coolly unwound a long sash from his waistcoat, mended the breastplate with it, and then helped Burnaby to mount.

The Russian officers, seeing the Turkish foe escaping from their grasp, again cheered on their men to the attack

—though with thinned ranks, for they had already sustained a loss of over 2,000. The afternoon wore on, Baker sat on his grey horse gazing at his watch. Would that day ever finish? Would that sun ever go down? All this time a life and death struggle was going on between the two forces. It was the last position the Turks could hold. Every moment gained was so much time lost to the enemy. The Russian general knew this: he collected his men for a final effort. His forces gallantly advanced to the attack; their cheers were met by counter cheers. Baker was in the foremost and most exposed place, standing in a hail of rifle bullets and shell fire, encouraging his men. The Russians came up the hill at the double, but broke with the Turkish fire; and the Turks, as their foes retreated, charged with the bayonet, and drove them into the valley below. The battle was over. The Turkish losses were 800, the Russian about 3,000. For this brilliant feat Baker was thanked by the Sultan, and promoted to the rank of *ferik* or Lieutenant-General.

Owing to Radford's activity, Christmas day was not allowed to pass by unhonoured. With some trouble he collected the materials for, and made a plum pudding, which, with a turkey procured from Sophia, was eaten by Burnaby, Baker and the other Englishmen in camp.

From Tashkesen the army fell back to Matchka, where on January 6th another battle was fought, and Burnaby and Radford helped the English doctors, Gill and Heath, to dress the wounded. Then followed the terrible retreat over the cruel Rhodope mountains—through Otlukoi, Bazardjik, Philippolis and Stanamaki to Gumardjini. The sufferings not only of the rank and file, but also of the officers, in this God-forsaken wild, were beyond description terrible. The unceasing frost fell upon them like pitiless knives, hunger gnawed their entrails. One day Radford, having had no sleep for more than forty hours—being all that time on the march through deep snow—fell asleep on his horse seven



THE RETREAT FROM KAMARLI, Nov. and Dec., 1877.  
 Captain Burnaby and Radford accompanied the Retreating Army.



times, each time losing his balance and falling to the ground. Often the faithful fellow would bring a piece of biscuit, his own ration for the day, and try to persuade Burnaby that he had already eaten, while perhaps food had not passed his lips for twenty-four hours.

On one occasion Burnaby saved Baker's life by rushing into his tent with great armfuls of snow and extinguishing a yorghon which had caught fire. So frightful was the cold that sometimes forty men would be frozen to death in one night. The sole consolation of the famished and weary soldiery was the knowledge that the end of their dreadful sufferings was steadily approaching. When the van gained a summit near Gumardjini, the sun burst forth in yellow glory, and from throat after throat rang the hoarse cry of "The sea! The sea." The sight was, indeed, not less welcome to them than had been, centuries before, a similar sight to Xenophon and his Ten Thousand. Cold and famine having done their worst, to them succeeded poison. By whom administered was never known, but after a dinner at Gumardjina in the Greek Archbishop's house, Baker and Burnaby were seized by excruciating pains, traceable only to the presence of arsenic. Thanks, however, to the skill of the English doctors, they recovered, and a few hours later reached the little port of Kara-aghatch, whence they were conveyed by a transport to Constantinople.

In a letter home, dated 17th February 1878, Burnaby writes, "Things here look very unsettled. I hope that there will be another stand made by the Turks, and that the Russians will not be allowed to enter the city. However, as the enemy is slowly creeping on, and the Turks are doing nothing to stop them, the Muscovite will probably be here before long. And so England does not mean to fight for Constantinople after all. What a wretched lot of shopkeepers we are! The country would seem to have lost all its backbone."

If the Turks did not stop the Russians, however, an English minister — Lord Beaconsfield — did. In

Burnaby's words, "The Russian troops could look from a distance of three or four miles at the gilded minarets, at the pinnacles of the houses of Constantinople. They saw their coveted prey within their reach, and yet they were stopped by the indomitable pluck and resolution, and energy of that great man, our Prime Minister."\*

Burnaby's period of leave having all but expired, he and Radford at once set out for England, but Radford, who during the terrible retreat had contracted typhus fever, was already marked for death. Everything that human skill could devise was brought to bear, but in vain ; and to use the words of his afflicted master, "forty-eight hours after reaching England's shores, one of the noblest souls that ever tenanted a human frame soared away towards that unknown bourn, from which no one can ever return."†

After Radford's death Burnaby hastened to London, and he asked his brother Evelyn to accompany him to the funeral. As the train moved out of Charing Cross Station, Evelyn, who was of a nervous temperament, was startled by hearing his brother say coolly, "I hope, Evelyn, you are not nervous, but Radford died of the plague. It is very courageous of you, seeing that I am wearing the clothes in which I nursed him." Evelyn was furious, but calmed down on being told that a bath at Dover with carbolic acid would lessen the chances of infection. On arriving at Dover Burnaby said "I am sure I shall break down at the funeral. What is a good medicine to keep one's nerves quiet?"

A chemist, on being consulted, advised and supplied a bottle of bromide. The coffin was conveyed from the barracks to the cemetery on a gun carriage, the route being lined by thousands of people ; and Burnaby, who sat well back so as not to be seen, applied his lips assiduously to the bottle. But in spite of his antidote he

\* Speech at Town Hall, Birmingham, 30th Mar., 1880.

† He died in Burnaby's arms at the Royal Artillery Barracks, Dover.

sobbed nearly all the way ; and he quite broke down when the volleys were fired over the grave. " In Radford," he said, " I have lost a sincere friend. There are not many men who would give their life for a friend, but Radford would have readily given his for his master."

Over the grave Burnaby erected a stone bearing the following inscription : " George Radford, Private in the Royal Horse Guards. Died at Dover, February 22nd, 1878, aged 42, of typhus fever, contracted during the Retreat of Sulieman Pasha's Army across the Balkans in Turkey. George Radford was a brave soldier, a faithful servant, and as true as steel. This stone is erected to his memory by the man whom he served so well."

To Radford's widow Burnaby was persistently kind. He set her up in business, got two of the children into schools, and found a place in a good family for the eldest girl.

In June 1878, some three months after peace had been proclaimed, a congress of the Great Powers, held at Berlin, sanctioned the cession to Russia of a part of Bessarabia and the towns of Batoum, Kars and Ardahan. Roumania, Servia and Montenegro were created independent kingdoms, and the administration of Cyprus was transferred to England, who also assumed a kind of protectorate over Asiatic Turkey. Burnaby never ceased to regret that England had not from the first acted differently. " Had she, standing firm," he said, " informed Russia that the invasion of Turkey would mean war with England, no war would have taken place." Still, events having followed the course they did, he considered that Lord Beaconsfield had, at the congress, done tolerably for England. " If we are wise," he remarked, " we shall insist : (1) that our protectorate of Asia Minor shall be real, and not merely nominal ; (2) that a well organized gendarmerie under British officers shall take the place of the inefficient Zaptiehs ; (3) that all the military commands in Asia Minor shall be held by Englishmen. This



done we can laugh at Russia, and unless it is done Russian intrigue in Asia Minor will soon cause more trouble." He also recommended a firm policy in Afghanistan. "Russian agents," he said, "have held out to the Afghans the loot of the opulent cities of British India; let us hold out to them the loot of Moscow and St. Petersburg."\*

\* See Preface to 7th Edition of *On Horseback through Asia Minor*.



GEORGE RADFORD,  
Died at Dover, 22nd February, 1878.



HENRY STOREY,  
Col. Burnaby's Soldier Servant. He fought in  
both the Battles of El Teb.



## CHAPTER X.

FEBRUARY 1878—10TH DECEMBER 1881.

### MARRIAGE AND THE BIRMINGHAM ELECTION.

#### BIBLIOGRAPHY :

8. Letters to the *Times* on Free Trade, 15th January, 1879, and subsequently.
9. Letters to the *Birmingham Daily Gazette* (in 1880 and after) and the *Birmingham Post*.

The Conservatives had ruled the country for five years, a General Election impended, and Burnaby believed it his duty to try his utmost to give them a new lease of power. His travels in distant countries had convinced him that one of England's most pressing needs was a vigorous foreign policy, and that the appropriation of the reins of office by so timid and vacillating a minister as Mr. Gladstone would be nothing short of a national calamity. Having, with characteristic daring, conceived the idea of attacking the biggest stronghold of his antagonists, namely, the town of Birmingham, he communicated his desire to Sir William Hart-Dyke, the Conservative whip, who at once consulted Mr. (now Sir) J. Benjamin Stone,\* one of the most influential of the Birmingham Conservatives. "Birmingham," said Sir William, "is a place that appreciates distinctive character, and I think Captain Burnaby's personality would appeal to Birmingham people, owing to the celebrity he

\* It is the custom to associate Sir Benjamin Stone with photography, but it is, nevertheless, as a scientist and an archæologist that he will be chiefly remembered.

obtained in going out in such difficult circumstances to Khiva."

In the end Sir William suggested that Mr. Stone and Mr. R. W. Hanbury, the member for Tamworth, should call on Captain Burnaby and discuss the matter with him.

On being shown into his room at the Horse Guards the deputation, who found him sitting, in his shirt sleeves, on a bedside, explained their errand, and after a few minutes' conversation they promised to submit his name to the committee of the Birmingham Conservative Club as that of a candidate for the representation of the town in the Conservative interest. A little later Burnaby was invited to dine with the club; and in preparation for the event he composed a long speech, learnt it by heart, and repeated it, almost verbatim, to Mr. T. Gibson Bowles one evening in St. James's Street. Mr. Bowles's encomiums delighted him, and in his success he seemed to be separated by whole years from the state in which he had found himself when he entered the house. A few days afterwards when on a visit to Mr. Stone, at Erdington Grange, near Birmingham, he repeated the feat; and his speech having given satisfaction, the Birmingham Conservatives formally adopted him as their candidate\*—a colleague for him being found in the person of the Hon. A. C. G. Calthorpe.† For some weeks he had suffered both in health and spirits, for, like his father, he was sometimes afflicted with the melancholy of the padge-owl, but all his atrabilious humours vanished at the thought of the approaching hurly-burly. He saw everything in a golden mist, and he entered upon the conflict with the rapture, the hilarious joy he used to feel when, as a school boy, he looked forward to the dissipations of Bedford Fair. Henceforward he was a frequent guest at Erdington Grange, where he composed, or

\*Name submitted to the Birmingham Conservative Club, 5th June, 1878. He was adopted as candidate after July 23rd.

† Now Lord Calthorpe.



SIR J. BENJAMIN STONE.





ERDINGTON GRANGE, BIRMINGHAM.  
The Home of Sir Benjamin Stone. It was here that Burnaby prepared his political speeches.





burnished, most of his speeches, which he invariably, before delivering them in public, recited to Mr. Stone, and with scarcely a single deviation from the manuscript, although, when reported they, as a rule, filled five columns of a newspaper. Mr. Stone accompanied Captain Burnaby to most of his meetings, and he, Mr. Joseph Rowlands,\* Mr. J. Satchell Hopkins,† Mr. W. H. Greening,‡ and Mr. W. Barton, all of whom fought doughtily for the cause, figure frequently in the cartoons of *The Dart*|| and *The Owl*.§

“Why do you not try at some place less difficult than Birmingham?” enquired one of Burnaby’s friends. “If you were to tackle some county constituency—some peddling borough—you would, <sup>42—Burnaby and Gladstone.</sup> with your reputation, get in easily.”

“I never fly at small game,” replied Burnaby; “besides if I were to win Birmingham, I should be offered a place in the cabinet.” To others who lamented the hopelessness of the fight, he said, “I have a better chance than you suppose. The labouring classes are beginning to find out that, after all, the landed classes are their natural allies; and with the help of the Conservative working man I shall yet carry Birmingham.”

Burnaby’s early speeches were mainly condemnatory of Mr. Gladstone’s predilection for Russia; and a damaging statement which he made against Mr. Gladstone on 29th October, 1878, led the latter to enquire upon what foundation Burnaby rested his allegations. So Burnaby hurried to the Reading Room at the Junior Carlton Club, and raised round himself a barricade formed of the immense files of the *Times*. After a while,

\*Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Birmingham Conservative Association.

† President of the Birmingham Conservative Association.

‡ A prominent advocate of Bible Teaching in the Schools,

|| Drawn by G. F. Sershall and E. C. Mountfort. The latter is still living.

§ They were by George H. Bernasconi, who we believe, is dead. His son draws in his father’s style. *The Owl* was started in 1879, so it is now in its 30th year.

looking over the top of his fortress and addressing Mr. Rose Norton, he said, "Mr. Gladstone has written to me denying that he ever said the Turks should be driven bag and baggage out of Europe, and I am hunting for the speech."

"Mr. Gladstone did not say that," observed Mr. Norton. "The nearest approach to such a statement occurs in a pamphlet of his, entitled *Bulgarian Horrors*."

Burnaby procured the pamphlet, and after reading it, replied to Mr. Gladstone candidly admitting his error; and Mr. Gladstone wrote again to thank Burnaby for a letter exhibiting all the frankness of a soldier. Shortly afterwards the Prince of Wales (the present King) marched with the Blues, as their Colonel in Chief, from Trinity Church, Windsor, to the Barracks, where there was a parade; and Burnaby having noticed Mr. Gladstone among the spectators, invited him to stay and lunch with the prince and the officers.

Among the more sturdy of the Birmingham Conservative organizations was the Sparkbrook Club, of which Burnaby was president; Mr. Robert J. Buckley, the musical critic, now so well known as the biographer of Sir Edward Elgar, being one of the most active members of the committee.

When Burnaby visited the Sparkbrook Club Room, he had to stoop low in the doorway to save his head, and it is recalled that when he had signed the book he said, addressing the secretary, "D——d bad hand, eh!"

"No," was the reply, "but a small hand for so large a man."

"How thoroughly," observed Mr. Buckley, "Burnaby enjoyed the quite hopeless fight against such powerful Liberals as Bright, Chamberlain and Muntz! How good humoured were his remarks concerning his opponents! 'Muntz,' he said, 'always tops the poll, but that is only natural seeing that he has the least ability. We may not be able to get in first, but we'll give them a run.'" Once when he was speaking in the Town Hall



MRS. FRED BURNABY.

By permission of Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond  
(formerly Mrs. Fred Burnaby).



the vast crowds outside amused themselves by singing, hooting and groaning.

"Poor chaps," said Burnaby, "they brag of their freedom while they want to intimidate persons who dare to hold opposite opinions. They're singing 'Britons never shall be slaves,' while they're led by the nose by the caucus which consists of the myrmidons of Chamberlain, who has so perfectly succeeded in hood-winking the Birmingham people."

At a subsequent meeting held in the town a number of his enemies made so deafening a noise that his voice was quite drowned. He was equal to the occasion, however, for he at once sat down in front of the audience, took out a tobacco pouch and pipe, and having struck a match on his foot, smoked quite at his ease, while his opponents, most of whom were in the pit, imitated the roaring of a menagerie.

"I shall make my speech," remarked Burnaby during a lull, "if I sit here for a week"; and he did make it.

Among the posters which appeared on every local hoarding, was one representing a soldier receiving the lash, supposed to represent the kind of treatment meted to the populace become soldiers by aristocratic officers like Burnaby. At one of the meetings this poster was exhibited.

"What about this?" shouted the man who displayed it.

There was an uproar at once. "Put him out!" shouted the Conservatives.

"No, no," said Burnaby with a strong voice dominating the confusion, and waving his hands in sign of silence. "The gentleman has asked a question, and deserves a fair reply. He wishes to know what the picture represents. I understand it is intended to pourtray me as giving a good hiding to Chamberlain."

Of course everybody laughed, and Burnaby went on to point out the difference between Gladstone and Disraeli in dealing with the Russians. "Gladstone," he said,

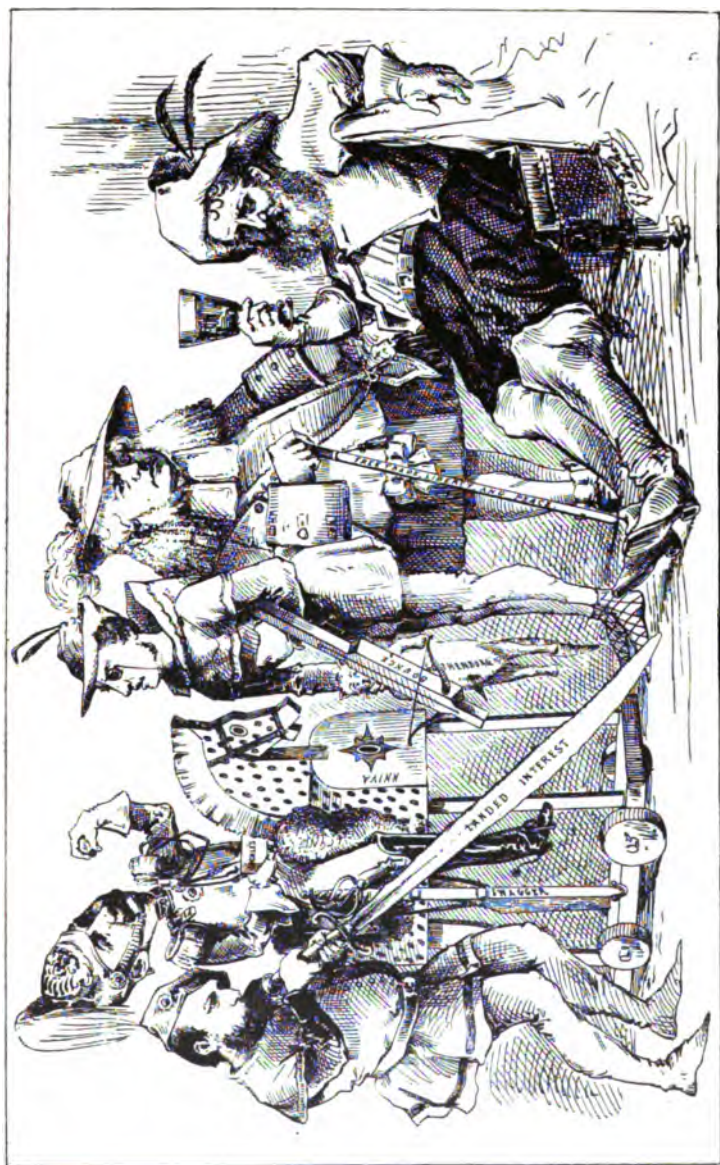
“made a fine speech and did nothing, Disraeli said nothing but sent a fleet to Besika Bay.”

Naturally the Liberals did not receive these attacks without retaliation ; and Mr. Chamberlain, in particular, who called Burnaby Captain Bobadil, replied with many a caustic remark. “We have all heard,” he once remarked, “of Burnaby’s ride into Khiva, but that will seem nothing when compared with his run out of Birmingham.”

Though these early speeches of Burnaby had all been repeated from memory, it must not be supposed that he followed his manuscript slavishly. The numerous interruptions provoked many an impromptu and racy digression, and his nimble wit and other natural gifts gave him all the force of an extempore speaker. The antagonism of his audiences, indeed, helped rather than hindered him. He was always self-collected on the platform, he discontinued his habit, for which he was taken to task by the *Owl*,\* of interspersing his speeches with slang, and his delivery improved rapidly ; but it was not until three years later that he developed the entirely new kind of political oratory, which held his hearers spell-bound and pulverised all opposition.

In the meantime he had proposed marriage to a young Irish heiress, Miss Elizabeth Hawkins-Whitshed, only daughter of Sir St. Vincent Bentinck  
 42—Marriage,  
 28th June,  
 1879.  
 Hawkins-Whitshed, Bart., of Killon-carrick, County Wicklow, a lady whose piquant beauty, charm of manner and intellectual gifts, had from his first acquaintance with her, held him in chains ; and the marriage took place at St. Peter’s Church, Onslow Gardens. Among the wedding presents was a gift from the Prince of Wales. At the end of August the bride and bridegroom paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Stone, and on the last day of that month they were feted in the Lower Grounds, Aston—the Marquis of Hertford, Lord Norton, the Hon. A. G. C. and

\* See Cartoon, 29th July, 1880.



THE BIRMINGHAM ELECTION. (From *The Dart*, 1st Feb., 1879.)

The Hon. A. C. G. Calthorpe, Captain Burnaby, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Mr. John Bright, Mr. Muntz.

Drawn by G. F. Sershall.







### THE BIRMINGHAM ELECTION.

From *The Dart*, 29th Nov., 1879.

**DON QUIXOTE** (Captain Burnaby) : Gave Bright a jacketing. " Eh, my trusty ? Was I right ? "

**SANCHO PANZA** (Mr. J. B. Stone) : " My lord, my lord, you'll come to grief if you measure lances with Sir John de Bright. "

*Drawn by G. F. Sershall.*



## MARRIAGE, & BIRMINGHAM ELECTION 163

Mrs. Calthorpe, Mr. Saul Isaac, M.P., Mr. S. S. Lloyd, M.P., the Hon. C. L. and Mrs. Adderley, Mr. and Mrs. Stone, Colonel and Mrs. Ratcliffe, and many other well-known persons being present.

A few days after this event Major\* and Mrs. Burnaby set out for Algiers, but between Paris and Marseilles they were snow-bound, and Mrs. Burnaby fell ill. On reaching Algiers she was discovered to be in the early stage of consumption, and, in obedience to doctors' orders, Burnaby took her to Switzerland—the sea journey being made in the company of his old friend, Captain Colville, who was also travelling with a newly-wedded wife. Mrs. Burnaby soon benefited from the Alpine air, and she has since spent much of her life in Switzerland.

Leaving Mrs. Burnaby at a sanatorium, Burnaby returned to England, and after delivering at Birmingham a speech in which he advocated a system of Protection as the only means of enabling Great Britain to compete with other States, he turned aside to help the Conservatives of Wolverhampton. The meeting was held in the Agricultural Hall; but as his intonation differed from that to which many of his hearers were accustomed, they fell foul of him, and greeted his references to India and Candahar with interrupting ejaculations of “h’yar, h’yar ! lawidaw.”

Having fixed his eye on a couple of the funny ones, Burnaby called out, “Pass those two men up to the front h’yah, will you.”

Sport having been scented, the two unfortunates were immediately hustled forward, looking very uncomfortable. Burnaby leaned over the platform, and having obtained a firm grip of each by the collar, he lifted them up, held them out straight, and carried them so suspended to the back of the platform. Depositing one in a chair, he said, “You sit there, little man !” and then carrying

\* Major, 11th September, 1879; Lieutenant-Colonel, 1880; Colonel, 1884.

the other, still, at the end of his extended arm, three yards further he dropped him into another chair with, "and you sit there, little man."

The effect was electric, the cheering loud and long. Burnaby on that occasion outdid himself as a speaker; there had never been a more successful political meeting in the town, and the result was the return of the first Conservative member for Wolverhampton.

Burnaby also assisted his cousin, General Burnaby, and Lord John Manners, who were contesting North Leicestershire; and he spoke at Leicester

**45—A Merry  
Mill at  
Leicester.**

where, in his huge great coat which he wore out of doors even in mild weather, he was a familiar figure. On one occasion when he rose to address a meeting held in the Temperance Hall, the rear of which had been monopolised by a party of roughs, the place suddenly became a pandemonium; and neither he nor any of his friends could obtain a hearing. Presently his eye flashed, his cheek flushed, and, amid a partial lull in the booing and jeering, he drew up his burly frame to its full height, and boldly announced that unless the noise immediately ceased, he would himself throw the disturbers out of the room. As the threat was met with derisive laughter and even challenges, he buttoned his coat, and despite the entreaties of his friends, he quitted the platform, stalked down the hall, and demanded to be shown the ringleader. Then singling out his man he ploughed his way through the crowd and felled him with a terrific blow. This was no sooner done than the friends of the fallen man rushed at Burnaby, who, revelling in the *melée*, struck out right and left—and every man who came within reach of his terrible fist fell sprawling—so that in a minute or two there was a clear space of six or seven feet around him. By this time, however, the damaged members of the gang had thought it prudent to retire from the hall, and Burnaby ploughed his way back to the platform amid a storm of cheers. The rest of the meeting



#### THE TOKY PLATFORM.

From *The Owl*, 20th November, 1879.

The figures are Burnaby, Mr. (now Sir) Benjamin Stone, and Mr. W. H. Greening (a prominent Birmingham Conservative and advocate of Bible Teaching in the Schools).



#### THE NEW PROFESSOR OF LANGUAGE.

From *The Owl*, 29th July, 1880.



was of an uneventful nature ; but when all was over Burnaby, on descending the steps of the hall, found a number of roughs waiting for him. On the appearance, however, of his colossal form, their valour forsook them, and he sauntered in his huge great coat, head and shoulders above the tallest of them, down the street and towards his hotel.

After one of the Birmingham meetings, as he was leaving the Aston Grounds, someone threw a potato and hit him, but though he looked round, he said nothing. A crowd of ruffians, however, having followed him to his cab, where they incommoded him by shouting, swearing, flinging insults and booing, he stretched out his left arm, and with the words "Get away!" he turned smartly round and tumbled four or five of them into a writhing confused heap. As he took his seat he said, looking down at the tangle of arms and legs, "I hope I haven't broken any of the beggars."

When Parliament was dissolved Burnaby was in France, and the Birmingham Conservatives sent for him post haste. He arrived on March 15th, <sup>46— The</sup> to be met on the New Street platform by <sup>Birmingham</sup> the leaders of the party ; and from that <sup>Election,</sup> day forward he and Mr. Calthorpe gave <sup>31st March,</sup> themselves no rest. At one of the meetings there was <sup>1890.</sup> continual interruption, and at last Burnaby shouted out, "You are the friends of Russia ; you are the friends of despots ; you are not Englishmen, you are simply tools in the hands of a despotic caucus." At another meeting, at which he appeared in a vivid green tie, as an insinuating compliment to the Irish voters, there was more rioting, and the Conservatives, on the principle that it is better to turn out wrong person rather than no person, seized a dirty, though, nevertheless, quite innocent scarecrow of a man and hustled him from the room. Burnaby, however, having expressed his regret that it had been necessary to expel "the gentleman with a black face," his opponents were mollified, and he was allowed



to expend whatever energy he pleased on Russia and the caucus. When his enemies retaliated by charging him, once more, with being an advocate of flogging in the army—he met the slander by a letter addressed to the *Birmingham Daily Gazette* (29th March 1880): “Infamous falsehoods,” he said, “are being circulated by members of the Liberal Association. They state that I have advocated the use of the cat on the private soldier. This is a gross misrepresentation. I have said that if the strongest opponent of the lash was a soldier, and his insubordinate disposition caused him to commit a breach of discipline in the face of the enemy, and he had to choose between twenty-five lashes or death, he would prefer the whip to undergoing the extreme penalty.”

Once when asked at a meeting whether he had not advocated, and even ordered the lash, he said from the platform, “Damned lie, that’s my answer.” On another occasion he replied to a heckler, “Anything about politics is in order, but to questions regarding my personal character I shall not reply. If it won’t stand alone, it must fall. I shall never run to its support”—surely a fine and dignified retort, and worthy of any hero in Plutarch or Sallust. For long the Radical party hated Burnaby, with a blind, rancorous and furious hatred. A town of factories and factory folk, of smoke, blacks and sweat, of wheels innumerable and the noise of wheels, had no sympathy—no fellow feeling—with the essenced aristocrat, the carpet knight, the heartless martinet, the bloody lash-advocate, as they had been taught to regard him. “Indeed,” says one of Burnaby’s friends, “there was no lie too stupid, no fabrication too gross, for his political opponents.” But little by little his splendid personality told on them, they abandoned, one by one, their cherished chimeras, and at last they got really to like him. Nomination day\* passed by without

\* Burnaby was nominated by Mr. J. B. Stone, J.P., Mr. John Lowe, J.P., Mr. S. S. Lloyd, Mr. G. C. Adkins, Mr. S. Hurst, Mr. J. D. Gillispie, Mr. (afterwards Sir) James Sawyer, Mr. John Flynn.



THE BIRMINGHAM ELECTION.

From *The Dart*, 14th Feb., 1880.

A Valentine to the Hon. A. C. G. Calthorpe.

NURSE STONE : " There's a good little boy. He'll soon begin to talk ! Ducky !

PAPA BURNABY : " And then won't he crow ! Give him a ridey pidey ! there !

*Drawn by G. F. Sershall.*





# JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE.

From *The Dart*, 13th March, 1880.

Burnaby and Chamberlain with the gloves, Mr. J. B. Stone holding pill box, Mr. Muntz touching Mr. Bright's shoulder, Mr. John Skirrow Wright under To Nottingham, Mr. Jesse Collings under To Ipswich.

Drawn by G. F. Sershall.



incident, for the Liberals were assured of victory, owing to their confidence that the order of their leaders, "Vote as you are told," would be strictly obeyed. Some wards were bidden to poll for Bright and Muntz, others for Muntz and Chamberlain, and others for Bright and Chamberlain. This they religiously did ; and the result of the poll, which took place on March 31st, was as follows :

Muntz, P. H. (L.) .....	22,969
Bright, John (L.) .....	22,079
Chamberlain, J. (L.) .....	19,544
Burnaby, Major (C.) .....	15,785
Calthorpe, Hon. A. C. G. (C.) .....	14,308

Burnaby was defeated, but he had shown splendid fight, and his party was soon to reap the benefits that resulted from his exertions. Sir James Sawyer, who succeeded Mr. J. Satchell Hopkins as President of the Birmingham Conservative Association, writes : " Captain Burnaby's service to Birmingham was great. Although unsuccessful in his own strenuous effort to give local representation in Parliament to the Conservative party, his work led to the success of Mr. Henry Matthews (now Lord Llandaff), who was returned for East Birmingham in 1886, and at once appointed Home Secretary."

On 10th May, 1880, Mrs. Burnaby presented her husband with a son, who received the names Harry Arthur Gustavus St. Vincent.\* " I have a son," said Burnaby incidentally to Mr. Wright, " and he bids fair to be as big as his father."

\* Harry, after Mr. Harry Villebois, one of his godfathers ; Arthur, after Mrs. Burnaby's cousin, the Duke of Portland, another god-father ; Gustavus, after his grandfather Burnaby ; St. Vincent after Mrs. Burnaby's father. About this time Burnaby removed from 29, Emperor's Gate, to 18, Charles Street.

## CHAPTER XI.

10TH DECEMBER 1881—4TH MARCH 1882.

### THE POWELL AND THE BRINE AND SIMMONS' ATTEMPTS TO CROSS THE CHANNEL.

Burnaby was not so absorbed in politics as to forget his old love, ballooning. For years one aeronaut after another had tried to cross the English Channel by balloon, but only to meet with failure. One of the most notable of the attempts was that made by M. Durouf and his wife, who ascended at Calais, 31st August, 1874, late in the evening. After drifting about all night they dropped into the German ocean whence after great privations, they were rescued by a fishing smack. Among the sympathisers of the unfortunate couple who, owing to the destruction of their balloon, found themselves in difficult straits, was Captain Burnaby, who raised contributions for them; and when, later, they made an ascent from the Crystal Palace in a balloon kindly lent by Mr. Coxwell, he helped still further to swell their pockets by becoming one of the voyagers. Besides making occasional ascents at this time himself, he was present at all the principal ascents made by others. He took a keen interest in the balloon race which occurred on 4th September, 1880, when eight aerostats competed—the winner being *The Owl*, which carried Mr. Wright, Commander Cheyne, Mr. Pullan, and an American gentleman; and also in the International Contest, on October 21st of the same year, between England, represented by Mr. Wright in the *Eclipse*, and France, represented by

47— Terrible  
Death of Mr.  
Walter Powell,  
10th Dec., 1881.

M. de Fonvielle, in the *Academie d'Aerostation Météorologique de France*. The Frenchman descended in the mud off Hayling island, and Mr. Wright, who was proclaimed winner, at a spot on dry land a mile distant. After the race one of Burnaby's friends wrote to Mr. Wright: "I knew you could do the job well, and I told the general that the Frenchman would never follow you about, and if he only went on long enough that you would drown him, and you devilish near did as far as I can make out. How sick those French coves must have been! How about Lord Coxwell, he must be down a peg I should think?"

As we look back on those times, the old rivalries between Mr. Wright and Mr. Coxwell, and French and English are sufficiently amusing; but one fact must not be lost sight of in connection with this contest—namely, that the Frenchman's ambition evidently was not only to beat Mr. Wright, but to cross the channel, and thus accomplish what the Duroufs had failed to do in 1874. He approached as near to the sea as he dared, and on finding that the wind would not allow him to carry out his idea, he descended, with the result of a damaged balloon. This ambition to cross the channel, which fired so many contemporary aeronauts, was a little later to have a far more tragic result.

Among those who were bitten with the craze was Mr. Walter Powell, M.P. for Malmesbury, who asked Mr. Wright\* to lend him a balloon for the purpose of crossing the Channel on July 12th, 1881. In reply Mr. Wright begged him to abandon the idea, at any rate until he had had more experience with balloons; but the advice was only thrown away, and Mr. Powell determined to make the attempt on the first opportunity. Later he ascended once or twice with Mr. Wright and he also made a number of ascents that summer in a balloon of his own. But his infatuation for aeronautics was destined to be his doom, as it has been the doom of so

\* The letter is dated 10th July, 1881.



many far more experienced aeronauts. It had been arranged that on the tenth of December—which turned out to be a cloudy day with threatenings of snow—he should make an ascent from Bath in the *Saladin*, in the company of Captain Templer and Mr. Agg-Gardner. The balloon sailed straight for Exeter and on reaching Eype near Bridport the voyagers attempted to descend. Captain Templer and Mr. Agg-Gardner were thrown out of the car—the latter sustaining a fracture of the leg ; and the balloon, with Mr. Powell in it, rose suddenly to a great height, and was carried out to sea. And so in the words of an old boat builder, the only witness of the accident, “Walter Powell,” who was last seen waving his hands to his friends, “drifted amid the snow clouds into the thick night, with Death above, Death below, Death all around—and nobody able to help.”

The following account of the disaster was sent by Captain Templer to Mr. Wright, as the leading authority on aeronautics.

Mountfield,  
Bridport,  
December 21st, 1881.

Dear Wright,

Everything was done that possibly could have been, and there is no blame to either of us. It was blowing about 85 miles an hour. The car went right over, pitching me out as I was holding on the valve. I had a good place, and was dragged about 60 yards. A squall struck her, and the valve rope cut its way through the flesh of my hands. I called Powell to come out, but he (I think he imagined he could get her in under the cliff on the beach) did not come out but stood up. I then fancy he had an idea of crossing over (to France) for he waved one hand. When he had been gone six minutes I fancied the balloon was not going up, and I got nervous and went off to see if I could do anything ; you know the rest. I am waiting here as a reliable man.

## ATTEMPTS TO CROSS THE CHANNEL 177

Mr. Good\* fancies he saw the balloon drop in the bay. I have dragged the spot, and am still searching. I shall be in London on Tuesday, and will let you know where to see me. I should have come down at Symondsbury, but Powell, who had worked the balloon, parted with a big bag of ballast to get over a house. I opened the valve immediately and never eased it again."

Not only was poor Powell never seen again, no vestige of his balloon was ever found.

This terrible accident, far from causing aeronauts to abandon the idea of crossing the channel, only made them the more desirous to accomplish the feat. Among these ambitious ones was Colonel Brine, R.E., who requested Mr. Wright both to lend a balloon and to accompany him on the proposed trip. Mr. Wright for various reasons declined, but he introduced Colonel Brine to another aeronaut, Mr. Joseph Simmons, who showed himself agreeable. Colonel Brine and Mr. Simmons made their ascent at Canterbury on March 4th, 1882, at 11.30, and an hour later the balloon passed over Dover, whence it was watched by an interested crowd. For a time the wind continued to drive them in the direction of France, but when they were some ten miles from land it suddenly changed, and the aeronauts found themselves making straight for the German ocean. Believing that the only safe way was to descend into the sea and take their chance of being picked up, they put on their cork jackets and opened the valve. The gas rushed out, and they fell with rapidity into the water.

"We are dead men!" said Colonel Brine.

"No," said Simmons, "the car will float us both."

In the meantime the anxiety on the sea front was intense, for by means of glasses the balloon had been seen to drop into the water. After a time, to the relief and joy of the spectators, a steamer, which proved to be the *Foam* from Calais, was observed approaching the

\* No doubt the boat builder.

unfortunate aeronauts. It reached the car. But had it reached it in time ? An hour later the *Foam* steamed along side the Admiralty Pier, with the aeronauts and their collapsed balloon on board, and the car hanging over the vessel's side. A tumultuous cheer rent the air ; and the aeronauts stepped on shore little the worse for their adventure. Still it had been a frightfully narrow escape,\* for when rescued they were above their knees in water. Burnaby, who had been paying a visit to Tunis, happened a few hours after this event to be crossing the Channel, on his way home, in the Calais-Dover boat ; and the daring of the two aeronauts monopolised the passengers' conversation. On arriving in London, he sought out Mr. Simmons, who declared that his failure was owing to the change of wind, which had suddenly shifted from north to south-west. Burnaby, however, embraced the theory that at different altitudes a breeze can be found blowing in a different direction from the current of air to be met with near earth or sea ; and he asseverated that had the baffled aeronauts been provided with sufficient ballast to enable them to ascend to a high altitude, they would have met with a favourable breeze.

\* Mr. Simmons died in 1889 from injuries sustained in a balloon accident at Ulting, near Maldon, Essex, 26th August, 1889.

## CHAPTER XII.

4TH MARCH 1882—5TH JUNE 1882.

### ACROSS THE CHANNEL BY BALLOON.

#### BIBLIOGRAPHY :

10. A Ride Across the Channel and other Adventures in the Air 1882.
11. The Life, Adventures and Political Opinions of Frederick Gustavus Burnaby, by R. K. Mann. (Revised by Burnaby 1882).

On leaving Mr. Simmons, Burnaby determined to attempt to cross the Channel himself—ascending from Dover or Folkestone—and he at once wrote to Mr. Wright, requesting the loan of a balloon for the purpose. Mr. Wright replied immediately, and with enthusiasm. “I have,” he said, “a balloon that will just suit you. Unlike Simmons’s, which was small, old and leaky, it is nearly new, and it holds 86,000 feet of gas.” He further added, though this was scarcely a recommendation, that “poor Powell had once made an ascent in it”; and in a postscript, he expressed his desire to accompany Colonel Burnaby in the trip. But even had Burnaby been a lighter man, it is questionable whether he would have accepted the offer of Mr. Wright’s company, for he was unwilling (and naturally) to share with another whatever glory might be obtained from the adventure; and he asserted that a balloon containing 86,000 feet of gas could not carry two men as many hours as the voyage was likely to take. “I should be delighted,” he said to

Mr. Wright, "to make an ascent with you for any inland excursion, but for the voyage across the Channel I shall want every *available* pound of ballast, and must go alone"—a piece of characteristic humour, which Mr. Wright, himself a humorist, thoroughly appreciated. Mr. Wright's reasons for wishing to accompany Colonel Burnaby were three—first an affection for his balloon, similar to that of a captain for his ship; secondly, a love of daring; and thirdly, the belief that his practical experience, which was much greater than Burnaby's, would be more likely to make the voyage a success; while Burnaby's opinion that the balloon would not carry the two men a sufficient number of hours, he did not share. However, nothing could induce Burnaby to modify his plans, and on March 17th he wrote to Mr. Wright as follows:

Friday, March 17th, (1882),

18, Charles Street.

Dear Mr. Wright,

I have received enclosed\* from Dover, but would prefer Folkestone. As to the journey; as I told you before, I *must go alone*. From Bedford I could let you accompany me, but not across the Channel. Wire back if you will be at Folkestone or Dover on Monday next with the balloon, as I can be there on Monday evening.

Yours very truly,

Fred Burnaby.

Dover having been decided on, Mr. Wright at once despatched his balloon, the *Eclipse*, to that town. Burnaby had counted on being able to ascend on March 22nd at sunrise, but, owing to the inability of the authorities at the gas works to oblige him, there occurred a delay of twenty-four hours, which was the more exasperating as the wind blew that morning straight on Calais. However, as nothing further could be done, Burnaby and Mr. Wright, accompanied by Henry Storey†—Radford's

\* No doubt a letter from the Dover Gasworks.

† Storey joined the Royal Horse Guards, 9th May, 1877, and he left in 1898, after serving 23 years. For a time Burnaby was served by a German named Luie.

successor—strolled about the town and visited the cemetery in order to see Radford's grave.

By this time the newspapers had announced the proposed ascent, all England was expectant, and Burnaby lived in hourly dread lest he should be ordered back to town by a telegram from the Commander-in-Chief. The manager of the *Daily Telegraph* wired that he had a correspondent\* eager to accompany him; but Burnaby, though grateful to that newspaper for the cordiality it had over and over again manifested towards him, could not bring himself to divide the glory.

Mr. Wright did everything in his power to make the voyage a successful one. For example, on March 21st, in order to save valuable time, he laid out the silk on the ground, and having procured tarpaulins, placed them under and over the netting. "I had not thought of this," comments Burnaby, "and felt indeed fortunate that I had so experienced an aeronaut to inflate the balloon for me."

"You will be careful in packing her up," said Mr. Wright, "if you come down safely; and should she burst, remember to let go this cord—and he pointed to the neck-line—not that she is likely to burst, still I should like a little piece of paper, just to say you *are* responsible for the balloon—something to show, in case you should not return."

With a witticism relative to the gruesome hint conveyed in the request, Burnaby picked up a piece of paper, which turned out to be a billhead of the Dover Gas Light Company, and he wrote on it—

March 28rd, 1882.

I agree to be responsible to Mr. Wright for all damage or loss incurred by him through any accident happening to his balloon, in which I ascend to-day.

Fred Burnaby, Royal Horse Guards."†

"I am afraid," said Burnaby jocosely to Mr. Wright,

\* No doubt, Mr. Bennet Burleigh.

† This is now in the possession of the author.

"you think a good deal more of the safety of your balloon than you do of me."

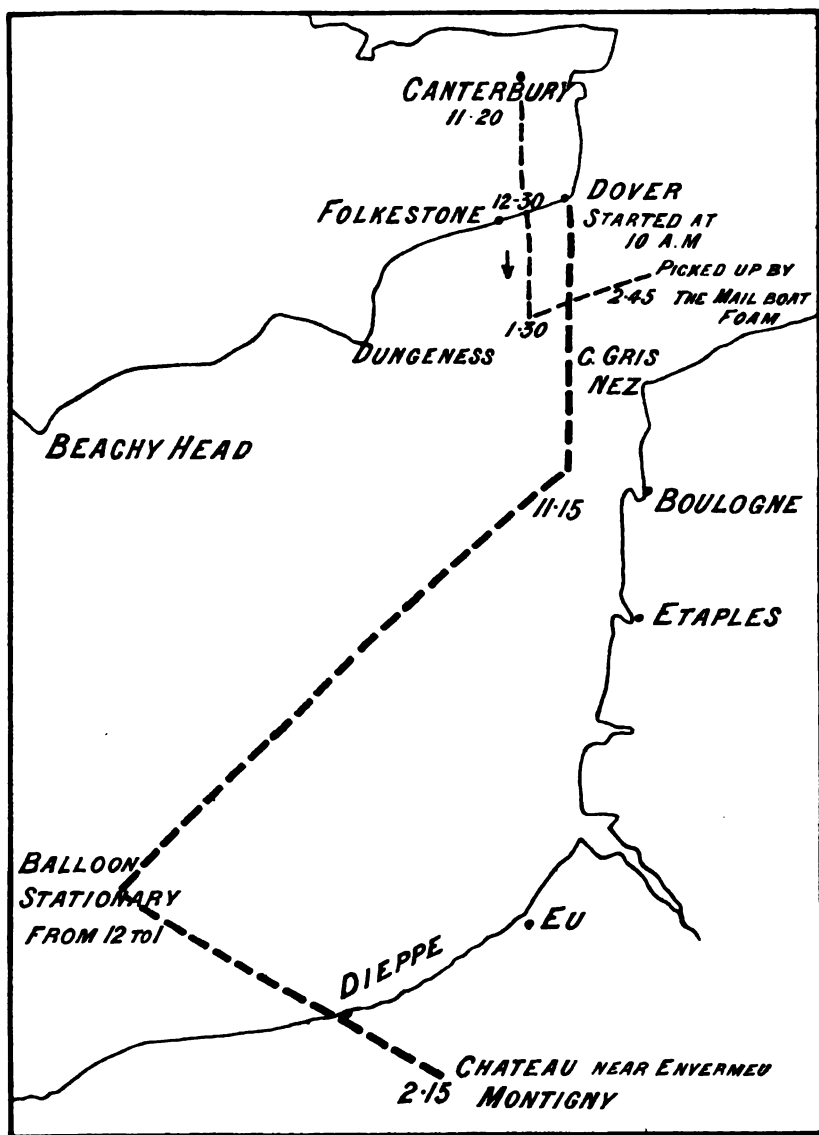
"If, sir," replied Mr. Wright, "I had not the greatest confidence in your experience as an aeronaut, I would not trust you with it. I am granting to you what I refused to Colonel Brine."

The wind howled all night, and Burnaby felt, as he listened, that there would be little chance of an ascent next day. However he rose at 4.30, to be greeted by Storey with the gratifying information, "The wind is in the right direction, sir; all the weathercocks point to the north." Having pelted Mr. Wright's window with small stones, he hastened to the gasworks, noticing with gratification as he strode along that the pennon on the flag staff of the castle pointed straight to Boulogne. Mr. Wright promptly withdrew the tarpaulins, which were caked with ice; and then, having removed his boots, he walked over the envelope to see whether it had sustained any damage. The balloon having begun to fill (and it was a handsome red aerostat striped with yellow) a considerable crowd had appeared—all the influential people of Dover being present. The balloon having assumed its full pear shape, the moment for starting seemed to have arrived. But Mr. Wright, who wished her to go up as symmetrically as possible, pleaded for "Just one puff more."

Seated in the car, with his elbows on the rim, dressed in a striped coat and a close skull cap, Burnaby, whose sole luggage consisted of a few sandwiches and a bottle of Apollinaris (for unlike Brine and Simmons he carried neither buoy nor cork-jacket), waited impatiently five minutes longer.

At last Mr. Wright was satisfied. "And now, good luck to you," he said, "but—once more—in case of accident, don't forget the neckline."

The start was not a good one, and it was only by throwing over a bag of ballast just in time that Burnaby was able to clear the gasworks chimney. The heat presently



THE BRINE AND SIMMONS' BALLOON VOYAGE

(faint dashes), 4th March, 1882.

BURNABY'S BALLOON VOYAGE

(heavy dashes), 23rd March, 1882.





became oppressive; and in order to protect his nape from the sun, he made a puggaree of his handkerchief. Below him moved a Dover and Calais boat. "Still as possible," he says, "it glided above the waves; and, a bad sailor, I could not help congratulating myself that I was not experiencing that up-and-down and rocking movement so extremely disagreeable in the Channel." Flashes of light, which came irregularly from Dover castle, showed him that the military there were signalling with a heliograph, and he regretted his ignorance of the code. By 11.15 England had entirely disappeared and Boulogne came in view, but at the same time the sky became overcast, causing the gas in the balloon to condense, with the result of a rapid descent. The warning was conveyed to Burnaby by a cracking sensation in his ears, and in two minutes he dropped a third of a mile. The rapidity of the descent was also proved by the fact that some scraps of paper which he threw out, had the appearance of flying up instead of down, and presently he found himself disagreeably close to the water. He flung over a bag of ballast, but without effect, and it was not until three more bags had followed it, that he began to rise. A still more serious condition of things was the fact that the balloon, which had so far drifted straight from Dover, to Boulogne, now moved almost at right angles to that line and down mid-channel.

A dead calm followed. Below on the water he could see the balloon's shadow. The sea gulls cried round him. "Unless there is a change," he soliloquised, "I shall soon be food for the fishes." Presently two smacks came within sight, and their crews made signs for him to descend. But his only reply was to drop a *Times* newspaper upon them. "I shall be able to remain up more than three hours," said he to himself; and then, being sharp set, he took out a sandwich—and, with his lunch in one hand and a barometer in the other, he waited for a change of wind. A ripple in the waves having led him to believe that there was a current of air below, he let out some gas—

only to discover that the ripple had been caused, not by the wind, but by a shoal of fishes. He was now within 500 feet of the water, and the crews of the smacks again shouted to him ; but although becalmed in mid-channel within five hours of darkness and in a balloon which could not remain in the air more than three hours, he still refused the assistance of the friendly fellows. He was determined, if possible, to succeed where Brine, Simmons and so many others had failed. Nevertheless, at no great distance from the spot over which he hung, had perished only a few weeks previously the ill-fated Mr. Powell ; and he knew that should the calm continue, or should a wind sweep down the channel instead of across it, his fate would be the same. The temptation to give in had been severe. Twenty times he said to himself, "How easy it would be to descend. I need not even get a wetting." But he successfully combated his weakness.

The fishermen waited about a quarter of an hour, and then, as he showed no signs of descending, they waved their hands and moved away. He still possessed five bags of ballast, and besides these, there was, of course the car, which he intended as a last resource, (after seating himself on the hoop of the balloon) to cut away. Then, despite the danger from the escaping gas, and with the naughty schoolboy sort of feeling, that he was too far from England for Mr. Wright to know, he lighted a cigar. We have already mentioned his theory in respect to varying currents of air at varying heights ; and he now resolved to put his theory to the test. So he flung over two of the bags of ballast. Straightway the balloon rose seven thousand odd feet, still there was no movement forwards. Only three bags remained—two small ones and a big one filled with stones. He threw out the small bags, and presently attained an attitude of 10,000 feet, where he passed, as he had anticipated, into a stream of air driving in a southerly direction. His theory had proved correct, and in a few minutes he was

sailing cheerily over Dieppe, which he sketched in his pocket book.

All danger past, he grew sportive, and on passing over a man ploughing with two oxen and a horse, he dropped a little fine sand. The man started, evidently at a loss to know whence the dust had fallen. Presently he looked straight above him, and then he threw himself on his back, gazing into the clouds, with his hands stretched out in astonishment and his legs in the air. The descent was made in a masterly manner, and nothing could exceed the kindness and courtesy of the French peasants, who flocked from all sides to Burnaby's assistance.

In the meantime people at home had become extremely anxious on his account. The editors of newspapers waited impatiently for telegrams, and when the Rev. Evelyn Burnaby called at the office of the *Morning Post* early in the morning, he found the editor, Sir A. Borthwick (now Lord Glenesk) with two articles in front of him—one to be used in case of Burnaby's success, the other in case of his death. At his first opportunity Burnaby despatched to Mr. Wright a telegram that was not wanting in humour—a message of the kind that would have been acceptable to Sancho Panza's wife, who always wanted to know first of all whether the ass was safe. It ran "Your balloon uninjured. Wind changed mid-channel. Afterwards for a time becalmed over sea. Eventually found southerly current at high altitude. Descended Chateau de Montigny, Envermeu, Normandy. Voyage difficult, but very amusing."

No telegram was sent to anyone else. Nevertheless on the same afternoon two telegrams—purporting to have been received, one from Colonel Burnaby and one from a friend of his—reached the Press. Mr. Wright, who was naturally indignant that the contents of a private telegram to him should have been divulged to a third person, and not only so, but before he himself had seen it, complained to the Secretary of the Submarine Telegraph

Company ; and Colonel Burnaby was also annoyed. The excuse made by the Company was that they had complied with a request which had been made to them for the news because the question of the Colonel's safety was one of public interest.

Other letters followed, and not only was the whole of the correspondence sent to the Press, but the matter was brought before Parliament. The Postmaster General, though he expressed his opinion that the contents of the telegram referred to ought not to have been divulged, observed that the Post Office had no power in the matter, as the various Telegraph Acts, which ensured the secrecy of British inland telegrams, did not apply to telegrams transmitted through foreign companies. As, however, the desire of Colonel Burnaby and Mr. Wright was merely to serve the public by drawing general attention to a scandalous state of affairs, they attained their end.

Next morning as Evelyn Burnaby was walking down St. James's Street he met his brother, heavily wrapped up as usual, but looking as blithe as a lark—the sense that he had once more achieved something really difficult having imparted fresh life to him ; but while they breakfasted together he said, “ I have had the nearest squeak, Evelyn, I ever had.”

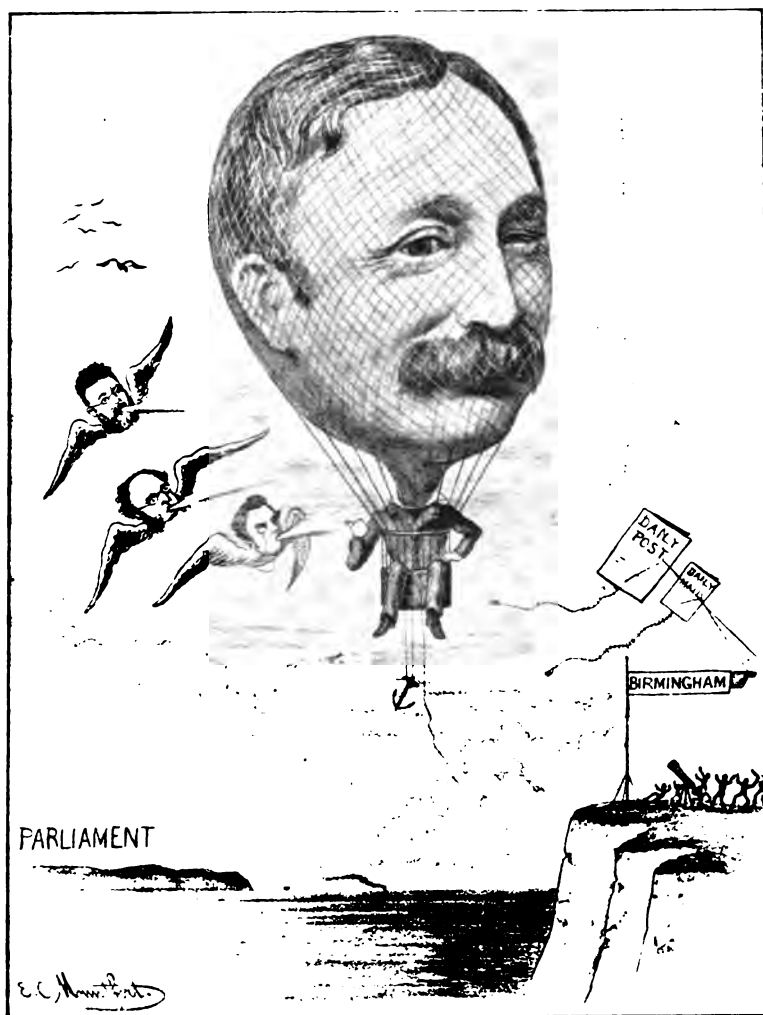
It was Burnaby's boast that he never punned, but that evening, when he was one of the guests at a dinner given by the Fishmongers' Company in their hall, near London Bridge, he fell sadly.

“ You ought not to be here,” observed another guest, “ Your place is with the fowls of the air, not with the fish of the sea.”

“ I don't mind,” he replied, shamelessly, “ where they put me, as long as they don't make *game* of me.”

It had been arranged that Mr. Wright should call at 18, Charles Street the next day—Saturday—in order to look over the account of the voyage which Burnaby had written for publication by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.

On the way there Mr. Wright met Mr. Bennet Burleigh,



### FRED'S NEXT ATTEMPT.

From *The Dart*, 31st March, 1882.

He is trying to sail from Birmingham to Parliament. The Rev. R. W. Dale (with full beard), Mr. F. Schnadhorst, and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain are blowing him back. Mr. Schnadhorst was the Liberal Agent. He was largely instrumental in introducing the Caucus System.

Drawn by E. C. Mountfort.



subsequently the famous war correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, but then a young man just entering on his career.

Mr. Burleigh, who knew Mr. Wright very well, asked where he was going.

"To call on Colonel Burnaby," was the reply.

"Well," said Mr. Burleigh, "I should be very glad to see him, too. Indeed that's what I came here for. Will you introduce me?"

So they entered the house together, and Mr. Wright was conducted up to Burnaby's study.

"I have a friend downstairs," said Mr. Wright, "do you mind seeing him too?"

On learning who the friend was, Burnaby said, "Not now. I've promised my publisher that I will not give information to anyone; but I'll see him after you and I have had our little talk."

Business done, Mr. Wright introduced Mr. Burleigh, and on the Monday morning (March 27th), though Burnaby told Mr. Burleigh nothing whatever about his journey, a detailed and accurate account of it appeared in the columns of *The Daily Telegraph*. How Mr. Burleigh obtained the information, we prefer not to say, except that certainly Mr. Wright did not give it him. The feat, was, however, but one of the many accomplished by a smart and gifted journalist, who subsequently did far greater things. Mr. Burleigh some time later met Burnaby at the house of Mr. Levi Lawson, now Lord Burnham, and as a result of this meeting, there ensued between them a warm friendship, which was cemented by their fellow interest in ballooning and other subjects.

On the Saturday night Burnaby left London for Windsor where, the report of his exploit having preceded him, he received the heartiest of welcomes from his brother officers and the men.

On the Sunday the Guards, as usual, attended service at the Garrison Church, Windsor. Canon Robins occupied



the pulpit, and in the course of a most eloquent sermon, he roguishly remarked, with a side glance at the officers' pew, where Colonel Burnaby was conspicuous, "Ah, my friends, how often in the course of our weary pilgrimage we cast our eyes longingly at the far distant shore, and long for a favouring breeze to spring up and carry us to the haven whither we would be."

A little later, when Burnaby was on duty at Windsor Castle, the Duke of Cambridge reprimanded him for quitting England without obtaining leave of absence from headquarters; but he added nothing more terrible than the remark that "valuable lives ought not to be risked in such freaks."

Of course there was endless chaff at Burnaby's expense, although nobody could have enjoyed that chaff quite so much as the object of it. His political enemies gloated over the supposition that his luck in being able to accomplish his end was chequered by the humiliation he had to endure at the instance of the War Office. They called him Captain Cockle Apollinaris Burnaby, because he had paid a tribute to Cockle's Pills in his *Ride to Khiva*, and had taken a bottle of Apollinaris with him in the balloon, and they appended to the popular song "Up in a Balloon Boys," the lines:

But Burnaby, oh Burnaby,  
When you go again;  
You'd better take your journey by  
A steamboat and a train.

Even the dead poets could not leave him alone, for according to *Judy*, Dr. Watts was inspired to write of him:

How doth the lengthy Burnabee  
Improve his afternoon,  
By riding gaily o'er the sea  
Adrift in a balloon.

In *Punch*,\* Burnaby's face resolved itself into the bag of a balloon, carrying a car freighted with Apollinaris water and Cockle's pills, while the letterpress likened him

\* 1st April, 1882.

to Horatius Cockles, and insisted that he ought to be member for Airshire.

A few days previous the elephant Jumbo had been despatched, not without maudlin English sighs, to America; and the *Daily News*, in a good humoured article, linked the events as follows: "Jumbo is afloat on the water, and Colonel Burnaby is, or was, afloat in the air. Colonel Burnaby is himself a sort of human and attractive Jumbo. . . . Colonel Burnaby has many gallant and sturdy characteristics. He has done bold things. He has made daring ventures, and he has accomplished much success. He is a man of one side of whose character at least England has reason to be proud. Indeed, if he would keep out of politics . . . he might be viewed by his countrymen with unmingled admiration."

Burnaby's account of his journey appeared on April 5th, 1882, with the title of *A Ride Across the Channel*; and the first copy that came to his hand he sent to Mr. Wright, with the following words in autograph:

"To Mr. Wright, the celebrated aeronaut, without whose valuable services in filling the balloon I should not have been able to accomplish my ride across the channel.

Fred Burnaby, April 5th, 1882.

18, Charles Street, Grosvenor Square.

Burnaby next proposed to make an ascent with Mr. Wright from Bedford on the approaching Whit-Monday (June 5th) but, as the following letter will show, he was not able to carry out his intention.

18, Charles Street, Grosvenor Square,

50—The Proposed  
Ascent from  
Bedford, Whit-  
Monday, 1882.

May 10th, '82.

Dear Mr. Wright,

Alas, it has been officially intimated to me that the Commander-in-Chief does not approve of my ascending in balloon. Hence to my regret, I shall be unable to keep my promise to you as long as I am on full pay.

When my term of full pay service has expired, I will

redeem my promise, and will make several ascents with you.

Yours very sincerely,

Fred Burnaby.

Although Burnaby was obliged to abandon his idea of accompanying Mr. Wright—and, a native of Bedford, it was a keen disappointment to him—he expressed the hope of being able to witness the ascent ; but apparently he received another communication from headquarters, for on May 18th, he wrote as follows :

18, Charles Street,  
Grosvenor Square,  
May 18th, '82.

Dear Mr. Wright,

I much regret that I have a previous engagement for Whit-Monday, which will absolutely prevent my being present at Bedford on that day, much as I should have liked to attend.

Wishing you success, and regretting that I shall be unable to accompany you in the air.

Believe me,

Yours very truly,

Fred Burnaby.

Pray remember me to my old Bedford friends and old schoolfellows who may witness your ascent.

Mr. Wright conveyed his balloon to Bedford, and in the presence of an enormous crowd, which behaved riotously and broke into the ring, he attended to the preliminaries ; but, being billed to ascend next day at Dudley, instead of entering the car himself he sent up a substitute—his assistant, Mr. Lewis Hammett, who was accompanied by the Rev. William Beckett, of Bedford, and Mr. Frederick Smith, of Olney.

Although thwarted in his plans, Burnaby's interest in aeronautics suffered no diminution ; and a little later he wrote for the *Fortnightly Review*,\* an article containing his views on " The Possibilities of Ballooning." After

\* It appeared in May, 1884.

giving a succinct account of the history of the pear-shaped aerostat from 21st November, 1773, when De Roziers and the Marquis d'Arlandes made their memorable ascent down to the time of Coxwell and Wright, not forgetting the achievements of Charles,\* Lunardi,† and Green—he points out the great value of captive balloons in time of war, and expresses his satisfaction that owing to the exertions of Captain Templer and Major Elsdale, the Woolwich authorities had at last determined to establish a balloon corps.

In reference to the oft-repeated assertion that it would be possible to reach the North Pole in a balloon, he mentioned that he had received numerous letters from people who declared that they could guide an aerostat. "I should be very glad," he observes, "to make the gentlemen referred to a present of £100, if they will select two places, twenty miles apart, go in a free aerostat from one spot to the other, and return without anchoring the balloon or recharging it with gas."

"What we require," he continues, "is a machine which, itself heavier than the atmosphere, will be able to strike a blow on the air in excess of its own weight. Machinery worked by steam is much too heavy for this purpose; electricity some day, perhaps, will be available. Inventors should never forget that a bird is heavier than the air, and that the bird flies because its strength enables it to overcome the difference between its weight and that of the atmosphere it displaces. To put the case in a nutshell, aerial navigation is a mere question of lightness and force."

So far as the solution of the problem—how to navigate the air—is concerned, the ordinary pear-shaped balloon had, in Burnaby's opinion, done more harm than good, and he looked for the barrel, tube or cigar-shaped aerostat to be propelled by machinery. Such were the views

\* Charles ascended in a silk aerostat inflated with hydrogen, 1st Dec., 1783.

† The first ascent made in England was by Lunardi in Sept., 1784.

of one who knew more about ballooning, and did more for ballooning, than any other man of his day,\* but in private conversation he expressed himself still more strongly. He foresaw, indeed, the achievements of the modern airship.

\* Mr. Wright laid claim to being a practical man, and a practical man only.

## CHAPTER XIII.

5TH JUNE 1882—DECEMBER 1888.

### TRAVELS IN SPAIN AND TUNIS; BURNING SPEECHES.

In 1882, when the troubles in the Soudan, fruit of the Mahdi's activity, commenced, Burnaby fully expected to be put on active service; consequently when the command of the detachment of the Blues ordered out was given to Lieutenant-Colonel Hume, he was deeply disappointed. Nor did a difference which he had with General Owen Williams about this time tend to soothe his mind. General Williams, exasperated on account of certain military opinions expressed by Burnaby, had commenced proceedings against him; but, as the result of a conference between the friends of the litigants, the dispute was settled, each party agreeing to pay his own costs.

Burnaby spent the summer of 1882 partly in London and partly at Somerby Hall; and on October 20th he entertained the Prince and Princess of Wales and other persons of distinction to welcome back to their old quarters Lieutenant-Colonel Hume and his men. He was also a guest at a banquet given in the Holborn Town Hall, at which some five hundred Blues were present, and he responded to the toast of "The Officers of the Horse Guards," making a rousing speech chiefly by way of tribute to the men who had "charged at Kassassin." During the early part of 1888 he was confined to his house by illness, and on his recovery he paid a visit to Spain, in the company of his friend, the late Mr. Henri Deutsch. While at Madrid they lunched with the King and Queen

(Alphonso XII. and Christina); and the letter home written just after the incident, has been preserved. "We arrived here," it runs, "the day before yesterday, having travelled through from Paris in thirty-eight hours. The same day we arrived we received a letter from Count S——, the Chamberlain of the King, appointing the following day at six p.m. for an audience of his Majesty. We went there at that hour in evening dress, and were the first to be shown into the Sovereign's presence. He was very amiable, and introduced me to the Queen, who speaks English well, and showed me his child, a little girl of about two years old. He then said, 'I am afraid I cannot keep the other people waiting. Come and lunch with us tomorrow at 12.30. Only the family, you know. I want so much to have a long talk with you.' " Of course we accepted. After dinner that evening we went to Señor C——'s box at the opera. The house was full of all the beauty of Madrid, and the King and Queen were in the Royal box, and nodded several times to us during the opera. I met many old friends in the house, and enjoyed myself very much. To-day we went to the Palace. I sat on the left-hand of the Queen, who was very agreeable. Then there was a Spanish General, whom I had known some twelve years ago, and in addition the English governesses, or companions, of the Princesses. Nothing could exceed the kindness of the family. The King reminded me of his visits to me when he was in exile in London, and of how he had then partaken of my hospitality. After luncheon the King lit a cigar and we smoked, the ladies talking to us all the while. He is a young man of about twenty-five years of age, dark and good-looking, tall, with large eyes, and a very intelligent face."

On taking leave of their Majesties, Burnaby presented the Queen with a copy of a work written by Mrs. Burnaby—*The High Alps in Winter*—and by the end of the month he was back again in England.

In May he took part in a political gathering at Birmingham, and at the banquet that followed he replied to the

toast of the "Two Houses of Parliament." He glorified the House of Lords, which in years gone by had "fought for the liberties of the people of England against tyrannical sovereigns," and he deplored the neglect of business in the House of Commons, which he attributed to "the intense verbosity of Mr. Gladstone and his slavish following." At a luncheon served in the Masonic Hall,\* he was greeted with an ovation—"the entire company standing and cheering him lustily"; and he spoke at a public meeting held afterwards in the Town Hall, his speech being eulogistic of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gibson (the guests of the occasion), and of the Conservative policy, and condemnatory of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, and their "Pharisaic following."

The exertions made at these and other meetings told, however, on his health; and bronchitis and inflammation of the lungs brought him so low that Mrs. Burnaby was sent for from Switzerland in order to nurse him. On his recovery they planned a joint tour in Spain, but Mrs. Burnaby's health again breaking down, the idea was abandoned; and she, having, by medical advice, returned to Switzerland, Burnaby, accompanied only by his servant Storey, sailed for Gibraltar,† where he was welcomed by Sir John Adie, the governor, who "took him for a ghost." He had scarcely landed when news came of the death of General Burnaby, and a number of newspaper men having mistaken one cousin for the other, wrote some flattering obituary notices, which were read with both surprise and relish by the "corpse." From Gibraltar, Burnaby and his servant took steamer to Cadiz, and thence he travelled by train to his favourite Seville, where he renewed acquaintance with old friends and old scenes. At his next stopping place, Huelva, he was present at the dinner given on the occasion of the opening of the newly finished English Hotel, "The Colon"—his name being the first in the visitors' book. From

\* March 29th.

† On 30th May, 1883.



Huelva he and Storey proceeded, via Madrid, to Alhama de Aragon, where he took the vapour baths, and ascended a mountain on foot, in order to see whether his heart was really affected, as the doctors had averred.

Shortly after his return to England, he "conceived the kindly notion" of giving a farewell dinner on the occasion of the departure of his friend, Mr.

52—Concerning Henry Lucy, for Japan, and Mr. (now Sir) Absalom.\* Francis Burnand was one of the guests.

"We were a considerable party," says Sir Francis, "for a merely private dinner. My impression is that there were not fewer than twenty present, and that for this special occasion Fred Burnaby had engaged a large room upstairs at the Junior Carlton, which was one of his clubs. Even at this distance of time, just sixteen years, I recall the exceptionally social character of that evening, and the incident I am going to relate stands out vividly in my memory.

In the course of conversation, over the coffee and cigars, I was describing how, when mounted on a strapping big hunter, over whose movements I had hardly any control, I was carried through an orchard and had to extend myself at full length along the neck of the beast in order to avoid being caught up and held in the branches, as Absalom was, by the hair of his head—'Thank goodness,' I added, 'there was no ill-conditioned Joab handy with his spear to be reckoned with.'"

"It's very curious," observed Burnaby smiling, "how everybody makes that mistake about Absalom. Absalom was never caught by his hair."

"My dear fellow," I remonstrated.

"Oh yes, I know," said Burnaby, quietly, "if you ask everyone here, I should be much astonished if the whole lot were not in favour of your version of the story and dead against mine."

"What is your's?" asked one of the guests, for several were becoming interested in the discussion.

\* Written specially for this book by Sir Francis Burnand.

" Mine is simply as it is given in the Old Testament," was Burnaby's answer.

" Well," asked another of the company, " and does not that record how Absalom was caught up and entangled by the hair of his head in the branch of a tree ?"

" Not a bit of it ?" answered Burnaby, with his pleasant yet always somewhat Mephistophelian smile.\*

Hereupon many joined in. Gradually all at table had a word to say on the subject, in corroboration of my view of it. Some sporting men of the company were ready to wager heavy bets. I remember the guest of the evening, H. W. Lucy, being in favour of the " caught by the hair " version, though somewhat shaken by his recollection of Burnaby's scholarly knowledge of the Old Testament.

Then Burnaby reduced the matter to *pro* and *contra*. " I'll back myself for a fiver with anybody," he said, " but I don't like doing it as I know that my version is the correct one."

The majority took his bet. I fancy that Henry Lucy and I were the only men, except Henri Deutsch, out of it.

How to settle it ?

" There's sure to be a Bible in the library," observed a member of the club.

Burnaby rang. The butler expecting orders for some particular wine, or for some special beverage (punch perhaps) appeared.

Burnaby asked him, " Is there a Bible here ?"

Never was steward of club more taken aback. Had he heard correctly ?

" A Bible ?" he repeated, doubtful of his having heard aright. Bucellus, Burgundy, Brandy, any liquor beginning with " B " ! But—Bible !!!

" Yes," repeated Burnaby, plucking up, for even *he* had been afraid of his own question. " Is there a Bible in the library ?"

\* See the Vanity Fair cartoon in this volume.

The butler hesitated. "I don't think, sir—at least I'm not sure," he began. Then he made a suggestion.

"If you want to look at a Bible sir," said the butler—the host nodded affirmatively—"well, sir, if you don't mind I can bring you one up—from below,"—here there was an audible smile—"I mean, sir, from the servants' hall."

"Thank you very much," said Burnaby. "Let us have it as quickly as you can. Thanks."

The butler retired. We were all much interested. He had given us a text for conversation. Presently he reappeared with the Bible; a big family Bible. He presented it to Burnaby; then withdrew, wondering.

Burnaby opened the book.

"The very Bible we want," he exclaimed. "It is one of the old ones, with pictures."

We wanted to know why he was so pleased about the illustrations.

"Because," he replied, "the illustration will show you how your mistake originated, and the text will prove *my* case. Now," he continued, as he carefully opened the book and gradually arrived at the chapter, "you all say that Absalom was caught by his hair in a branch of a tree, and so was suspended, eh?"

"Yes," was the answer unanimously.

"And I said," continued Burnaby, "that Absalom was caught *not* by his hair at all, but *in a forked branch* of the tree, and I will add that your mistake arose from the illustration which so represents him."

"But," I interrupted, "the weight of his hair which caught in the tree, and was subsequently cut off, is given."

"Quite right," our host replied, "but that occurs in a verse later on in the same chapter."

By this time he had found the place, likewise the illustration—II. Samuel xviii., 9: *And Absalom rode upon a mule, and the mule went under the thick boughs of a great oak, and his head caught hold of the oak, and he was taken*

*up between the heaven and the earth ; and the mule that was under him went away.*

" Nothing about his being caught by the hair ?" asked Lucy.

" No," replied Burnaby, " I have given you the verse just as it is. I will pass the book and you can judge for yourself. But first I will read you the marginal note. It says : *Some suppose that Absalom was caught by the hair ; but it seems more probable that his head and neck were caught in the forks of a strong bough, as he was nearly dead when Joab found him.*

" Then at verse 14," continued Burnaby, " Joab finds him and thrusts three darts through his heart *while he was yet alive.*"

The Bible was passed round, and the passage closely scrutinised.

" And," said Burnaby, " look at the picture."

We did so. Yes, that had been the origin of our impression. It represented Absalom hanging by his hair, which had become coiled about the huge branch of a tree.

" But," observed one of the losers, " where is the reference to the weight of Absalom's hair ? That ought to be in the same chapter ?"

" No," said Burnaby, " I was wrong in my recollection of its proper place in the text. Now I remember. I think it is to be found in a rather earlier chapter."

The Bible was handed back to our host, who, within another minute, had put his finger on the quotation required. It was found in chapter xiv. of II. Samuel, v. 25 :  
*. . . . . there was none to be so much praised as Absalom for his beauty.*

V. 26 : *And when he polled his head . . . . because the hair was heavy on him, therefore he polled it . . . . he weighed the hair of his head at two hundred shekels after the king's weight.*

Everyone was at once ready to pay up, but Burnaby

refused their tenders. "My dear chaps," he explained, "I was betting on an absolute certainty."

On August 22nd Burnaby was present at the Crystal Palace on the occasion of the Foresters' Fête, and witnessed the ascent of Mr. Wright's balloon *The Gem* and a new aerostat of great capacity which had not at that time received a name; and by October he had so far recovered his health as to be able to take part again at political gatherings, his first appearance being at a Birmingham meeting presided over by Earl Percy.

After thanking his audience for the enthusiastic reception accorded to him, and acknowledging the sympathy expressed both by them and his Radical opponents during his illness, he commenced his speech by a slashing attack on Mr. Chamberlain, who had charged the landlord class with being one that toiled not and that did not spin. He said that he had been making an enquiry as to the incomes of the seven leading members of the late Conservative ministry and of the seven leading members of the Liberal ministry; with the result of discovering that the seven Conservatives received in all £825,000 a year, and the seven Liberals £400,000 a year, a fact which he bade his opponents ponder. He then compared the position which England occupied among the nations in Lord Beaconsfield's time with that under his Radical successors; and he pointed to one part of the world after another in order to illustrate his charge against the weakness of Mr. Gladstone's foreign policy.

The home policy of his opponents' pleased him no better. "The Radicals," he said, "throw out a bait to the have-nots to enrich themselves at the expense of those who have. This bait, if swallowed by the working classes, would ruin them. Were capital taken from our shores, factories would be taken from our shores, and, like the leaders and demagogues of the first French revolution, those men who had taught their fellow countrymen to spoil, would, after sowing the wind, reap the

whirlwind, and be the next victims of their dissatisfied and enraged dupes."

Towards the end of the year, Burnaby, who had just lost his mother, removed from Charles Street and took up his residence at 86, Beaufort Gardens, which had been Mrs. Burnaby's home subsequent to the death of her husband and here, when in England, he spent the rest of his life.

By the time of his removal, Burnaby's oratorical exertions and the vitiated atmosphere of crowded halls had once more told upon his health, and he again hurried off to his old sanatorium,—  
 54— His last Visit to Spain, Oct. 1883.  
 Seville. After paying a visit to the Tinto Copper Mines, in which he had shares, and exploring the Solomon country\* generally, he crossed to Algiers, where he inspected some regiments of French troops, which displeased him because "there was neither order nor discipline among them"; and from Algiers he wandered into Tunis, in order to visit the ruins of ancient Carthage and the scenes of Flaubert's *Salammbô*.

His first appearance before the public on his return was at Bristol,† where he spoke on the subjects of Ireland and India. In the course of his speech—  
 55— Burning Speeches at Bristol and elsewhere, Nov. and Dec. 1883.  
 one of the most vigorous he ever delivered—he said, "We hold India by the sword; do not let us mince words—we hold Ireland in a similar manner, and the sooner this fact is recognised by the two great parties in the State, the less chance there will be of having to engage in a civil war. As was said by a speaker at an Orange meeting in Ireland a few days since, 'You say that our ancestors took your land away from you two hundred years ago; anyhow we have got the land and we mean to stick to it.' England holds Ireland and holds India, and judging from what I know of

\* The Romans called it Tartesia. Near the Rio Tinto are Cerro Salomon Peak of Solomon) and the town of Salamea la Reale (Royal Solomon). Solomon is supposed to have derived part of his wealth from the district.

† 13th Nov. 1883.

the tenacity of my fellow countrymen, they will not be prepared to surrender these possessions through the sentimental arguments of Mr. Gladstone, whose father made £60,000 out of slavery, none of which has been returned as 'conscience money.'

Politicians, indeed, did not fight with gloved hands in those days. Personalities were rife; and when Burnaby was thus handling Gladstone's name, there was rankling in his breast the remark of a Radical politician, who declared that the late Lord Beaconsfield\* never spoke the truth except by mistake.

Burnaby's speech was received everywhere by his party with commendation, and he was called for in all directions. At Preston, where he addressed three thousand persons—the staple of his speech was a denunciation of the Ilbert Bill, which would allow Englishmen to be tried by Hindoos.

"In times back," he said, "the Anglo-Saxon race was actuated by the grandest sentiment that can influence a people—by patriotism—the abnegation of self for the country's cause—the patriotism which stimulated Nelson, Wellington, and the heroes of Balaclava. Things have changed of late. A lover of his country is called a Jingo; the sentimentalist who helps to ruin it is termed a grand old man. Legislators have been found unmindful of the terrible lessons taught us by the Indian mutiny. They have been prepared to hand over English men and women to the tender mercies of a race alien to us in religion, alien to us in customs; to men who have no idea of the sanctity of an oath, to whom perjury is a convenient method of settling family litigation. Do not imagine that by saying this I am wishing to insult the Indian subjects of the Queen—but their ways are not our ways; indeed, if they had been, an English Company would never have conquered the 240,000,000 inhabitants who people Hindostan."

After referring to the immorality of the Hindoo

\* Lord Beaconsfield died 19th April 1881.

religion, Burnaby continued "The Ilbert Bill proposes to enable a native of India, provided he has the necessary qualifications, to try British subjects, perhaps in the most distant places of Hindostan, where there is no Press, no public opinion, and where an English woman's honour may be at the mercy of a sensual polygamist."

He ridiculed the Radical argument that one man is as good as another. "Is the criminal," he asked, "as good as the honest and industrious working man? Never forget that the Anglo-Saxon race is a dominant race, a race dominant throughout the world. It has annexed vast territories; and while giving to the natives of India the benefits of civilisation and Christianity (which they do not appreciate), Englishmen have taken very good care to enrich themselves. Lord Stair, when told by a French diplomatist that if he (the Frenchman) were not a Frenchman he would like to be an Englishman, replied, 'If I were not an Englishman, why, then, I should like to be one.'

"Have you forgotten the Black Hole of Calcutta? A thrill of horror ran through England when the news of that dreadful tragedy became public. Have you forgotten the Indian Mutiny? Should the Ilbert Bill, even in its present emasculated form, become law, it will not be long before still direr history will be made. The Radicals have remarked that India is a Free Trade country. Why is this so? Because British bayonets rule it, not because of any initiative on the part of the native population. Withdraw English troops to-morrow, and heavy duties would at once be placed on Lancashire goods. Are Englishmen," he enquired, "going to allow their own flesh and blood who have settled in India to be tried unjustly, sentenced, and finally expelled, to suit the cant and sentimentality of a set of hobby-ridden legislators?"

On December 6th, Burnaby addressed a huge meeting at St. George's Hall, Bradford, where his subject was the Egyptian policy of the Government. "It will be of no



use," he said, "to send Egyptian soldiers against the Mahdi. Send English officers and English troops, and then there will be no fear as to the result." Unfortunately the Government did not take his advice.

## CHAPTER XIV.

DECEMBER 1883 — 10TH JANUARY 1884.

### THE FOUNDING OF THE PRIMROSE LEAGUE.

Although Burnaby had been defeated at Birmingham, the Conservative party, as we have already intimated, derived great benefit from the contest—  
a contest which, for one thing, was the  
56— **The Prim-** means of bringing about that important  
**rose League.** event in the history of modern Conservatism  
—the founding of the Primrose League.

Owing to the enormous expense which this election had entailed, a number of the younger and more militant Conservatives were led to ask themselves whether some organization could not be formed with a view to obtaining voluntary workers and to assisting the party in other ways; and the matter was earnestly discussed one Sunday at a gathering held at Lady Dorothy Nevill's London house, amongst those present being Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir Henry Drummond Wolfe, and Sir Algernon Borthwick (now Lord Glenesk). Lord Randolph's idea was the formation of a secret society, "with officers and organization on the lines of the Buffaloes," and the scheme which he drew up seemed to find favour. Mr. J. B. Stone and Colonel Burnaby, however, pointed out serious defects in it; and on 26th November, 1883, the former wrote to Lord Randolph as follows:

November 26th, 1883.

Dear Lord Randolph,

I have given much consideration to the proposal to found a Primrose League. I am now more firmly convinced than ever that it would be a worthless effort to try to found a Patriotic *Secret* Society, having merely a

general programme of principles without embracing a positive line of action. I believe, however, the change into a Tory Patriotic League (as resolved) may, with a *very carefully prepared scheme*, be made of enormous use to the Conservative party, and a most valuable weapon in the hands of a young party. It *cannot* be a wholly *Secret Society* inasmuch as no penalty could be used sufficiently strong to maintain secrecy. The first excluded or discontented member would make public the whole programme and proceedings. The severest penalty which could be enforced would be expulsion or some trifling social "Ban," and therefore I think it would be wise to abandon at once the idea of the scheme being wholly secret, and substitute the proposal to frame a rule that all Council or other meetings should be private, and no proceeding reported to the Press. At the same time it might be arranged to hold public meetings, and to take other public action under the auspices or direction of the League, but all such proceedings if originating in the smaller councils, should be under the superior control of a higher Court.

The "declaration" subscribed to by joining members should be something more than the approval of the principles of the League; it should include an undertaking to promote its objects on all seasonable occasions, publicly and privately, to give *voluntary aid at the time of elections*, and particularly to promise to *vote without canvassing* for those candidates supporting the principles set forth by the League. Rules should be framed to provide for the election of members, for expulsion, etc., and also for the formation of higher, middle, and lower councils, appointment of officers, their designation, and so forth. Further, the question of funds must be considered. I would suggest that payment should not of necessity be required to become a member, but that each divisional court should raise its own funds in its own way, and control its expenditure. A further rule might regulate the wearing of badges.

You will see that such a programme would meet many of the difficulties arising out of the provisions of the new Corrupt Practices Act, it would promote voluntary activity, and generally, if the League grew to any considerable extent, it would become of great value to the Conservative Party.

Pray excuse so long a letter,  
I am, dear Lord Randolph,  
Yours truly,

J. B. Stone.

Fortunately, for the Conservative Party, Mr. Stone's recommendations were warmly welcomed, and the suggestion of Sir Drummond Wolfe that the Society, which had been named (after Lord Beaconsfield's favourite flower), *The Primrose League*, should be formed "on a sort of masonic basis, with different grades, such as associates, councillors, and the like," was also promptly adopted.

In the meantime Birmingham Conservatives had come to the conclusion that it was advisable to obtain for the next election contest a statesman of the first rank, possessor of a strong personality, to run with Burnaby; and Mr. Joseph Rowlands, who had ascertained that Lord Randolph Churchill would probably be willing to come forward, was officially authorised to approach his lordship on the subject. Before giving a definite reply, Lord Randolph consulted Mr. Stone, by means of a letter dated December 11th, 1888, which runs as follows:

2, Connaught Place,  
December 11th, 1888.

Dear Mr. Stone,

It may interest you to know that the Committee (of the Primrose League) met on Saturday, and having voted me into the chair by four to three, directed me to communicate to Lord Salisbury the history of its formation, and to ask for an interview with him. This was agreed to. . . . .

I have been asked whether I will stand for Birmingham in conjunction with Colonel Burnaby. What is your

opinion of this ? I should not be unwilling to have a tilt at the stronghold if you thought well of it. Let me have a few lines at your leisure.

Yours very truly,

Randolph S. Churchill.

In his reply, Mr. Stone pointed out the difficulties to be encountered, but nevertheless expressed his opinion that the attack should be made. Consequently Lord Randolph replied to Mr. Rowlands in the affirmative ; and a little later Colonel Burnaby and Lord Randolph held a consultation together, Mr. Rowlands and other prominent Conservatives being present, and came to an understanding upon the policy to be followed in regard to the constituency.\*

Some other correspondence ensued between Mr. Stone and Lord Randolph on the subject of the Primrose League ; later he and Col. Burnaby met Lord Randolph and discussed the scheme in his Lordship's town house, 2, Connaught Place ; and by the spring considerable progress had been made with it. Two small rooms in Essex Street, Strand, were hired for offices, and on Primrose Day, 1884, the members of the first habitation (that for the Strand district) met and banqueted together. Then the scheme went forward by leaps and bounds. The secretaries could, with difficulty, keep pace with the enormous influx of members, and the rooms in Essex Street were exchanged for more important accommodation in Victoria Street. The first ruling council consisted of Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir Henry Drummond Wolfe, Mr. (now Sir) Benjamin Stone, Colonel Burnaby, Mr. (now Sir) John Gorst, Sir A Slade, Mr. (afterwards Sir) William Hardman, Mr. Percy Mitford, Mr. (now Sir Frederick) Dixon-Hartland, Sir Henry Hoare, Mr. J. Satchell Hopkins, Mr. H. H. Wainwright, Mr. (now Sir) Frederick Seager Hunt, Mr. J. Batison, and Mr. Hopkinson. The first Grand Councillor was Lord Abergavenny.

\*The announcement that Colonel Burnaby and Lord Randolph had been selected as candidates for Birmingham at the following General Election appeared in the *Birmingham Daily Post* for 26th Jan., 1884.

Owing to his duties, Burnaby passed most of his life in London and at Windsor, and many anecdotes—all of them infinitely to his credit—could be told concerning his connection with both places. As he loved courage, whether displayed by elephant or ant, so he abhorred all dastardly conduct, and nothing enraged him more than to see a woman ill-treated. One day as the Rev. Robert Nutt\* was going up from Windsor to London by an early morning train, Burnaby jumped into the same compartment rather out of breath, and with the usual humorous twinkle in his eye he remarked, “I’ve just pitched over a gateway some fellow who was beating a woman.”

87—Anecdotes.

On returning to Windsor in the evening Mr. Nutt learnt that a man in Peascod Street, who that morning had ill-treated his wife, had been pulled from her by an officer who collared him and tossed him over the closed gates of the Star and Garter Inn, in the narrow entry called Death Alley.

Another day Burnaby, when walking through a Windsor street, was splashed by a scavenger who, on being remonstrated with, observed insultingly, “You can go and wash yourself if you like.” In an instant Burnaby seized the man by collar and corduroys, and tossed him into his scavenging cart; and as the fellow rose swearing and gesticulating, with filth dropping from every projection and protuberance, Burnaby said, with his smile Mephistophelian, “You needn’t go and wash unless you like!”

It will be remembered that when Burnaby was ill at Naples his life was endangered owing to the mistakes of a drunken maid servant. One day some years after this event as he and his brother were walking late at night down Piccadilly, they happened to meet the unhappy woman, and noticed how ill and miserable she looked.

\* Son of Col. Fred’s old tutor, the Rev. W. Y. Nutt, curate of Burrough.

Burnaby, who recognised her in a moment, at once shook hands with her and gave her a couple of sovereigns. The sad spectacle had touched him to the quick, and as they walked away, he said hoarsely, "She's no worse, Evelyn, than a thousand and one others."

Once he had occasion to reprove a soldier for not wearing his cap properly. A few weeks later the man, who in the meantime had left the regiment, met Burnaby in the street and tried to avoid him; but Burnaby went straight up to him and, with the customary twinkle in his eye, said, "You can wear your cap, Jones, any way you please now, but I can't permit you to cut old friends."

In June 1882, the Rev. Evelyn Burnaby took a little place at Penbury, near Tunbridge Wells, and Mr Edward Fleming, son of the Rev. Canon Fleming, stayed with him, making his appearance every evening after leaving his work on the Stock Exchange. Colonel Burnaby, having been invited to spend a weekend at Penbury, was met at Tunbridge Wells Station by his brother and Mr. Fleming. That night after dinner Mr. Fleming, who had just joined the Middlesex Yeomanry Cavalry, admitted being puzzled by some of the drill as explained in the books.

"Don't bother your head with drill books, my boy," said Burnaby; and then collecting four chairs, he speedily made the difficulties disappear, and the drill as plain as A.B.C.

Evelyn drove his brother back, through the beech copses, to Tunbridge Wells Station. The sun was sinking in crimson and amber, contour of hedge and tree assumed a Murillo indefiniteness, the earth gave out her essences. Burnaby was powerfully moved. "Life," he sighed, "would be worth living in such scenery as this if—one's liver would only leave one in peace."

## CHAPTER XV.

10TH JANUARY 1884—29TH MARCH 1884.

### THE TWO BATTLES OF EL TEB.

In the meantime events had been thickening in the Soudan. Hicks Pasha's army was totally annihilated by the forces of the Mahdi on 5th November 1883, and Khartoum and other towns in the vicinity of the Nile were threatened by the Soudanese hordes. Just as Burnaby had received his winter's leave of absence, a telegram arrived from General Baker's wife, begging him to join her husband at Suakim. To receive a request of that kind was with Burnaby to consent to it with avidity, and he left London, accompanied by his soldier servant, Henry Storey, on 10th January, 1884, proceeding via the St. Gothard's Tunnel and Milan to Brindisi, whence he steamed to Suez. At every turning he found proofs of the shocking mis-management of the campaign by the Government and the Anglo-Egyptian military authorities at Cairo. He says, "There was a troopship going to Suakim, and some black soldiers were at Suez; but, as I was informed, the men had not been paid, and the vessel would not leave until they had received their money. There was no arrangement on board the boat for feeding these men, and each black had to provision himself for the five days' journey down the Red Sea—most of them bringing bags of biscuits, oranges, etc. They were accompanied in many instances by their wives and children. Yet, all the time General Baker was in the direst straits for troops, and he had been promised that

58— 1st Battle  
of El Teb  
4th Feb.  
1884.



they should be sent him. "And now," continued Burnaby, "we had arrived at January 20th, and instead of filling the steamers with men, the Minister was sending a number of women and children, at a moment when every available berth was required for soldiers; when Sinkat was almost at its last gasp, and when it was believed that Tokar was in a similar condition. At last our troops were paid. They had been taken on board, some of them in leg irons to prevent them from running away. A stout, middle-aged Egyptian, a major in rank, commanded the troops; he was accompanied by his wife, an Abyssinian slave, whom he had purchased, and two children. The black and the Egyptian officers on board frequently quarrelled; and the rank and file not only quarrelled, but fought; nor was the disturbance quieted until a young black officer who owned three wives jumped below with a koorbag, or rhinoceros hide whip, and administered blows right and left." Such was the material sent to assist General Baker. But that was not the worst. While they were yet in sight of the quivering incandescence which resolved itself into Suakim, the Egyptians—officers as well as men—proved themselves arrant cowards. The very mention of the name Arab made them tremble. Baker's camp was three quarters of a mile from the port, and after twenty minutes' walk in a burning sun, Burnaby found himself at the door of Baker's tent, and shaking hands with his old friend.

"Three thousand friendly Arabs," said Baker, "are marching to Sinkat, where Tewfik Bey is still defending himself with a few hundred soldiers. These, I trust, will rescue Tewfik. My own task is to proceed by sea to Trinkitat\* and relieve Tokar by an expedition from Trinkitat harbour." Unhappily, however, both expeditions, owing to circumstances quite beyond Baker's control, were doomed to frightful failure.

The friendly Arabs had scarcely started when they learnt that the English Government had proclaimed its

\* Fifty miles to the south east of Suakim.

intention of withdrawing from the Soudan. "If we help Tewfik," our allies asked themselves, "and so offend the Mahdi and Osman Digna, who will save us from their fury when the English are gone?" Consequently, instead of relieving Sinkat, they left to their fate its courageous defenders, who were massacred to a man. On January 31st Burnaby and Baker (Colonel Hay and Major Harvey accompanying them), embarked for Trinkitat, with a force of 4,500 Egyptian soldiers, and on their arrival they selected for their camp a suitable site, which they at once strengthened by throwing up earthworks. It was wonderful to see the energy with which the Egyptians worked. Every fresh spadeful of earth, they supposed, would make Fort Baker, as they named the camp, so much the stronger, and afford additional protection to themselves from the enemy's bullets. Four days later Baker and his men, the latter with craven hearts, advanced to the relief of Tokar. But their fear of the Arabs was not the only trouble; many of them had never before fired a rifle, and therefore scarcely dared handle their own weapon. Baker and Burnaby, however, in the brief time at their disposal, did their best to teach these new levies how to shoot, and urged them not to be afraid of the Arabs, to whom they themselves, owing to the superiority of their weapons, ought to be a mortal terror. It was now the morning of February 4th. Baker ordered an advance in the form of three squares—the largest composed of Egyptian troops with the Krupps and Gatlings in the front; the two smaller, composed of Turks and blacks in the rear—the whole line of advance and the flanks being enveloped by a thin skirt of Egyptian cavalry. After some unskilful skirmishing, a remarkable scene ensued. Three Arab horsemen, having shown themselves over the brow of a hill, the cavalry, instead of facing them, turned tail and galloped madly away. One of the Arabs rode deliberately into a squadron, and cut down first the officer in command, who made no attempt to defend himself,

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although he had his sword drawn, and then two more men who, like their officer, made no defence; and he would doubtless, have demolished, single-handed, the whole of the cavalry had not a pistol bullet stopped his work of destruction. Then burst a tremendous fire from the large square, and a number of the cavalry dropped, killed by their own friends of the infantry. This completed the confusion, the whole of the cavalry then galloped full speed from the field of battle; and the rout of the cavalry was instantly followed by the breaking up of the squares. In vain Baker, Burnaby and Harvey tried to rally their men. The sight was one never to be forgotten, some four thousand men rushing pell-mell for their lives from a few hundred Arabs, who speared them as if they were sheep. Baker and Burnaby, finding the Arabs between themselves and the Egyptians, hewed their way through their foes. On all sides could be seen Egyptians on their knees praying for mercy, while the handful of Englishmen were selling their lives dearly. Here an Egyptian, who had thrown away his rifle and had run two or three hundred yards, could be observed undressing himself in order to run more easily; there a Turk galloping as fast as his horse could go and firing his carbine, regardless whether he hit friend or foe: and though the English officers still tried to rally the Egyptians, and even shot some of the more cowardly, nothing would induce the others to stand.

Among those who escaped, as by a miracle, was Burnaby's servant. When the squares broke up, Storey, who was on a saddleless and bridleless horse, made a dash for his life, but he presently found himself surrounded by Arabs and camels. Fortunately his horse was a kicker, and after letting fly with the whole of its energy, it carried Storey, who was hanging to its neck, right through the masses of Arabs. A few hundred yards further on, it jumped a bush, and in so doing threw its rider. Storey, however, managed to grip the collar chain,

59— Storey's  
Miraculous  
Escape.



COLONEL BURNABY AT EL TEB.

28th February, 1884.

From *The Graphic*.



and as the terrified horse would not let him mount he ran by its side still holding to the chain ; and hotly pursued by the howling enemy—horse and man racing their breathless race with death. When some three miles had been covered they overtook Colonel Burnaby, who stopped the horse and asked Storey why he had not mounted."

"The wind was out of my body, sir," he replied, "and the horse would not stand."

Burnaby gave a leg-up, and the man managed to remain on his horse till he was beyond the pursuit of the foe.

Trinkitat regained, it was discovered that 2,800 men and ninety officers had been killed ; and such was the cowardice of the Egyptians that, having reached the sea, they ran into the water up to their necks, afraid of an enemy not within three miles of them. With their reduced force, their stores, horses, etc., Baker and Burnaby embarked next morning for Suakim ; and thus terminated one of the most shameful and amazing incidents in the history of modern warfare.

Burnaby laid all the blame for the misfortune on Mr. Gladstone and the Cairo officials who, but for that Minister's announcement that the Soudan was to be surrendered, would have sent on better fighting material ; and his feelings were more bitter than ever against the Liberal

60— Second  
Battle of El  
Teb, 28th  
Feb., 1894.

Government. Almost the first news that reached the defeated army on its arrival at Suakim, was that the chief command had been taken from Baker and conferred on Admiral Hewett—the former being thus punished for the shortcomings of his superiors. Hewett, though scarcely an ideal man for the post, did his best—one of his first acts being to reorganise the black troops and to officer them with men of their own colour in place of the dastardly Egyptians. But in the meantime the Government, lashed to action by an exasperated public—for England was at last thoroughly roused—had sent out

under General Graham, another expedition, and the first contingent, the 10th Hussars, under Colonel Wood, arrived just after the El Teb disaster. Their first act was to take over the horses belonging to the Egyptian cavalry, who, instead of grumbling at this proceeding, surrendered them joyfully—and the word went round—“How kind these English are; they take our horses, groom them, and are, absolutely, going to fight our battles for us.”

On General Graham's arrival at Suakim, Baker and Burnaby, having requested employment, were placed in the Intelligence Department, and they returned to Trinkitat, where most of the English troops had already landed. From the new camp near that town the English could plainly see Fort Baker, which had been occupied by the Arabs, and on the parapet of which waved a red flag. Bodies of the enemy could be discerned in the distance, but when Major Harvey and Burnaby rode on with some mounted infantry to make a reconnaissance, the Arabs fell back. The question was whether or not there were any of them behind the earthworks.

“I will have that flag,” said Harvey, “Arabs or no Arabs.”

“Unless I get it!” said Burnaby.

And setting spurs to their horses, they raced at full speed for the prize; but Burnaby's seventeen stone being no match against the lighter man, he was beaten by at least three lengths. The fort proved to be deserted, and a little later it was occupied by General Graham.

“How useful,” observed Burnaby, “a captive balloon would be now! It would enable us to locate with precision the position of the enemy.”\*

In the former expedition the Egyptians had trembled with fear; the only fear of their English successors was lest the Arabs should not stand and fight. On the morning of February 28th, General Graham prepared to attack

\* See also his remarks in *Fortnightly Review* (May 1884) where he says that an aeronaut 700 feet above Fort Baker could easily have given all the information required respecting the enemy's entrenchments.

the enemy. Having sent forward a thin stream of cavalry and mounted infantry, he himself, with the main army, formed into one large square, followed at a distance of about a mile. Burnaby, who rode with the mounted infantry, could see as he passed the site of the previous battle great flocks of vultures, who were still busy gorging themselves on the corpses. The cavalry were ordered not to fire on meeting the enemy but to fall back slowly. Presently signs of the Arabs were manifest, and it was found that they had secured themselves behind some excellent entrenchments and a low parapet, mounted with the Krupp guns, which had been taken from the Egyptians. Burnaby, who could see only about forty men in the forts, rode back and told Graham how matters stood ; but Baker, who was riding with Graham, observed : " Yes, but you may depend upon it the Arabs are in very large force there for I have just seen through my glasses a thousand heads rise for an instant, as it were from the ground, and then disappear."

Graham, having determined to turn the enemy's position, instead of attacking it in front, the pipes were ordered to play, and the whole force advanced briskly and with enthusiasm. At a distance of a thousand yards the Arabs opened fire, and Graham's men began to fall, among those hit being General Baker, who received, to use Mr. Melton Prior's expression, " a beastly shrapnel bullet weighing three ounces " in his collarbone. He dismounted, in compliance with the importunity of his friends, in order to have the wound dressed—but in five minutes he was again in the saddle. Acting under orders, the whole British force then lay flat on the ground ; and the Arabs must have been amazed indeed, to see an enemy, not running away, but coolly lying down, and not returning a single shot in reply to their projectiles. Then belched the Gardners and Gatlings their streams of iron, and the guns of the enemy having been silenced, the bugler sounded the advance. Instantly the British



soldiers sprang to their feet, but they had scarcely begun their march forward with fixed bayonets when, with wild cries and brandished weapons the Arab myriads poured down upon them in cataracts—bearing both on front and flank. Again and again, flock after flock, were mown down like corn, but the more there were slain the more, it seemed, there were pouring behind them. “Burnaby, in his shirt sleeves and without coat or waistcoat, picked off the enemy much as a crack shot would kill big game.\*

“It was marvellous,” he said afterwards, “to see how they came on, heedless of death, shouting and brandishing their weapons.” To right and left they fell. Even the wounded leaped again to their feet and rushed forward. A few got within ten paces of the square. At last the Arabs were checked, and they suddenly fell back towards their parapet. Again and again Burnaby, in spite of the warnings of Mr. Bennet Burleigh, who was on horseback and could clearly see the danger, moved out of the face of the square to fire over the parapet; then, too, when the British forces made a rush on the fort, Burnaby, with his double-barrelled shot gun, was the first to reach it. While ascending the parapet he was surrounded by five or six Arabs, who attacked him altogether, but having fired off both the barrels of his gun, he defended himself with the butt end of it. An Arab spear pierced his left arm, and he might have been overcome had not a Gordon Highlander dashed to his assistance with a bayonet. Storey, too, had another narrow escape, his horse’s skull having been smashed by an Arab shell.† Eventually, however, the enemy took to flight, leaving on the battlefield some 2,000 dead. The day being over and the battle won, the wounded received orders to return to Suakim. Baker, who suffered tortures from his wound, Burnaby with his disabled arm, and a few men of the 10th Hussars, rode straight to Trinkitat,

\* Mr. Melton Prior.

† In the fall Storey was pinned to the ground by the animal’s body, but a Cairo mounted policeman released him, and he sustained no particular hurt.



WELL DONE, FRED!  
From *The Dart*, 7th March, 1884.  
After the Battle of El Teb.

*Drawn by E. C. Mountfort.*



passing on their way the old Egyptian battlefield; and when Burnaby, gazing on the frightful sight of mutilated and foul-smelling corpses, thought of the dead brave Arabs, he vented in uncontrolled language, his bitter feelings against the author of all the trouble. "Many an Arab widow and many an Arab mother," he said, "must have cursed to the pit the author of all those disasters in the Soudan—the Prime Minister of England. If only the English Government had acted promptly five months earlier, all this bloodshed would have been spared." On arriving at Trinkitat, he proceeded, via Suez, to Cairo, where he was received by the Khedive, who presented him with the Soudan medal and the Khedive star.

"Colonel Fred Burnaby," commented an English paper,\* "is, I see, on his way home. . . . Meanwhile, it may be well if Members of Parliament of a discontented turn of mind, and their representatives in the Press, would abstain from disparaging the action of Colonel Burnaby in volunteering his services at a crisis. From certain comments, it would seem that it is disgraceful for an English officer to give his assistance in an emergency to his countrymen when he finds himself in a position to do so. We may be sure the people of England will value the services of Col. Burnaby at their right value."

After nursing his wound for a few days at Cairo, he hastened home, reaching it on March 29th, arm in a sling, but otherwise not a tittle the worse for his adventure. As a relic of the fight he brought with him the "beastly shrapnel bullet weighing three ounces," but, after having it mounted on a stand with mortar for matches, he returned it to the man who had most right to it—his friend Baker.

In England Burnaby received a warm welcome, both from his relations and friends and the public—among

\* *Judy* I think.

those who congratulated him being Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Stone. Little Harry Burnaby was very troubled on account of the injury to his father's arm, and wanted to know just how it happened. On being told, he said, with emphasis, "when me get a big man, me get a big sword, and kill the man who hurt my father."

Harry Burnaby has improved in his grammar, and added many inches to his stature since that day—for he is almost as tall as was his valiant father; but that he will ever come across the particular Arab against whom he vowed vengeance is now problematical.

"There is one prayer in the Litany," observed Burnaby to Mrs. Stone, "which I never repeat."

"And what is that?" she enquired.

"From . . . . . sudden death Good Lord deliver us."

## CHAPTER XVI.

80TH MARCH 1884 — 10TH NOVEMBER 1884.

### THE BIRMINGHAM RIOTS.

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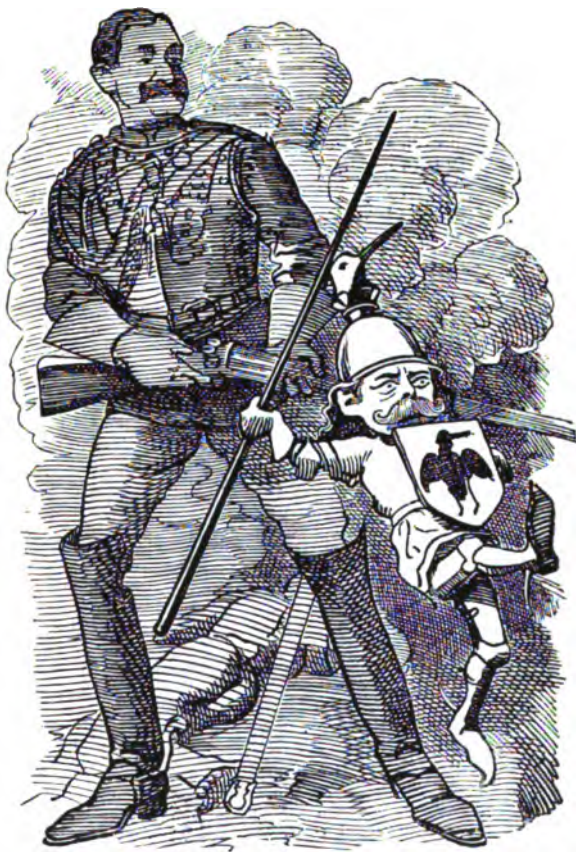
A few days after Burnaby's return, it was arranged that he and Lord Randolph should visit Birmingham and speak from the same platform. The news which they had from time to time received from their supporters, was of a most satisfactory nature, and Burnaby became convinced that at the next election\* they would both be returned. On his way to Birmingham—and he was now a popular hero as well as a Conservative candidate—his train halted for a few minutes at Leamington, where he was met by a number of Conservative gentlemen, headed by the Mayor; and, having alighted from his carriage, he gave a brief speech. "Every British soldier," he said, "in a foreign land in a time of war does his best—in a word, his duty. I have done neither more nor less than any other officer or soldier in the Soudan." At Birmingham he received a tremendous ovation.

\* A little later, as the result of the Redistribution of Seats Bill, Birmingham was divided into seven constituencies, but, at the time we speak of, it was supposed that Burnaby and Lord Randolph would contest the town on the old lines.

The Town Hall, in which the meeting took place,\* was crowded to the doors, and great numbers were unable to gain admittance. Burnaby, whose arm was still in a sling, made a vigorous onslaught upon the Government, his principal grievance being its slothfulness in effecting an advance on Khartoum, where Gordon remained besieged by the troops of the Mahdi; and then he gave a circumstantial account of the first battle of El Teb—speaking with marvellous force, and not omitting to accentuate the causes which led to the defeat of the Khedive's forces. At the conclusion he promised to continue his narrative on the following night, and as he left the Hall he received another ovation from his supporters, who escorted him amid vociferous cheering to the Grand Hotel. Next evening the Town Hall was again crowded; and Lord Randolph having given his inaugural address as newly-elected President of the Midland Conservative Club, Burnaby fulfilled his promise of the preceding night.

His account of the second battle of El Teb, and the intrepidity of both the English troops and their Arab opponents, the tremor of his voice and the evident sincerity of every word uttered, moved his hearers to their centre; and he thus concluded what was perhaps the most telling of all his speeches. "A few days after the second battle, we learnt that the Government had determined to scuttle out of Suakim, leaving that brave and gallant man, General Gordon, surrounded by his opponents—that man who, putting his faith in Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues, went with his life in his hands to Khartoum to negotiate with the Mahdi, but who, when he asked for a small detachment of cavalry, was refused; whose provisions must day by day be getting more and more scanty, who must be daily getting further and further away from civilisation, and more and more surrounded by his opponents; that brave man, whom all England loves; who worked for years past conscientiously,

\* April 15th.



**ABSENT FRIENDS; OR, HOW I DEFENDED BURNABY!**

Lord Randolph Churchill (gallantly): "You shall only reach him through me!"—*Punch*, 29th March, 1884.

By special permission of the Proprietors of *Punch*.





straightforwardly, not so much for thrones or honours, but for the English people. And he is to be abandoned at Khartoum ! Gordon may die in order to let Mr. Gladstone's Government live ! Allow me, my friends, here, Radicals as well as Conservatives, to make an appeal to you—for you all, Radicals as well as Conservatives, you all love Gordon—let me ask you—all of you,” he cried vehemently, “ Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen, to unite together to force this cowardly Government of time-servers to rescue General Gordon. It would not be so difficult to do it. Even during the summer months preparations might be made. The distinguished General\* who so ably conducted the expedition on the Red River would, I feel convinced, if it were offered him, at once accept the command of such an expedition ; and however much the hatred of war may be in the hearts of Radicals and Liberals, as well as Conservatives, I feel that there is not one man, not one woman, not one child in England who, if the case were put straightforwardly before them, would not at once say, ‘ Spare no money, but rescue General Gordon.’ ”

Burnaby had spoken what he felt, and his success was owing less to the genius in him than to the workings of a natural law. He let himself go ; and as many another in similar circumstances has done, he “ spake,” to borrow an expression from Stendhal, “ a language that was foreign to him.”

When he sat down a small, mean-looking man, who was close to the platform rose and said, “ They paid me to interrupt, but since 63— Burnaby and the sweep. you spoke of the war I wish I hadn't. I apologise.”

Burnaby put out his hand. The man said, “ I'm not a gentleman, sir, I'm a sweep.”

“ I don't care a dam† what you are by trade,” said Burnaby, “ the trade doesn't make the gentleman.”

\* Lord Wolseley.

† A dam is an Eastern coin. The Duke of Wellington introduced the word from India.

"But I only sweep chimneys," said the man.

"Do you sweep them well?" asked Burnaby.

"I hope so."

"Then you do your duty and no man can do more, and the man that does his duty is a gentleman."

Burnaby never set up for wisdom, but his spirit and manly feeling inspired him with apposite answer and trenchant retort. At his intense moments—and they were many—he invariably showed himself at his best.

"When he first entered Birmingham," says a correspondent, "a Tory in the town was a thing unspeakable, leprous, accursed. The rancour of the Radicals and the impotence of the Conservatives at the time was beyond belief; but the charm of his personality acted so powerfully on even the most envenomed of his adversaries, that in time he would assuredly have been returned." His long talks of the hellish sights which he had seen in the Soudan, how the dead bodies lay putrifying, of the fiendish cruelties of the Mahdi's officers—were unique in connection with an election; and he wrought up his audiences to fever pitch. Men had never before heard anything like it, and they were profoundly impressed.

"What a pity," said the Radical lambs, "that he's a d——d Tory."

Again and again the public called for him; and on 7th May (1884) he addressed a huge meeting of Conservatives in the Temperance Hall at Leicester, where he attacked the Government with more incisiveness and passion than ever. He declared that their policy during the preceding four years reminded him of Rabelais' coat, his famous coat—nothing before, nothing behind, and sleeves of the same pattern. He prophesied a speedy return to power of the Tory party, and declared that its policy should be peace—peace with honour, not a peace which humilitates our nation. He considered a dishonourable peace worse than war, seeing that it increases bloodshed in the future. "I have nothing," he

said, "but scorn for those sheep-like adherents of Mr. Gladstone, who 'baa' with him in whatever key he chooses to pitch his voice." He held the source of Lord Beaconsfield's power to have been his habit of keeping himself in touch with the people. He defended the House of Lords. "The House of Lords," he said, "has great responsibilities; so long as it does not shirk them it will live an ornament to our legislature; when it is afraid to act independently, from that date its days are numbered." He quoted Lord Randolph Churchill, and declared that England was living under a "one man tyranny." "Can anyone suppose," he asked, "that the 'one-man tyranny' in the person of Mr. Gladstone represents the people? If it were put to the vote to-morrow throughout Great Britain—'Is Gordon to die or Mr. Gladstone's administration to live?'—have you any doubt as to what would be the result of the poll? There is an idea prevalent among some classes that England has arrived at the summit of her grandeur, that she is on the decline, that we ought to give up our foreign possessions, and, retiring within the limits of our little island, content ourselves with our insular situation. Those who talk like this are unworthy of the name they bear." Then he dealt with the advance of the Russians towards India, and declared that the Czar would do as he liked as long as he knew Mr. Gladstone was in office. "No nation," he said, "has had such a wretched history as ours during the last four years. Treachery, deceit, false promises, betrayals, misleading statements, surrenders, such base and contemptible conduct never stained any former administration."

Returning to Gordon, he said "Like Caiaphas, the Government urges the doctrine of expediency. It will cost blood and money to rescue Gordon; it is expedient that one man should die. Ask yourselves this question: 'Is Mr. Gladstone's Government to live or Gordon to die?' Then unite, and with one cry to Heaven, let the voice of Great Britain be heard, and hurl from office

the most contemptible and cowardly Government England has ever seen."

So terminated one of the most trenchant political utterances that Burnaby ever made, and practically it was his last. These speeches, streaming with molten fury from the lips of a hero and king among men thoroughly roused a lethargic nation, but those whose ears tingled as they listened to them, and those in whose veins the hot blood raced, as they read the reports of them in the newspapers, little knew the strain all these labours of war and peace had been upon the dashing soldier and fervid speaker. But if he suffered tortures from both heart and lung, still he was supremely happy, for he felt that if he had fought well, he had likewise spoken well.

Then uprose the outcry that at El Teb he had used a shot gun instead of a regulation rifle; and in every later caricature of him, there figures this same shot gun. "Surely," observed Mr. Melton Prior, "to make all that fuss was the height of absurdity. The object in war (as any sensible man understands it) is to kill or disarm your enemy, and it appears to me that it cannot matter whether you use a powder mine, a torpedo, a hundred ton gun, or a double-barrelled shot gun, so long as you attain the object in view—particularly when face to face with a savage, where it is a case of kill or be killed."

When Burnaby next visited Birmingham his presence was the signal for unprecedented rioting. He arrived **64—The Banquet in the Exchange Assembly Room.** in the town on October 14th, being accompanied by Lord Carnarvon, Sir Stafford Mr. Rowlands, and Lady Northcote, Lord Randolph 14th Oct., 1884. Churchill, Sir Edward Clarke, and others, and was present at the banquet given on that day in the Exchange Assembly Room.\* The guests were still seated when news reached Mr. Rowlands that the Liberals, who had issued the circular, "Churchill leaves the Exchange Rooms at 10.30; meet him and greet him,"

\* Close to New Street Station.



#### OPENING THE CAMPAIGN.

Lord Randolph Churchill and Colonel Burnaby preparing for the General Election.

Nurse Birmingham (loq.) : " Oh dear ! but what will Mr. Schnadhorst say ? "

*The Dart*, 11th April, 1884.

Cartoon by E. C. Mountfort.



intended mobbing the party on their way out ; but when he communicated it to Burnaby, the latter only said, with his Mephistophelian smile, " Then we shall have some fun." As he spoke there arose from without a tremendous and ear-racking howl—the united effort of thousands of throats—to be succeeded by other howls—and as wave after wave of sound surged into the room, the ladies present turned pale.

" I can take you and Lord Randolph to your hotel by a private passage," said Mr. Rowlands.

" No, I am going this way," said Burnaby, cheerily, and pointing to the main entrance ; with which, overcoat flying and evening dress showing, he walked straight into the seething mob.

He was at once surrounded, and he could be seen first in Corporation Street and later in Bull Street, head and shoulders above the human sea, jostled now this way, now that, but always advancing in the direction he wished to go. Lord Randolph and Mr. Rowlands, who took the private cut, arrived at the Grand Hotel unmolested ; and shortly afterwards the Colonel appeared in the distance, escorted by his mob, who, wonderful to say—instead of howling and hissing (though certainly someone flung an onion which missed its mark) were cheering him to the skies, and nothing would satisfy them but a rousing speech, which he readily gave them from the front of the Hotel.

Next day a mass meeting was held in Aston Lower Grounds, and it was also arranged to hold an overflow meeting in the much smaller Assembly Room hard by.\* The speakers included Burnaby and Lord Randolph (the big dare-devil and the little dare-devil, as Birmingham now thought proper to call them), Sir Stafford Northcote, Sir Edward Clarke, and Mr. Darling, Q.C.,† famous for his biting epigrams directed against Mr.

65—The Aston  
Park Riots. Mr.  
Buckley clears  
the Platform,  
15th Oct., 1884.

\* At the Holte Hotel.

† Now Mr. Justice Darling.



Chamberlain, and it was arranged that each having delivered his address in the larger room, should pass to the smaller and speak there. Among those in the Assembly Room was a large party of the Sparkbrook Club, Mr. Robert J. Buckley being among them. He and his friends had not waited long before news arrived that there was a frightful tumult in the larger room, that walls were being scaled, panels of doors kicked in, and missiles hurled by a truculent and infuriated crowd. The Sparkbrook Club—fighters all, and lovers of fight—at once rushed out, and having hastily formed themselves into a solid column, they made a dash towards the great hall, with the intention of assisting their friends. The enemy withstood them, and friend and foe became inextricably mingled. What exactly happened in the sweltering hurly-burly is not clear, but somehow Mr. Buckley found himself inside the Great Hall and on the platform just as the audience were rushing it. For a moment its occupants, who included besides Colonel Burnaby, Sir Stafford and Lady Northcote, were in doubt what to do ; but at that juncture Mr. Buckley snatched at a cane-bottomed chair, and having seized it by one leg he charged like a maniac at the storming party just as it was scaling the position close to where Lady Northcote was sitting, and hurled it back in confusion. Then as the chair broke, becoming a flail, and consequently difficult to manage, he snatched at Burnaby's walking stick and resumed his attack on the skulls and hands of the assaulting party. But next moment he was down, the platform was stormed, and with oaths, loud and strident cries, and play of fists, the human torrent swept over him. In the meantime the speakers and the stewards had quitted the platform—followed by a shower of missiles—Burnaby, whose sense of the ridiculous and deep-set appreciation of the incongruous had been touched by Buckley's escapade, nearly choking with laughter.

Mr. Stone then courageously thrust his way as near as possible to the edge of the platform, with a view to



**BEARDING THE LION IN HIS DEN.**

From *The Dart*, 18th April, 1884.

Colonel Burnaby and Lord Randolph Churchill attacking Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

Cartoon by E. C. Mountfort.



announcing that the meeting was dissolved, but the uproar was so deafening that even those near him could not hear a syllable; nor was Mr. Rowlands more successful, and finally, finding gesticulations hopeless, both gentlemen joined the retreating party—with whole skins, but pathetically damaged silk hats. Rising from the floor, and fortunately unhurt, Mr. Buckley ploughed his way through the seething crowd until he reached the Assembly Room, at the door of which stood Sir Stafford Northcote, Lady Northcote, Lord Randolph, and Sir Edward Clarke; and there the Goliath Burnaby explained to the slim, boyish figure of Lord Randolph, how his chair and his stick had been used—his deep guffaw mingling with Lord Randolph's jay-like laugh.

"You shall have that stick," said Burnaby, addressing Mr. Buckley in a comic voice, "and a silver plate with the inscription 'For valour.'"

On October 18th, Burnaby was expected to meet and address his sturdy Sparkbrook friends; but, being prevented from fulfilling his engagement, he wrote to Mr. Buckley as follows:

14th October (1884).

Dear Buckley,

Will you tell my good friends of the Sparkbrook Club that I deeply regret my inability to preside over the smoking concert next Saturday? It is with real regret that I am compelled to come to this decision, but the simple fact is that I can't manage it anyhow, except at serious disadvantage. Do your best to impress the men with a due sense of my disappointment, and promise on my behalf that on the very first opportunity I will spend an evening at the club, even if I have to travel from London on purpose. I wish you had come to my room after the row. I quite expected you. When I think of your sudden appearance at the back, and your still more sudden bound to the front, I nearly die with laughing: the chair in ribbons, and next your snapping up my innocent stick and belabouring the scaling party; the whole

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scene strikes me as one of the most comic I ever beheld, or ever shall. Not that I am unconscious of the sober merit of the dash, in point of pluck and courage. Perhaps I laugh because the thing was so contrary to my impression of you, sitting at the piano while folks warbled sentimental songs. I think the country will now estimate at its true worth the Brummagem brag of Free Speech and the rest. All humbug, and blackguardly humbug at that. How tragic to see an estimable English gentleman like Sir Stafford speaking mildly and courteously to a crowd of howling ruffians. It makes me sick to think of it. Then there was Lady Northcote, and that sterling Englishman Stone, whose character is an honour to his town. And the men who treated them so brutally are the myrmidons of Chamberlain; these roaring, screaming, slaves of a caucus imported from the States.

Never mind. The thing must do us good. The true nature of Birmingham Liberalism, its tyranny and intolerance, are made manifest. Mind, I don't for one moment attribute the riot to the instigation of Chamberlain. I simply don't believe it—his underlings no doubt but acting without Chamberlain's knowledge. He would not have approved I am sure. For I have met him in private, and I think him quite straight, besides being a capital entertainer. In short, Joey is as agreeable as a man as he is damnable as a politician, in his beliefs I mean.

Be sure to impress the club with my disappointment. I *mean* it: but what is deferred is not lost.

Yours faithfully,

Fred Burnaby.

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A few days afterwards there was a meeting in one of the outlying districts of Birmingham, convened for the purpose of forwarding the Town Council election of Mr. R. C. Jarvis; and Burnaby had promised to be present. Just before the commencement, Mr. Buckley came

66—The Yellow  
Jug.



# A COUNCIL OF WAR.

From *The Dart*, 10th October, 1884.

Colonel Burnaby, Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. William Barton, Mr. Joseph Rowlands, Mr. J. Satchell Hopkins.

In the distance are Fort Caucas and Fort Schnaddy, with Mr. Frank Schnadhorst.

Cartoon by E. C. Mountfort.



across Burnaby in a small public house, which was used in some semi-official way by Mr. Jarvis's committee. Standing on the moist red brick floor of the little place, his head almost brushing the ceiling, Burnaby declared that he was as dry as a lime-kiln.\*

Champagne was proffered, but he waved it away. "No, no," he said, "Give me beer, good honest beer, and plenty of it. Bring me a quart at least."

Soon came a big, common, yellow jug; and Burnaby, taking it by spout and handle, tilted it over his mouth, drank the whole, and as it seemed, at one draught, and returned the jug with a deep sigh of content. "It's an awful thing," he said with emotion, "to be ten feet long, and dry all the way down."

He then handed to Mr. Buckley the promised stick. "Keepsake," he said. "You know. Perhaps I shall never return to Birmingham."

"I understood you were to remain in England," said Mr. Buckley.

"Don't you be surprised if I turn up in Egypt," said Burnaby, "but—not a syllable!"

At the meeting a curious coincidence occurred. An old lady named Davis asked Mr. Jarvis to inform Burnaby that she wished to present him with a walking stick.

"I look on this new stick," said Burnaby to Mr. Buckley, "as a token of the direct approval of Providence towards my giving you mine."

Upon which Mr. Jarvis said, "Then the inference follows that Providence must have been pleased with the use to which Mr. Buckley put the first stick."†

"In any case there was no danger of knocking out their brains," said Burnaby.

After the meeting Burnaby and Mr. Buckley returned

\* During his last twelve months, Burnaby, owing to his complaint, suffered severely from thirst.

† Mr. Jarvis who got into the Town Council and became an Alderman, died in 1907.



to the little tavern, and Burnaby, standing up as before, took another gargantuan drink out of the yellow jug.

"Is it good?" asked the old taverner, anxiously.

"Nectar!" said Burnaby, smacking his lips.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the old man, doubtfully.

"Drink for the very gods!" said Burnaby.

"By——, you shall have another jug!" cried the delighted old man.

Then came Burnaby's cab, and he shook hands all round. "He sprang in," says Mr. Buckley. "I went to him; he put out his hand. Quite distinctly I remember its softness and grip, while he repeated in a whisper, words similar to those he had used an hour or two before. "Don't be surprised if I turn up in Egypt *after all*."

The cab rattled away.

Burnaby had given Birmingham of his best, and Birmingham, as the Rabelaisian scene in the little tavern bears witness, had not been ungrateful; and so he vanished from her precincts for ever.

He passed the summer of 1884 partly at Somerby and partly at 86, Beaufort Gardens, but he was ever of a roving disposition, and it was not often he had a meal at home. His household consisted only of a policeman named Sly and his wife, who now and then called in occasional help. His health still gave anxiety to his friends. No longer able to practise Spartan habits, he used to lie late and, as his sight also gave him uneasiness, if he read from the papers it was always with blue glasses. When he wished to go out Mrs. Sly would stand on a chair and help him into his thick and heavily lined and furred great coat. On his return he would drop—"shaking the house as he did so"—into a low-built easy chair, the springs of which had been so flattened with his weight, that the under bands were but a few inches from the ground; and the afternoon would be

67— Brompton  
and Somerby  
Nov. 1884.



MR. ROBERT BUCKLEY.



SIR JAMES SAWYER.



spent in writing, dictating to his secretary, Mr. Percival Hughes, or calling on or being visited by his friends, Mr. Labouchere, Lord Winchelsea, Sir Eyre Massey Shaw, Sir Robert Peel, and Mr. Toole, the actor (Toole used to say that the merriest hour he could remember was one spent in a hansom with Burnaby); while he also renewed acquaintance with Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid, who was visiting London. His principal lady friends in London society—*Les trois grandes dames*, as he called them, were Lady Molesworth, Lady Waldegrave, and the Marchioness of Ely, with the last of whom he kept up a regular correspondence. When he begged Lady Ely to intercede with the Queen for the re-installation of Colonel Baker in the British Army, her ladyship was able to reply that the difficulty lay not with her Majesty, who was willing, but with Colonel Baker, who had refused.

When Burnaby wished to write he first made himself comfortable in his low, easy chair, by drawing up his long legs till his knees touched his chin; and his pen, running its course over paper supported by a huge blotting book, did the rest. At his side always stood an inhaler, which he used almost hourly to ease his breathing. Owing to his inability to take sufficient exercise he rapidly increased in weight; the sluggishness of his circulation made him feel the cold; still he had a distinct mercy, his arm being once more out of its sling. The cataracts of warm tea which he daily poured down his throat in order to quench his raging thirst, had the effect of making him drowsy. "He gave me orders," says Mrs. Sly, "in case of his sleeping too long, to go and wake him; but it was no use knocking at the door, for he would be in a dead sleep, and I had to go in and shake him."

Among those who were captivated by the charm of Burnaby's manner, the brightness of his talk, the blending in him "of strength and sweetness, of chivalrous daring and romantic gentleness," the bias of his character and the grandeur of his soul, was Mr. Justin McCarthy.

Towards the end of 1884 they sat together at a dinner given in the Mansion House, and both were called upon for speeches. McCarthy was dissatisfied with his own speech, owing to his impression he had not been heard by half the audience, while he had no doubt that Burnaby's magnificent voice had penetrated to the utmost corners. When, however, he came to compare notes with Burnaby, he found that the latter was just as dissatisfied.

"I certainly was not heard," said Burnaby. "The acoustics—or say those pillars (and he pointed to them) must take the blame," and he was so serious that a listener might have taken him for an aspiring orator whose career Fate had blighted at its very birth.

As we have already several times intimated, Burnaby never had a superior in personal courage. He was, as many of his friends have testified, absolutely devoid of fear. We have also had occasion to remark on his indifference to his personal appearance. "He was the most slovenly rascal who ever lived," says his devoted friend, Mr. Gibson Bowles. "When in uniform he looked like a sack of corn on a horse. To mention only one fact, instead of ordering his boots from a fashionable army bootmaker, like the other officers, at three guineas a pair, he got them made in the regiment at fourteen shillings."

Nevertheless on occasion he could give himself spruceness, and at public functions when, as Colonel of the Blues, he carried the silver stick in front of the Queen, his great stature and fine bearing, set off by a magnificent uniform, both comported with and strikingly augmented the pomp of the occasion. Mr. Buckley says of him, "His mien and general port were magnificent, he was well proportioned even for his great height, and straight as a reed. Even his remarkable complexion, so un-English, ascribed by him to Edward I., from whom he claimed descent, and whose looks and stature he had—this too fixed attention on him."

68— The Blues  
proud of  
him.



**MR. J. PERCIVAL HUGHES.**

Colonel Fred Burnaby's Secretary. Now Principal Agent Conservative Central Office, Westminster.



Still the fact remains that as a rule Burnaby's appearance lacked smartness.

"Evelyn," says Mr. Bowles, "was more like a soldier than Fred." Yet Fred was a real soldier every inch of him, nay a great soldier; and it was his ambition to make the Blues real soldiers too—an efficient fighting force. He introduced among them new studies, such as surveying. He tried to interest his fellow officers in ballooning and other pursuits which he was convinced would be of value in any new war; but their hearts—though there were honourable exceptions—were entirely with dress, playing cards, betting and horse-racing. They thought of nothing else. When he remonstrated with them, they replied sullenly: "We don't come here to soldier." They insisted, in short, that the whole duty of man is to wax his moustache, powder his chin, lay odds and clear fences. The want of sympathy between him and most of his colleagues was so pronounced that once when Mr. Bowles dined at Knightsbridge Barracks, not one of the officers would speak to Burnaby, except on matters of business.

But how different now! The old race has given place to entirely new blood. The present Blues are not a whit less smart looking than their predecessors, but they recognise that Burnaby was right, and that it *is* a soldier's business, as it should be his pleasure, to make himself first of all a soldier, and not only so, but a capable, and even a splendid soldier. Mention but Burnaby's name among them, and the heart beats, the eye flashes. "I dined last year with the Blues," remarked Mr. Bowles to the writer, "and the name of Burnaby was never off their tongues."

Burnaby enjoyed his life at the Carlton, but though inundated with invitations, he showed no partiality for London Society. One hot July afternoon when he and Evelyn were walking down Piccadilly, they passed a big house with an awning—an indication that some fashionable function was in progress. Powdered footmen



were running hither and thither, and there were cries for the Duchess of So and So's and Lady So and So's carriage. Fred coolly remarked, "I believe I was invited to that entertainment, but fancy spending a grand day like this listening to the twaddle of every day talk!"

Though Fred Burnaby was so much taller than Evelyn the latter was often taken for his brother. Even Lord Randolph Churchill, who knew both so well, once fell into the error. It was during his visit to the States. He expressed his conviction at the Opera that Fred was in one of the boxes, and a friend having differed from him, he backed his opinion by a bet of five pounds—which to his sorrow—though not on mercenary grounds—he lost—the supposed Fred turning out to be Evelyn.

Although become plethoric in body, Burnaby continued to be mentally as active as ever. In a letter to his publishers, Messrs. Sampson Low,

66— He plans a Visit to  
Timbuctoo. Marston & Co., dated 6th June, 1884, he says, "I am still suffering from my left

lung, which is congested; and later on mean to make one more big travel through Morocco to Timbuctoo, when I will write you a book, such a book—*Khiva* nothing to it—that will make your future." "This journey to Timbuctoo," observes Mr. Marston, "was not a pleasant joke, it was a serious project of his, and it would, in all probability, have been undertaken had his life been spared." Notwithstanding his joviality, Burnaby had a keen eye to business, and he was a splendid hand at striking a bargain. "How well do we remember," observes Mr. Marston, "his splendid and gigantic figure as he used to stroll into our office when he had some grand literary project in view, his hearty grip of the hand, his twinkling eye, and loud ringing laugh. There was a sort of magnetism about him which made us all jolly in his presence. He by no means underestimated the value of his literary work. He seemed to take more pride in overcoming a publisher than in winning a battle. However unpromising his



MR. HARRY ARTHUR GUSTAVUS ST. VINCENT BURNABY.  
Colonel Fred Burnaby's only son.



project might, at first sight, appear, he managed to cast over it such a rose-coloured glamour that he soon made it assume a more attractive aspect, and in this way he carried his point. It must be admitted that in the result he was generally not very far wrong, for he made his influence to be felt for the good of his new book wherever he went. On one occasion when a slight inelegancy of style was pointed out to him, he wrote "You are probably right. . . I write as I talk, and do not pretend to have any style. I have let two or three people look at the proofs. They are not connected with the Press, but are average mortals—I call them my Foolometers. They like the book. I think they represent the majority of the reading public. You will make a success."

In October and November 1884, Burnaby's portrait was painted twice, each of the artists being a lady. Both ladies noticed that he was in poor health and low spirits, though he made vapid attempts at cheerfulness. However his old pleasantry did not quite forsake him, for when one of the ladies asked him to close his eyes so that she might take their measure with her compasses, he observed, "I never close my eyes, madam, in the face of danger."

## CHAPTER XVII.

10TH NOVEMBER 1884—17TH JANUARY 1885.

### DAL ON THE NILE.

By this time the attacks made by Burnaby and others upon the Government had once more forced it to action, and an expedition was organized with the object of carrying aid to Gordon. Lord  
70— **Very** **Unhappy.** Wolseley, who was appointed to lead it, often spoke eulogistically of Burnaby, and would gladly have had his services, but the war authorities were of another mind. It has been said that cautious officialdom dreaded Burnaby's headstrong bravery; but surely the bitter attacks he had made on the Government were sufficient to account for its coldness towards him. However, Government willing, Government unwilling, Burnaby was resolved to get to the seat of war, and if possible to be one of the rescuers of his pattern hero, General Gordon. Having secretly made all the necessary preparations for his project, he applied for his usual winter's leave of absence, but the authorities, who had a premonition that somehow or other he intended to outwit them, allowed him one of only three months. As a feint he gave out that he was about to make for South Africa, whereupon the deluded authorities promptly wired to Cape Town forbidding his being allowed to take part in the operations in progress there. His plans matured, he first ran down to Somerby, where he feasted the whole parish. During the dinner an old farmer said to him, "I suppose you're agoing to the Soudan, Colonel?"

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Burnaby parried the question with some apposite wit-ticism.

"Be advised," said the old man, "and don't go; for if an Arab could hit a haystack he couldn't very well miss you."

From Somerby Burnaby proceeded to Bedford, and after calling on Miss Rose and other old friends, to whom he hinted darkly that he was unlikely to see them again; he visited the Rectory garden and paddock, where the old house and St. Peter's Church peeped at him through their foliage, just as they had done in his boyhood. He was not a sentimentalist; but he felt as he gazed at this haunting picture that he was looking at it for the last time.

On arriving in London he placed his papers, including the manuscript of an unfinished novel, to which he had given the name of *Our Radicals*, with his secretary, Mr. Percival Hughes.

Little Harry Burnaby had been staying with his grandmother, Lady Whitshed, and while Burnaby and Mr. Hughes were chatting, he was brought by a footman to say good-bye to his father. After embracing the child, Burnaby turned to the footman and said, "Good-bye, Robert, I shan't come back!"

There was a great sadness upon Burnaby when he conversed for the last time with his old and devoted friend, Mr. T. Gibson Bowles, for bodily disorders, regimental and other troubles, had blackened his outlook and robbed him of all peace of mind. The melancholy of the padge-owl once more sat heavily upon him.

"I am very unhappy," he said, "and I can't imagine why you care about life. I do not mean to come back."

But at Victoria Station, when parting from Mr. Hughes, he was in quite a different mood. They had been speaking about the unfinished *Our Radicals*, and his last words as he stepped into the train, were, "I shall publish that novel when I return, but it will want a good deal of writing."

Accompanied by his servant Buchanan,\* he made his way first to Maloja in the Engadine, in order to bid adieu to Mrs. Burnaby, and some days later he arrived at Alexandria, where he stayed not a moment longer than necessity demanded, for he was in perpetual fear lest a telegram should arrive to stop him. Eventually he overtook Lord Wolseley, who, on his own responsibility, placed him first in the Intelligence Department, and afterwards on his own staff. Soldiers who met him in the company of Lord Arthur Somerset and Sir John Willoughby marked his healthy look and smart bearing. Egypt, indeed, had given him new life and vigour. Ardent sun, desert air, the proximity of danger had scattered all his moody thoughts. He was once more his old self, cheery as a lark, full of quip and crank, revelling in life and activity. He was working for England, and he was riotously happy.

On December 4th he wrote as follows to Mrs. Burnaby :

“ Wady Halfa,

4th December, 1884.

“ I have been appointed inspecting staff officer of the line between Tanjour and Magrakah on the Nile, about sixty miles from this. I have to superintend the moving of the Nile boats in that district ; and as the water is very shallow, most of them will have to be carried on land. It will be very hard work, but at the same time interesting employment. I leave this to-morrow to take up my new duties.”

On arriving by rail at Sarras,† Burnaby hastened to Captain Brocklehurst's Remount Camp, and applied to Warrant Officer Joseph Pritchard for camels, saying that he was very anxious to get to the front.

“ I can give you a camel, sir,” said Mr. Pritchard, “ but I have no riding saddle.”

“ Oh, a pack saddle‡ will do,” said Burnaby. “ Anything at all.”

\* Storey had left his service.

† Then the head of the railway from Wady Halfa.

‡ A pack saddle consists of two cross pieces of wood front and back, tied together with side bars of wood—a very rough affair.

Mr. Pritchard procured a pack-saddle, which he made as comfortable as possible with blankets; and without waiting for food Burnaby mounted, and, accompanied by Buchanan, who had also been provided with a camel, rode off as fast as possible. On reaching Dal he wrote to Mrs. Burnaby as follows :

“ Dal,

11th December.

“ I left Wady Halfa about five days ago, went by train (three hours) to Sarras, and then rode on camels here. The camels were bad, and broke down several times.\* We journeyed through the desert with not a blade of grass to be seen—nothing but white sand, high rocks, and black crags. Since I have been here I have been very busy. The Nile here is like a small pond in many places, and when the wind is not favourable the boats have to be carried for two and a half miles across the desert on men’s shoulders. Each boat weighs eleven hundred-weight, and her stores three and a half tons, so this will give you an idea of the labour. I passed eleven boats through the cataract the first day, seventeen the next, thirty-four yesterday, and hope to do forty more to-day. Our work is to spur on all the officers and men, and see that they work to their uttermost. This I think they do, and it will be very difficult for me to get more out of them. It does not do to overspur a willing horse. I sleep on the ground in a waterproof bag, and have as aide-de-camp Captain Gascoigne, late of my regiment, He has just gone for an eight hours’ ride down the Nile to report to me on the boats coming up. A strong north-wind is blowing to-day, which helps us much with the boats. I do hope it will continue, as some four hundred and fifty more have to pass through the cataracts very shortly.”

Among those who conversed with Burnaby at Dal was Mr. J. M. Cook, of Ludgate Circus. “ If,” said

\* See Lord Binning’s narrative (chapter 19).



Burnaby to him, "the British Government had not sent an expedition to Khartoum, I and my friend, Captain Gascoigne, would have gone out alone with the intention of cutting our way through to Gordon."

When Mr. Cook and Burnaby parted on December 12th the latter said, "Remember, you are under promise to take me back to my duties at Windsor before May the first." Then, turning to Mr. Cook junior, he said, "whether your father can indulge himself or not, you are to spend part of your summer holiday with me at Somerby."

His next letter to Mrs. Burnaby, dated 15th December (1884), runs as follows :

" Dal, on the Nile,  
15th December, 1884.

"I am up before daylight, getting boats and soldiers across the cataracts. There was a deadlock here before I arrived, but I have put things straight again, and the boats are going on to Dongola without delay.

"There is a strange mixture of people here—Arab camel-drivers, black Dongolese porters, still blacker Kroomen, Red Indians, Canadian boatmen, Greek interpreters; men from Aden, Egyptian soldiery, Scotch, Irish, and English Tommy Atkins—a very Babel of tongues and accents. The nights are cold, but on the whole I feel well. Sir Redvers Buller arrived this morning and expressed himself very pleased with the work done. Buchanan, my servant, is well, and very useful."

On December 24th he wrote :

" Dal, on the Nile,  
December 24th, 1884.

"Great excitement is prevailing at the present moment, as my basin, in which a black was washing my shirts, slipped out of his hands, and is sailing gaily down the Nile. Buchanan is in despair, as it cannot be replaced. The excitement increases. A black on board a boat close at hand has jumped into the river. The stream is dangerous here, there being so many rocks and eddies. He is

pursuing the basin ; he has come up to it, and landed it safely.

“ It is extremely cold about two a.m. till the sun gets up, and then it is very warm in the middle of the day. I came back this morning after a three days’ excursion to the Isle of Say, where I have been arranging with the Sheiks for the purchase of Indian corn and wood for fuel. I bought an Arab bedstead there for two dollars. For food, I live the same as the soldiers—preserved beef, preserved vegetables, and lime-juice, with occasionally a drop of rum, which is very acceptable.

“ A piece of bacon was served out to each man, and a pound of flour as well this morning, as it is Christmas to-morrow. Bacon is a great luxury here. I am going to dine with Lieut-Colonel Alleyne, of the Royal Artillery, to-morrow. He has a plum-pudding he brought with him from England, and I can assure you we are all looking forward to the consumption of that pudding very much like boys at school. I must have lost quite two stone the last month, and am all the better for it. A soldier stole some stores a few days ago. He has been tried by court-martial, and given five years’ penal servitude. In old days he would have escaped with a flogging, but now that it is abolished the man has to suffer five years instead. Poor fellow ! I expect he does not bless the sentimentalists who did away with flogging in the army. . Taking everything into consideration, the men are behaving wonderfully well. They have very, very hard work, and this so-called Nile pic-nic is as severe a strain as well could be put on them, physically speaking. Yet you never hear a grumble, and they deserve the greatest praise. It is a responsible post which Lord Wolseley has given me here, with forty miles of the most difficult part of the river, and I am very grateful to him for letting me have it ; but I must say I shall be better pleased if he sends for me when the troops advance upon Khartoum. Of course, someone must be left to look after the line of communication, and each man hopes

he may not be the unfortunate individual. Anyhow, if I am left behind I shall not outwardly grumble, although I shall inwardly swear, as Lord Wolseley has been so very kind."

Two days later he wrote :

" Dal,

26th December.

"Every morning I am up at six, and am out of doors all day, either on a camel or on my legs, superintending the transport of boats and boat stores up the cataracts. I have not seen a newspaper for the last month, and we all live in blissful ignorance of the outer world. I had my Christmas dinner last night with Colonel Alleyne. Party : Lord Charles Beresford, Captain Gascoigne, and self. Dinner : Preserved pea soup, some ration beef, and a plum-pudding, sent out from England, which was done great justice to, the dinner being washed down by libations of whisky and brandy, mixed with Nile water. As someone observed, the Nile tastes strongly of whisky after six p.m. One, joking about the expedition and its difficulties, remarked that there had been no such expedition since Hannibal tried to cross the Alps in a boat. I expect to have got the last boat load of soldiers through here by the second of next month, and then there will be very little for me to do, and I hope to be sent on."

The next letter, a treasure indeed, for it is the last, was written in pencil at Dal in the quiet and solitude of the night. On the envelope, which was  
 71— **His Last Letter, 28th Dec., 1884.** addressed to Mrs. Fred Burnaby, Hotel Belvedere, Davos Platz, Switzerland, was written "On active service. No stamps. Pay at other end. F. Burnaby, Col." The letter itself, which is on yellow paper, ruled with faint blue lines, runs :

" Dal, on the Nile,

Dec. 28th, 1884, 8 p.m.

" My darling Lizzie,

"Have just received orders to move on to Korti, a

place between Debbah and Merani, where Colonel Stewart was killed—about 280 miles from this. I start to-morrow morning. Have received no letters from you or anyone since the 17th of last month. They will doubtless all turn up in time. Camels travel slowly, so I shall not reach Korti for ten days. Am very well. Cold and cough disappeared—thanks to the Arab bedstead, which keeps my middle-aged bones off the ground. Buchanan very well and very useful. Lord Charles Beresford left this for Korti, the day before yesterday. I hope to catch him up. Weather very cold at night and early morning, but warm though with a cold wind in the middle of the day.

“P.S.—Excuse scrawl. A man arrived with some jam yesterday. Three shillings a pot he charged. 7½d. for the same article in the Brompton Road. I bought twelve pots. Dreadful extravagance, but jam is a great luxury here.

Believe me, my darling wife,

Your very affectionate husband,

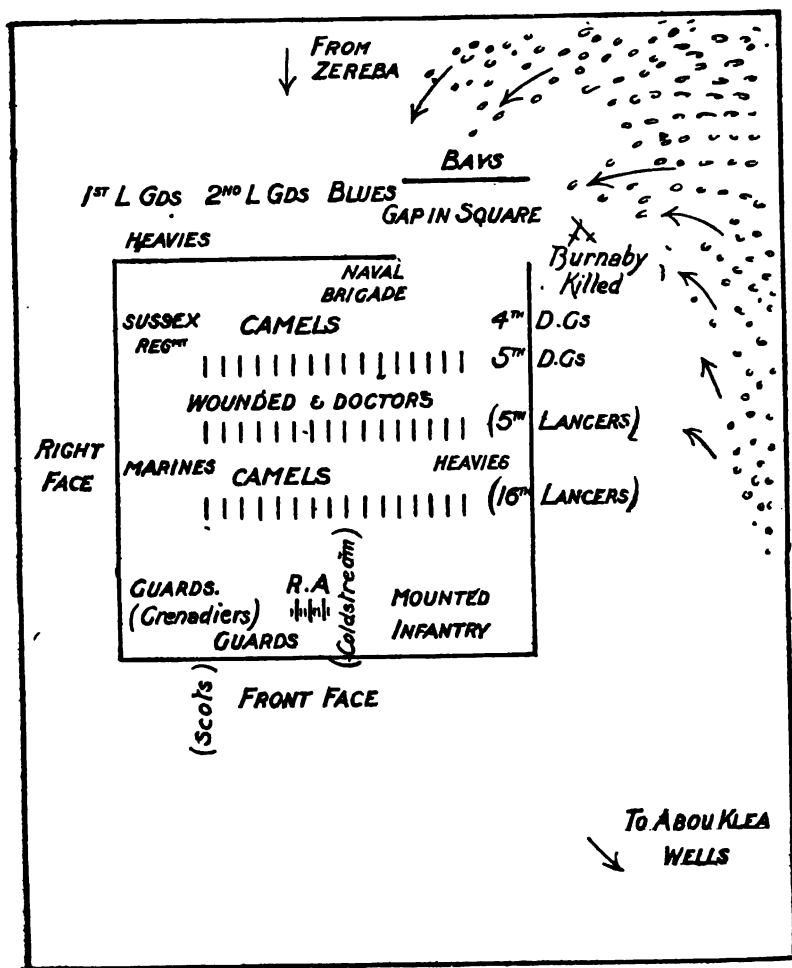
Fred.”

On January 8th he reached Korti, where he learnt, to his joy, that a few days previous an Arab messenger had brought in a slip of paper, some two inches square, containing the following cheery message, “Khartoum all right. December 14th. C. G. Gordon.” The messenger had added that Gordon looked well, while his men, who knew that Lord Wolseley was advancing to their aid, were in excellent spirits. Next morning Sir Redvers Buller, as Chief of the staff, placed Burnaby in charge of a convoy of grain, which was to be taken to Gadhul, and instructed him to join General Stewart’s column if possible. He overtook the column at Gadhul very early in the morning of January 18th, and while handing over the convoy to Mr. Pritchard (the official from whom he had obtained his camel at Sarras), he enquired, “Am I in time for the fighting?”

P

"Oh yes," was the reply, "we shall not march out till four."

The advance commenced at the time expected, and on the evening of the 15th a halt was made near a high hill.



THE SQUARE AT ABOU KLEA.

From a sketch by Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Binning.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

17TH JANUARY 1885.

### THE BATTLE OF ABOU KLEA.

Next morning the column started again before day-break, but owing to the difficulty of carrying forage, only a few of the officers, including Sir Herbert Stewart, Lord Airlie, and Frank Rhodes, were mounted. Burnaby was on a grey polo pony named Moses, which had been lent him by Lieutenant Percival Marling.\* Lord Charles Beresford rode a mule, his blue-jackets were on camels, but the rest were on foot. Would they reach Khartoum in time to save Gordon ? That was the great question. They halted some four hundred yards from the foot of the bleak and rugged ridge which forms part of the caravan route to Abou Klea; and then General Stewart and his staff, including Colonel Burnaby, went forward to reconnoitre. On topping the ridge they could see, by aid of their glasses, the army of the enemy so disposed as to dispute the further advance of the column; and, having returned to his men, the General gave the order for a zereba† to be formed, while pickets were placed on the hills. The soldiers slept in the zereba in their great coats with bayonets fixed; for during the whole of the night could be heard the distant sound of the tom-tom, while the bullets of the enemy hissed overhead, or dropped into the square, mortally wounding several men, including Lord St. Vincent of the 16th

\* Afterwards V.C., C.B., and Colonel commanding 18th (Victoria Mary Princess of Wales's Own) Hussars.

† An enclosure the sides of which are formed of prickly brushwood, biscuit boxes, saddles, &c.



Lancers. Twice during the night the pickets were driven in and the men called to arms.

Burnaby, who wore a big pilot jacket lined with astrakhan, had been appointed by General Stewart to the command of the left flank and rear of the square, and he virtually discharged the duties of a brigadier general. To Mr. Binning.

Bennet Burleigh, who was by his side during the earlier part of the night, he expressed his satisfaction at having arrived in time for the approaching battle. "I have got to that stage of life," he observed, "when the two things that interest me most are war and politics; and I am equally exhilarated and happy whether holding up to odium an unworthy politician or fighting against my country's foes. I shall take up politics again on my return, for, next to war and fighting, there is more fire and go in that than in anything else. Besides, wars are going out of fashion. Politics give me a course and stir my blood."

They talked together by the hour, joking and laughing—Burnaby championing the Tory cause, Burleigh, the Social Democratic; indeed, General Stewart, more than once, asked them to be silent.

"Do you think," said Captain Hipplesley,\* to Burnaby, "the enemy will come on and attack our entrenchment?"

"No such luck," replied Burnaby. "We shall have to go forward and attack them"—and then, his mind running on the intolerable thirst from which the column had suffered, and the immense hordes of the enemy, he added, "At home it is wine and women, but out here, from what I can see, it's men and water."†

A little later, however, he felt convinced that the enemy would make an attack, and having quitted his companions, he joined General Stewart, with whom he visited the various corps in the zereba, as well as the small posts

\* Of the Royal Scots Greys.

† Heard by George Murray, of the Scots Greys, who was passing.



COLONEL BURNABY AT ABOU KLEA.

From *The Graphic*.





From *The Illustrated London News*.

COLONEL BURNABY AT ABOUT KLIEA.

*Drawn by Mr. R. Caton Woodville from sketch furnished by Mr. Melton Prior.*





MR. JOSEPH ROWLANDS.



COLONEL MARLING, V.C.





LORD BINNING.  
1886.



CORPORAL. MACINTOSH.  
Royal Horse Guards, who gave up his stripes in order to serve with the detachment of the Royal Horse Guards in the Camel Corps, and was killed at Abou Klea—going out from the square in a gallant but hopeless attempt to save his Colonel.







### THE BATTLE OF GUBAT.

From *The Graphic*.  
The condition of things in this battle resembled that at Abou Klea. This picture gives an excellent idea of the way in which the British troops received the enemy in both battles. The bearded man to the left is Colonel Roscawen (in command of the square), the one with arm in sling is Lord Air-ic.





*THE DART IN MOURNING.*  
23rd January, 1885.

*Drawn by E. C. Mountfort.*



which had been made with the aid of biscuit boxes. Addressing Corporal J. R. Payne as a senior non-commissioned officer,\* he said, "Are your men awake? Is their ammunition ready?" And on receiving a satisfactory reply, he passed to another company, to whom he said "Don't fire, men, until you see the whites of their eyes."

A little later Mr. Burleigh learnt that Burnaby had been appointed by General Wolseley second in command—that is next to General Stewart—and that on reaching Metamneh, he was to be named governor of the town. Early in the morning Burnaby rode up to Lord Cochrane (now Lord Dundonald), whose men—a squadron of the heavy camel corps, made up of the 1st and 2nd Life Guards—occupied a slight hollow, and asked whether he might put his mount among them. While Lord Cochrane and Burnaby were sitting together on some rising ground, and looking in the direction of the enemy, a bullet whistled between them and towards some men who were lying behind, one of whom was named Murray.† After remarking that it was a close shave, Lord Cochrane asked the men for the bullet, but Murray replied, "I think, sir, I have the best right to it, as it has gone through my pocket"; so he kept it. Shortly afterwards someone said, "They seem to be hitting a good many of our men"; on which Colonel Burnaby observed, "You can't make omelets without breaking eggs."

A few minutes later while he was chatting with another officer and Mr. Melton Prior, the bullets of the enemy again came unpleasantly near. "The rascals are firing at us from those hills on the right," said the officer as a bullet whistled between him and Burnaby. "We'd better separate a little."

\* J. R. Payne was Corporal in charge of 18 men No. 3 section C (or Rifle) company.

† Probably the Thomas Murray mentioned later as writing to Burnaby's friends.

With a smile, Burnaby observed, "We may as well be killed here now, as elsewhere later on."

About 7 in the morning General Stewart ordered an advance, and gave instructions to drive the enemy from the wells. The column left the zereba at 7.30, and about 9 the bugle sounded the halt. A square was formed with the Guards in front, the Mounted Infantry on the left, the Sussex Regiment on the right, and the Naval Brigade and the Heavy Cavalry in the rear, while in the centre were the camels carrying ammunition and litters for the wounded, and the Gardner guns. A movement forward was then made, amid a fusillade from the hills, but although the enemy had excellent weapons, namely, Remingtons, taken from Hicks Pasha's slaughtered army, they were bad marksmen, most of the bullets going too high.

Reports then came in that the enemy's scouts were seen coming round the hills above the left flank; and the 19th Hussars were sent forward to drive them back.

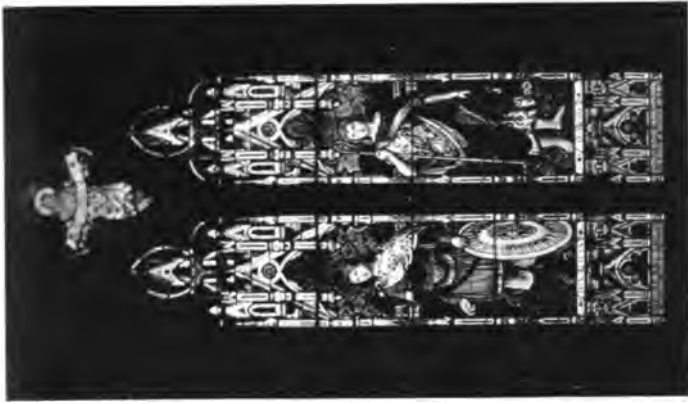
"Where's your double-barrelled shot gun?" enquired Mr. Burleigh of Burnaby.

"Oh," was the reply. "As the sentimentalists and their friends at home made such an outcry on account of my using it at El Teb, I have handed it over to my servant."

"That was a mistake," said Mr. Burleigh, "I should have seen them d——d first. These cruel devils of dervishes give no quarter. It is not even the sword of Mahomet, but defilement and butchery in the name of the Mahdi. So it's their lives or ours."

"It is too late now," said Burnaby. "I must take my chance."

In the meantime, owing to the fact that many of the camels had been wounded, the rear of the square was unable to keep pace with the front, consequently a gap was left—a condition of affairs which the officers tried in vain to remedy, and while the British were in this predicament, the Arab forces poured over the mountains like swarms of



THE DAVID & JONATHAN WINDOW.  
Presented to Somerby Church in memory  
of Colonel Fred Burnaby by Mrs. Fred  
Burnaby.

*Photo by Rev. G. E. Britten.*



THE BURNABY VAULT AT  
BURROUGH CHURCH.

*Photo by Rev. C. Watts-Read.*





bees. Nearer and nearer they approached, and with banners waving, tom-toms beating, and the tremendous shout of "Allah Akhbah," they poured towards the gap in the square, sweeping over the undulating ground that lay in their path like a vast wave of black surf. There must have been fifteen thousand of them: enormous Sheikhs in patched jibbehs, Dervishes, ferocious thick-necked Baggara from the Nuba plains, tremendous black woolly-haired warriors, with iron rings on wrist and neck, two edged swords and shields of crocodile hide, Emirs on horseback; in short, representatives apparently of every tribe and nation in the Soudan. The British tried their utmost to close the gap, the skirmishers fell back, while the rifles in the square kept up a continuous fire, and the shrapnel guns\* belched forth their deadly streams. General Stewart moved about the left flank, Colonel Burnaby was near the gap, and Lord Cochrane and Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Binning, were distant from him only a few yards. The rifles of the Guards and the Mounted Infantry mowed down the black masses of the enemy like corn, but those in the rear leaped over the piles of dead, many of them reaching the square, so there was much hand to hand fighting. To add to the terrible confusion, in the midst of the struggle part of the British ammunition caught fire, so there was at once a crackling of boxes and a continuous explosion of cartridges behind our soldiers, and a furious enemy in front; but even this was not all, for the Gardner guns jammed, and the soldiers' bayonets, being too long, became softened by the continuous firing, and consequently, lost their effectiveness.

Colonel Burnaby, who still rode the pony, Moses, had restrained his own command as long as possible.

"Don't fire yet," he shouted, "you'll hit  
 74—Death of our men!" meaning the skirmishers, who  
 Burnaby 17th were still pouring in; and the foe was  
 Jan., 1885. within 150 yards when the first volley was

\* There were two batteries of Artillery in the square—one English one Egyptian.

fired from those near the gap. The left flank of the square then fell back a few feet, and there was some confusion. Colonel Burnaby, instead of falling back with the others, stood his ground, and then seeing some skirmishers being struck down by the Arabs he dashed to their rescue, doing deadly execution with his revolver and a huge sword. As he rode forward a Sheikh charged him on horseback, only, however, to fall by an English bullet. But behind the Sheikh were spearmen, and one of them, suddenly dashing at Burnaby, thrust a spear blade into his throat. Checking his pony, and pulling it backward, Burnaby leant forward in his saddle and parried the rapid and ferocious thrusts, but the length of the Moslem's weapon—eight feet—put it out of his power to retaliate effectually. Still he fenced smartly, and there was a smile on his features as he drove off the man's awkward points. At this moment another Arab ran his spear into the Colonel's right shoulder, but he had scarcely done so before he was bayoneted by a young soldier named Laporte. In the confusion Burnaby received another throat wound from the first Arab, causing him to fall from his saddle, and half a dozen Arabs closed on him. In spite of the wounds he leapt to his feet, sword in hand, and slashed at his foes, while Sir William Gordon Cumming, and young Corporal Mackintosh, of the Blues, who was instantly cut down by an Arab, rushed courageously to his assistance. Half a dozen Arabs were now about Burnaby; he struck at them "with the wild strokes of a proud brave man dying hard, but he was quickly overborne,"\* and he fell bleeding, helpless and dying into the arms of his servant Buchanan, who had just reached the spot. Private Wood, of the Grenadier Guards, ran out, raised his head, and offered him some water.

"No, my man," said Burnaby, pushing back the bottle. "Look after yourself."

\* Mr. Bennet Burleigh.



THE REV. EVELYN BURNABY, M.A.  
Colonel Burnaby's only brother.



"Oh, Colonel, I fear I can say no more than God bless you," said Wood.

In that fearful *melée* fell also Captain Darley,\* Lieutenants Wolfe† and De Lisle‡ and Majors Atherton|| and Carmichael,§ all of whom had found themselves like Burnaby outside the square—brave men every one. These events took place in even less time than it has taken to describe them; and then the whole thing was blotted out by the masses of the enemy, the scene becoming, to use Lord Dundonald's words, a veritable pandemonium—every man fighting for dear life. In the confusion a few of the Arabs, including a colossus on horseback, broke into the square, but they were instantly despatched. General Stewart, whose horse was killed under him, had a narrow escape. Death and havoc reigned. The strained tension of the situation lasted some ten minutes, when, at last, the Arabs, finding all their efforts in vain, began to turn and ride off the field. With cheer upon cheer the English hailed their victory, dearly won as it had been, and volley after volley was sent into the flying foe.

Terribly wounded as Burnaby was, he still lived, though life was fast ebbing away; among the sounds that last reached his ears were the cries of victory. At that moment Lord Binning ran up and knelt at his side. Burnaby opened his eyes, gently pressed his comrade's hand, and was gone.

And there he lay on this fatal field—a huge Soudanese spear° with a blade sixteen inches long and four wide, covered with blood, crossing his body—probably the weapon that gave him his death wound. Poor Moses was found hard by stabbed in a dozen places.

There were also slain at Abou Klea, Major Gough, of the

\* 4th Dragoon Guards.

† Scots Greys.

‡ Naval Brigade.

|| 5th Dragoon Guards.

§ 5th Lancers.

° It is now in the possession of Colonel Marling.

Royal Dragoons, Lieutenant Law, 4th Dragoon Guards, and Lieutenant Pigott, of the Naval Brigade, while Major Dickson and Lord Airlie were wounded.

Burnaby was buried about seven o'clock on the morning after the battle in a grave on some rising ground twenty yards north of the spot where he fell, and close beside the other officers and men killed in the battle, the burial service being read by Lord Charles Beresford. The spot was marked by a low stone wall and a large mound of stones.\* The immense hordes of dead Arabs were, by necessity, left unburied. Round the arms of the corpses were found leathern bands supporting a little case containing a prayer in Arabic, composed by the Mahdi, who had declared that it would convert the British bullets into water. For long after the fight a great canopy of smoke hung over the battlefield, and vultures pounced upon the dead camels immediately they were deserted.

A small detachment having been left with the wounded, the British forces pressed on, and four days later they encountered the Arabs again at Abu Kru or Gubat near Metammeh, where Sir Herbert Stewart received a wound which a few days later† proved fatal; and the chief command fell to Colonel Sir Charles Wilson. Among others who fell at Gubat were Mr. Cameron, the correspondent of *The Standard* and Mr. St. Leger Herbert, correspondent of *The Morning Post*, who are said to have been killed by the same bullet. They were borne to their grave by Mr. Burleigh, of the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. F. Villiers, of the *Graphic*, Mr. Melton Prior, of the *Illustrated London News*, Mr. H. H. S. Pearse, of the *Daily News*, Mr. Charles Williams, of the *Daily Chronicle*, and other sympathisers.

An attempt was made by Sir Charles Wilson to reach Khartoum by steamer, but on receiving the sad intelligence that Khartoum had fallen into the hands of the

\* Letter from Thomas Murray (Sergeant Gds. Camel Regiment) to Burnaby's relatives.

† He died on Feb. 16th.



TROOPER GEORGE MURRAY,  
Royal Scots Greys.





Mahdi, and that Gordon was dead,\* he relinquished the attempt, and returned with his wearied and ragged soldiers to the base at Korti, where the glowing praise which they heard from the lips of Lord Wolseley more than recompensed them for their sufferings.

"You have certainly done your best," he said, "and though you cannot get into Khartoum this year, you will next."

As everyone knows, however, it took longer than Lord Wolseley anticipated. It was not until December 1899, that British troops, under Kitchener, after defeating the Mahdi's† successor, at the battle of Omdurman, finally reached Khartoum, and put a period to the wasteful and inhuman rule of Khalifa and Dervish.

\* He was slain on Jan. 26th.

† The Mahdi died 22nd June, 1885. He was succeeded by the Khalifa Abdullah.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### AN INDEPENDENT ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF ABOUT KLEA.

*[Written specially for this work by Lieutenant-Colonel  
Lord Binning.]*

On the 18th January, 1885, the Camel Corps had reached Gadkul Wells, some 96 miles from our starting point at Korti : and it was here that Colonel

75—The Bravest  
Man in Eng-  
land dying.

Burnaby overtook us. Before starting he had met with an accident which might have proved serious. He had gone to Captain, now Colonel, Brocklehurst's remount camp to select camels for his journey, and it was characteristic of him that he insisted on mounting a wild half-broken animal against which he was warned, as dangerous to ride. The brute proceeded to kick himself clean out of the saddle, throwing Burnaby from a great height to the ground. It was a wonder he was not killed ; as it was he was severely shaken, and it was some time before he recovered sufficiently to proceed.

The column resumed its march on the 14th, and on that day our scouts reported signs of the enemy in front. So when on the evening of the 15th we halted near a high hill, Jebel el Sergain, it had become pretty certain that we were in for some fighting.

We bivouacked for a few hours to wait for the moon to rise, and it was here that the Colonel sent for me. I found him at his evening meal, and in high spirits at the prospect of fighting. Bennet Burleigh and Williams, of the *Chronicle*, were with him, and to them he was detailing the steps he intended to take to maintain order

and discipline in Metammeh when we arrived there, it being understood that he was to be appointed governor of the place. After some conversation and speculation as to the force we were likely to encounter, the Colonel turned laughingly to me and said, "I want you to give the men a message. Tell them I shall be disappointed if each of them does not account for at least six of the enemy to-morrow." The fight, however, was not destined to be next day. I delivered the message, and the men were delighted.

Starting again before daylight on the 16th, the enemy's position was located about noon some four miles to our front. Sir Herbert Stewart, finding they were in great force, decided to postpone the attack till next day.

Meanwhile we constructed a rough zereba for camels and baggage, and before sunset a long low wall had been quickly thrown up, behind which we got what sleep we could.

The night was bitterly cold, and very dark; small bodies of the enemy's riflemen crept up to the hills on our right flank, and along the nullahs to our front, and kept up an intermittent fire all night; and though the casualties were not many it was harassing to the men. Moreover the noise of the tom-toms, borne down the breeze, seemed occasionally, to overstrained nerves, surprisingly close, and on more than one occasion the whole force, right down the line, stood simultaneously to their posts, with bayonets fixed and eyes peering into the darkness.

It was during one of these alarms that from the direction of the enemy we heard the tramp of a horse's feet on the gravel advancing towards us, and, curiously enough, straight to our detachment. The end of a cigar glowed in the darkness, and with an instinctive knowledge of his man, one of my troopers exclaimed, "It must be the Colonel." He was right, it was Burnaby returning from a solitary visit of observation to the enemy's lines. I got over the wall and went up to him, and explained

the state of affairs, and how annoying it was that my men could not go to sleep. He laughed his cheery laugh. "Ah! never mind," he said, "boys will be boys." Somewhat shamefacedly the word was passed down the line, and there were no more alarms that night. These were the last words I was ever to hear him speak.

It was a relief when morning came at last—the dawn of Abou Klea, which was to be Burnaby's last fight; and breakfastless the column fell in to advance in the square at 7 a.m. As a matter of fact we did not move off until an hour and a half later, and even then early casualties began to come thick, Majors Gough and Dickson, and Lieutenants Beech and Lyall being hit before the advance began.

It looked about now as if the tribesmen intended to come on; their main body advanced towards us down the centre of the valley, and then halted about a mile off. The war-drums were sounding and banners flying, whilst thousands of spear heads glittered in the morning sun.

As they remained halted Sir Herbert Stewart determined to attack, and taking ground to the right along the gravelly ridges, so as to avoid the broken ground and nullahs in front, the square, approximately 1200 strong, moved off in the following formation. The guards led the way with Mounted Infantry and Heavy Camel Corps on left face, the remainder of the Heavy Camel Corps and Naval Brigade in the rear face, and the Sussex regiment on the right. Undoubtedly an initial mistake, which was to cost us dear later on, was made in crowding too many camels laden with ammunition, water and cacolets\* for the wounded into so small a square, offering as they did a conspicuous mark for the enemy's sharp-shooters. It was not long before almost every camel was hit, and the poor brutes labouring slowly along hampered our movements considerably, and gave the rear face of the square in which we were marching infinite trouble to keep closed

\* Litters.

up. The sun was now very hot overhead, and the advance tedious. The Kordofan hunters, hidden on the heights on our right, kept up a pretty accurate fire, though we never saw a man. The surgeons were kept busy, and during the frequent halts to pick up the wounded, the square was ordered to lie down and fire volleys in the direction of the invisible foe.

Away in the distance the hills to our left were black with Arabs, apparently waiting the issue of the struggle. But in the meantime the main fighting body of the enemy had apparently retired before us, and was taking cover in the nullahs and scrubby ground below us. Suddenly about a quarter of a mile from us, and on our left front, two large bodies of the enemy appeared, banners flying, and drums beating, apparently moving slowly off in the direction of Berber. The square, which had been halted, received immediate orders to advance on to a favourable ridge and fire volleys on the retreating masses. The order was eagerly obeyed, and three sides of the square at once advanced. Meanwhile many of the wounded camels had taken the opportunity to lie down, and, in spite of our efforts to urge them forward, our further advance was blocked, and a gap of some sixty to eighty yards speedily established between the rear face and the remainder of the square.

It was at this moment that almost at our feet a force of Dervishes, estimated at between three and four thousand strong, sprang up as if from the bowels of the earth, and headed by their Emirs and Baggara horsemen, charged the left face of the square.

Swiftly and with almost appalling silence, they came on, and then suddenly espying the weak spot in our defence, they wheeled like a flock of pigeons and made for the gap on our left rear. At the same moment the two bodies we had already seen wheeled about and joined in the charge. Our men, though completely taken by surprise, fell back steadily in an endeavour to close the rear face. I could see Burnaby on his pony riding to

and fro, and urging our men to fall back quickly, but our riflemen, who were out skirmishing, masked our fire, and it was not until the last of them had managed to crawl in on their hands and knees, to avoid the bullets of our own men, that an effective fire could be brought to bear. It was then too late, for in those few moments the mischief had been done, and the Dervishes were into the square stabbing right and left, and it was at that corner that our greatest loss took place.

I hope I may be pardoned for having thus gone into the details of a fight which though, in the nature of events has been long forgotten by the British public, will never be forgotten by those who were there, but I have done so because an idea existed, and still exists in some quarters, that the square was broken by the Arab rush. The square was not broken, because as I have shown, and I had every opportunity of judging at the time of the onslaught, there was no square to break, and nothing but the steadiness and magnificent physique of the picked men of the British army could have saved a complete disaster—it was a soldier's fight.

It is not easy, nor is it necessary, to describe the next few minutes; probably every man who was there had some different impression as to what actually took place, for in the *mêlée* which ensued, the square, driven in by sheer force of numbers, barely held its ground.

Friend and foe were inextricably mixed, men were carried off their feet in the rush, and every man was fighting for his own hand and his life.

For a moment through the smoke I caught a glimpse of Burnaby, his arm outstretched, his four-barrelled Lancaster pistol in his hand. It was only a momentary glimpse, and I did not see him again until all was over. For a few moments the issue hung in the balance, but the splendid discipline of the Guards and Mounted Infantry came to the assistance of their hard-pressed comrades of the Heavy Camel Corps. Wheeling up, they poured a terrific hail of bullets into the charging masses. While at

the same time the rear ranks facing about helped to clear the interior of the square of the enemy. Beneath the iron storm the Dervish hosts staggered, faltered, and finally gave way.

As the tide turned in our favour a tremendous cheer went up from our men, and the Dervishes slowly and sullenly retired, even then unwilling to admit defeat. I made my way as best I could to the spot where last I had seen the Colonel, foreboding in my heart. But I was not the first to find him. A young private, in the Bays, a mere lad, was already beside him, endeavouring to support his head on his knee. The lad's genuine grief, with tears running down his cheeks, was as touching as were his simple words: "Oh! sir; here is the bravest man in England dying, and no one to help him." It was too true, a glance showed that he was past help. A spear had inflicted a terrible wound on the right side of his neck and throat, and his skull had been cleft by a blow from a two-handed sword—probably as he fell forward on his pony's neck. Either wound would have proved mortal. The marvel was that he was still alive. As I took his hand, a feeble pressure, and a faint look of recognition in his eyes, told me he still breathed, but life was ebbing fast, and it was only a matter of a few moments before he was gone. Amid the slain Arabs he lay there, a veritable Colossus, and alone of the dead his face wore the composed and placid smile of one who had been suddenly called away in the midst of a congenial and favourite occupation; as undoubtedly was the case.

He was killed some thirty yards from the square, and no friendly form lay near him, save one, for under a pile of dead fanatics, we found the body, scarce recognisable of Corporal Mackintosh, of my detachment, who perished in a gallant attempt to save his Colonel.

We covered up the latter with a Union Jack, the same flag he had hoped to see float over Met and that afternoon he was buried on the spot.



last fight, beside the other fallen officers of the Heavy Camel Corps.

A cairn of stones was subsequently erected over his grave, and I believe remains to this day undisturbed.

It has been announced that Burnaby met his death by being taken unawares outside the Square. This we shall never know, but personally I am strongly of opinion that this was *not* so.

Throughout his career his reckless daring had never conformed to the most ordinary dictates of prudence, and I cannot imagine him withdrawing into a square like other men, even in the face of certain and imminent death. This was not his first experience of a dervish rush, and I am convinced that he remained outside by choice, the fighting lust strong in him, only too eager to match his strength against the oncoming hordes, and even though he paid for his venture with his life, we may be certain that his end was the one he would have chosen.

It is not too much to say that in our little force Burnaby's death caused a feeling nearly akin to consternation. In my own detachment many of the men sat down and cried. We knew that in the event of anything happening to Sir Herbert Stewart, he carried in his pocket orders to take over the command, and when three days later at Abu Kru that gallant officer received his mortal wound, the thought uppermost in the minds of many of the men in the tiny square, fighting their desperate way to the Nile, must have been—"If only Burnaby were with us to-day!"

It would be affectation to pretend that amongst the senior officers in his regiment, Burnaby was altogether popular. It is no disparagement to his memory to say so. In the nature of things it could not be otherwise. Living his Bohemian life entirely aloof, absolutely regardless of conventionalities, either in the matter of dress, or choice of friends, he neither participated in their pursuits nor affected the same society—but amongst us

76— Other  
Reminiscences.

juniors his kindly disposition, and invariable readiness to help a youngster, made him uniformly popular, and by the men it is not too much to say that he was absolutely worshipped. His colossal strength, and the tales of his prowess and recklessness, whether ballooning or fighting in distant lands, appealed vividly to the imagination of the big troopers, not less than the unvarying uprightness and fairness of his rule as commanding officer; and I am convinced that the imagination could not conceive of any enterprise, however desperate, in which the Blues would not have followed their Colonel as one man.

Burnaby was the first to introduce into the cavalry the system of silent drill by signal, now of course for a long time universally adopted, and I well remember one occasion on the Fox Hills when Sir Archibald Alison was present being anxious to see the new system.

After drilling the regiment for some time, Burnaby fell out all the officers and proceeded to perform a number of evolutions at a smart gallop, which were carried out in excellent order; indeed I am not at all sure that the regiment did not drill better without us!

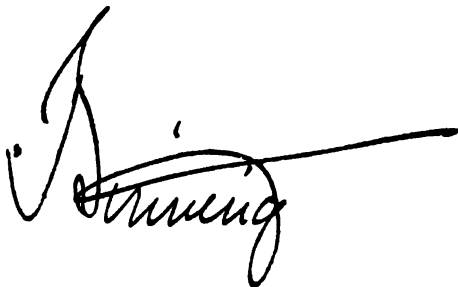
One little incident I recollect, which immensely amused the men at the time. We were engaged in a football match on the green inside Windsor Cavalry Barracks, and the verandahs were crowded with onlookers, as the Colonel, dressed for London in frock coat and tall hat, with a cigar in his mouth, came out of the officers' quarters and proceeded slowly across a corner of the ground, apparently oblivious of the fact that a match was in progress at the time. At this moment our full back, a gigantic Yorkshire-man named Bates, who must have weighed nearer fifteen than fourteen stone, charging impetuously for the ball, dashed full into Burnaby. The impact was terrific, but while the Tyke, hurled backwards by the shock, as though he had collided with a mountain, lay gasping on the ground, neither Burnaby's hat nor the angle of his cigar was in the smallest degree disturbed,

in fact he scarcely seemed to realise that a collision *had* taken place. When he did so he removed his cigar from his mouth, and with his pleasant smile said, "Dear me, I do hope I am not interfering with the game." The shout of delight which went up from the verandahs was a thing to remember.

I have been asked to express an opinion as to Colonel Burnaby's qualities as a cavalry soldier. This is a delicate and rather difficult question to answer. As a cavalry leader, he was undoubtedly handicapped by his great weight; at the same time it was surprising how quickly he managed to get about on his big horses.

A great friend of his, a literary man, wrote of him in an obituary notice, "That he was more fitted by nature to be the inspired leader of Turkoman hordes than the colonel of a crack regiment of Household Cavalry." There may be some truth in this—at the same time Burnaby was a magnificent drill, and an excellent judge of men, with a lightning grasp of a situation, and the promptitude to act upon it. He was absolutely fearless of responsibility, and with his reckless courage and the power of inspiring not only the confidence, but the devotion of those who served under him, it is impossible to say how far he might not have gone as a cavalry leader.

I give my opinion for what it is worth. One thing I *do* know, which is that by his death I lost a good friend, and the empire one of the most notable soldiers of our time.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Curzon". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a long horizontal stroke extending to the right.

## CHAPTER XX.

### CONCLUSION.

Throughout England the news of Burnaby's death was received with profound regret. The whole nation was moved. The Queen expressed her sympathy with Mrs. Burnaby by telegram, the Prince and Princess of Wales wrote most kind and sympathetic letters to the Rev. Evelyn Burnaby, who also received resolutions of condolence from the corporations of Bedford, Birmingham, Leicester, Wolverhampton, and many other towns, as well as from the Balloon Society.

The Blues were thrilled by the tragic news, and they recognised, as they had never recognised before, the true worth of the greatest of their colonels.

"We all looked upon him as a gallant soldier," says the Earl of Erroll,\* "and were proud of the way in which he died." The people of Bedford decided, at a meeting convened by the Mayor, Mr. Joshua Hawkins, to place to his memory a memorial window in St. Peter's Church, and to build a Volunteer Drill Hall. At Birmingham his memory was honoured by the erection in St. Philip's† churchyard of an obelisk, with four panels exhibiting a bust of Burnaby, and the words: "Khiva 1875," "Abou Klea 1885." The whole British Press, Liberal as well as Conservative, paid a tribute to the dead hero. *Punch*, in some feeling lines commencing, "Brave Burnaby down!" called him "a latter-day Paladin," "who death had so often affronted before," and declared his story to be as romantic as Roland's. Mr. Chamberlain, speaking on January 29th at Birmingham, said,

\* Who served sixteen years in the regiment with Burnaby.

† The cathedral church.

"We all share the deep regret which is felt in Birmingham at the death at the moment of victory of Colonel Burnaby, who was lately our Conservative opponent. In the presence of such a calamity political controversies are hushed, and we have only to deplore the loss of as brave a soldier as ever wore the British uniform." A Liberal audience signified its approval of this eulogy by loud cheers. Nor were Colonel Burnaby's foreign friends less sympathetic—Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid, "received the news of his death with profound regret." Spain and Italy mourned with England.

Burnaby had died at the early age of 42, yet how very many incidents he had crowded into that short adventurous life led in the barrack, in the  
**78—A Retrospect.** aerostat, on the platform, in foreign lands, amid seething mobs and trampling armies. One recalls those schooldays at Bedford, Harrow, Oswestry, and Dresden, his strenuous early career in the Blues, his ascent in that moving hell, the Montgolfier balloon of M. Godard, his travels and adventures in Spain, his Rides to Khiva and through Asia Minor, the part he took in the masterly retreat over the Rodolphe Mountains, his doughty championship of Conservatism at Birmingham, his balloon voyage across the channel, the battles of El Teb, and finally that last awful field where he found a soldier's grave.

Twenty-three years after his death we may look round and enquire which of his relatives, friends and intimate acquaintances are still living. One thinks  
**79—Burnaby's Friends and intimate Acquaintances.** first of Mrs. Fred Burnaby (now Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond), who is well known as an author. To *The High Alps in Winter*, we have already referred. Since Colonel Burnaby's death she has written many other works,\* and contributed to most of the leading magazines. Her whole

\* *High Life and Towers of Silence* 1886, *My Home in the Alps* 1892, *Hints on Snow Photography* 1895, *Cities and Sights of Spain*, 1899 (two editions) *True Tales of Mountain Adventure*, 1903 (four editions), *Adventures on the Roof of the World*, 1904 (two editions), *The Story of an Alpine Winter* 1908. She is illustrator of *The Art of Garden Design in Italy* by H. Inigo Triggs.

soul is in matters Alpine. Her own adventures have been strange and various, but in several of her books—and she has a vivid pen—she has dealt with the experiences of other climbers; and in my dreams, after reading them, I have spent hours mewed up in icy caves, I have tumbled down bottomless precipices, I have been saved by a hair's breath, I have walked on long ridges of ice that looked like razor edges, I have been licked up by avalanches, I have discovered my remains—that is to say, a bone and a few buttons—fifty years after my death, I have babbled of ice, snow, glacier, crevasse and bergschrund—whatever that might be. It is not to be supposed, however, that my experiences will deter anyone from reading Mrs. Le Blond's books. All who have visited Switzerland, all who want to visit it, and all who love to hear of exciting adventures, will seek after them and read them—nightmare or no nightmare.

Colonel Burnaby's son, Harry Arthur Gustavus St. Vincent, now resides at Brighton, and he is a member of the Carlton Club. Mrs. Manners-Sutton is dead, but the Rev. Evelyn Burnaby\* and Mrs. Duncan Baillie still survive. Sir Henry Colville met his death in a motor accident on 25th November, 1907. Mr. T. Gibson Bowles, Lord Manners, Lord Dundonald, Lord Binning, Don Carlos (Duke of Madrid), Mr. Labouchere, the Earl of Erroll, Sir Benjamin and Lady Stone, Sir John Willoughby, and Mr. Joseph Rowlands are still with us, but Mr. J. Satchell Hopkins, Mr. W. Barton and Mr. W. H. Greening are gone.

Burnaby's friendship with Mr. Bowles was one of those great friendships of which the history of the ages offers so few examples. Often and often Burnaby referred to the strength of the link that connected them; and to Mr. Bowles's remarkable talents he paid many a glowing tribute. Mr. Bowles's present feelings towards Burnaby may be gauged by the letter given in our

\* Mr. Burnaby is a great lover of dogs, and his valuable Dandies are his constant companions.

preface. In Somerby Church is a memorial window to Burnaby's memory, placed there by his widow—the subject being David and Jonathan; and if you ask a villager about it he pulls a forelock and says, “It is understood that the Colonel had a very dear friend; perhaps you could tell me who it was?”

Mr. Robert Buckley no longer hits on the head with chair leg or stick people with whom he has the misfortune to be politically at variance (indeed, we believe, he has for long taken no active part in politics), but as musical critic of the *Birmingham Gazette*, he still wields a weapon which, though smaller than either of those used in the riots, is far more effective, namely, his pen,\* while he preserves with jealous care Colonel Burnaby's gift.

Mr. Thomas Wright, the aeronaut, lives in retirement at Forest Gate, if retirement can be called a life of incessant activity. He still takes a lively interest in aeronautics, and as recently as August 29th last year, he made an ascent with his friend, Mr. Percival Spencer, at Barking. Mr. Davie, an old retainer of the Burnaby family, resides at Somerby; Henry Storey†—Burnaby's soldier servant—at Croxteth, near Liverpool.

Our labour is almost ended, and yet to write upon such a man as Burnaby is not a labour at all, but rather a pleasant holiday spent in rare and stimulating company, and in a different period; for Burnaby's atmosphere was that of a larger, broader, and more boisterous age. Friends of Burnaby, indeed—and especially those of the younger generation—look back upon him as in their childhood they looked upon such heroes as Perseus and Hercules. England has reason to be proud of him; any

\* In 1893 he travelled 4,000 miles in Ireland and wrote for the *Birmingham Gazette* 63 articles, which subsequently appeared in book form under the title of *Ireland as it is*, a work which drew encomiums from Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Chamberlain; while Mr. Gladstone called it “good literature.” Mr. Buckley has also written a collection of stories published under the title of *The Master Spy* and a monograph on Sir Edward Elgar.

† He left the Royal Horse Guards in 1898 after serving 21 years. Honours:—Egyptian Medal and Star, the Long Service Medal, King's Coronation Medal, Metropolitan Police Special Duty, 4 medals in all.

man who has ever grasped his hand, or even merely heard his voice, may be pardoned for recalling the moment with self-gratulation, and I may fitly close the story of his life with a glowing encomium, written on the day when all the land was stirred by the news of his death. "Queen Victoria"—and the words are taken from the *Daily Telegraph* of 22nd January 1885—"had no more loyal subject, the army no finer officer, the country no truer patriot than Frederick Gustavus Burnaby. His name shall live in the annals of this Empire and in the memories of his compatriots as long as valour, devotion to duty, and faithfulness unto death, shall remain the watch-words of Englishmen."

THE END.





## **APPENDICES**





## APPENDIX II.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF MRS. FRED BURNABY (MRS. AUBREY  
LE BLOND).

- The High Alps in Winter.* 1888.  
*High Life and Towers of Silence.* 1886.  
*My Home in the Alps.* 1892.  
*Hints on Snow Photography.* 1895.  
*Cities and Sights of Spain.* 1899. Two editions.  
*True Tales of Mountain Adventure.* 1903. 4th Ed. 1906.  
*Adventures on the Roof of the World.* 1904. Two  
 editions.  
*The Story of an Alpine Winter.* A novel.  
 Illustration of *The Art of Garden Design in Italy*, by H.  
 Inigo Triggs. Contributor to many magazines.  
 1906.

## APPENDIX III.

## BURNABY'S PROMOTIONS.

1859	Sept. 30	Cornet in the Royal Horse Guards (Blues)
1861	Sept. 27	Lieutenant
1866	July 17	Captain
1879	Sept. 11	Major
1880		Lieutenant-Colonel
1884		Colonel

## APPENDIX IV.

## MRS. BURNABY (FRED'S MOTHER).

Some years ago at the sale of Berechurch Hill, Essex, the property of the Smythe family, the Rev. Paul Wyatt, of Austin Canons, Bedford, purchased an old Sheraton looking glass, and on examining one of the drawers he

found at the bottom (outside) the following inscription: Frederick Villebois,\* Charlotte Smyth, Maria Villebois, Harriet Villebois, Emma Blake, Emily Villebois, Henry Villebois.

(Emma, Emily, Charlotte).†

In infancy their hopes and fears  
Were to each other known,  
And friendship in their riper years  
Entwined their hearts in one.

## APPENDIX V.

## ADMINISTRATIONS

FROM 27TH FEBRUARY 1868, TO ILLUSTRATE BURNABY'S  
POLITICAL CAREER.

1868	Feb. 27	Disraeli
1868	Dec. 9	Gladstone
1874	Feb. 21	Disraeli, created Earl Beaconsfield in 1876
1880	Apl. 28	Gladstone

## APPENDIX VI.

## VICARS OF SOMERBY FROM 1759.

William Brown	1759-1814
Thomas Hanbury	1814-1855
S. Rolleston (he was curate of Somerby from 1851 to 1855)	1855-1866
Gustavus A. Burnaby	1866-1872
E. Pemberton	1873-1874
T. C. Britten	1874-1881
S. T. Mosse	1882-1887
W. MacManus	1887-1895
H. Webb-Smith	1895
George Edmund Britten	1898

\* Mrs. Burnaby's brother.

† These words are enclosed in a line.

## APPENDIX VII.

## RECTORS OF ST. PETER'S, BEDFORD, FROM 1835.

- 1835 Gustavus Andrew Burnaby.  
 1866 Septimus Rolleston.  
 1871 William Hart-Smith.  
 1899 Charles Wells.  
 1904 John Ernest Gilbert.

## APPENDIX VIII.

## MEMORIALS TO BURNABY.

1. *The Obelisk at Birmingham.*

In the graveyard of St. Philip's Church, Birmingham, is an obelisk to Burnaby's memory. At the base are four panels containing respectively a bust of Burnaby, his name, "Khiva 1875" and "Abou Klea 1885."

2. *The Memorial to Colonel Burnaby at Harrow School.*

In Memory of

Fk. Gustavus Burnaby,

Colonel, Royal Horse Guards,

Born March 3rd, 1842,

Killed in action at Abou Klea, Soudan,

January 17th, 1885.

3. *Two Stained Glass Windows in Somerby Church.*

(1) Subject : David and Jonathan.

Inscription : To the glory of God and in Memory of Frederick Gustavus Burnaby Colonel commanding the Royal Horse Guards, Blue, who fell at the battle of Abou Klea, January 17th, 1885.

(2) Subject : Our Lord (centre light) with St. Stephen (left) and St. Paul (right).

Inscription : Erected by friends in memory of Colonel Fred Burnaby.

4. *Stained Glass Window in St. Peter's Church, Bedford.*

5. *Two Tablets in Holy Trinity Church, Windsor.*

(1) Erected by the late Rector, the Rev. Arthur Robins.

It consists of a stone cross let into the chancel wall and fixed upon pieces of rock, bearing the following inscription :

Sacred to the memory of  
 Frederick Gustavus Burnaby,  
 Colonel of the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards (Blues).  
 He was killed whilst courageously fighting in the little  
 square at Abou Klea, in the Soudan, on the 17th  
 January, 1885, in the 43rd year of his age.

(2) A marble tablet placed on the wall by the officers  
 of the Blues.

*In memory of*  
*Colonel Frederick Gustavus Burnaby,*  
*Commanding officer of the Royal Horse Guards,*  
*Who was killed in the battle of Abu Klea, in the Soudan,*  
*17th January, 1885, and of the following officers and men*  
*of the Royal Horse Guards :*

*(Here follow their names)*

*This tablet was erected by Field Marshall H.R.H. the*  
*Prince of Wales, K.G., Colonel-in-Chief of the Household*  
*Cavalry, Field Marshall Lord Strathnairn, G.C.B.,*  
*Colonel of the Royal Horse Guards, Colonel Milne-Home,*  
*and the officers of the Royal Horse Guards, with many*  
*others who had formerly served in the Regiment.*



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